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SECOND

Centennial Celebration

OF THE EXPLORATION OF

ANCIENT WOODBURY,

AND THE RECEPTION OF

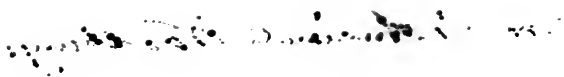
THE FIRST INDIAN DEED,

HELD AT WOODBURY, CONN.,

JULY 4 AND 5, 1859.

EDITED BY WILLIAM COTHREN.

WOODBURY:
PUBLISHED BY THE GENERAL COMMITTEE,
1859.



THE ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATION.

At a meeting of some two thousand persons, from the several towns of "Ancient Woodbury," on the 5th of July, 1858, it was moved by William Cothren, and seconded by Rev. John Churchill:

"That a Committee of two from each of the towns once included, in whole or in part, in the ancient town of Woodbury, be appointed by the meeting, with power to add to their own number, and to appoint all necessary Assistant Committees, for the purpose of making efficient arrangements for the Historical Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the first Exploration of the Town, and the reception of the first Indian Deed, at Bethel Rock, on the 4th day of July, A. D. 1859, and also to invite gentlemen to deliver the various addresses, &c., of the occasion."

The motion was unanimously adopted, and the following named gentlemen appointed such Committee:

William Cothren, C. B. Phelps,* W. T. Bacon,† P. M. Trowbridge,† *Woodbury*;

R. W. Frisbie, S. H. Mitchell, *Washington*;

T. B. Wheeler, A. B. Downs, Col. C. Hicock,† *Southbury*;

Abraham Beecher, H. W. Peck, *Bethlem*;

H. B. Eastman, F. W. Lathrop, *Roxbury*;

N. J. Wilcoxson, Alfred Harger, *Oxford*;

Dr. Marcus DeForest, Jr., Leonard Bronson, *Middlebury*.

FIRST MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE.

On the 18th day of September, 1858, the General Committee held its first meeting, pursuant to written notice by letter, to each member thereof, from the chairman, William Cothren. This meeting was held at the office of the late Judge Phelps, but the chairman was

* Judge Phelps died December 21, 1858.

† Gentlemen since added to their number by the Committee.

absent, attending to professional business in a neighboring town. What the action of the Committee was, will be seen by the next paragraph, which went the rounds of the Connecticut press:

WOODBURY SECOND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The General Committee having in charge the matter of the second centennial celebration of the discovery of the valley of ancient Woodbury, met at the office of Hon. C. B. Phelps, on the 18th inst., and gave an invitation to William Cothren, Esq., the "Historian of Ancient Woodbury," to deliver the historical address, and to Rev. William Thompson Bacon, the "distinguished native poet of our vales," to deliver the poem on the occasion of the celebration. These invitations have been accepted.

By a vote of the assemblage at the celebration on the 5th of July last, the proposed celebration is to be held on the 4th of July, 1859, at "Bethel Rock." Ample preparations will be made by the Committee to have the celebration worthy of the occasion, and of our historic old town.

All persons having facts or incidents connected with the history of the ancient town, are respectfully requested to communicate them to Mr. Cothren, or Mr. Bacon, who will endeavor to make a proper use of them.

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On the 17th of December, 1858, pursuant to a like written notice from the chairman to each member of the General Committee, a meeting was held, from which both Mr. Cothren and Mr. Phelps were absent, being engaged in the trial of a cause in which they were opposing counsel. Rev. Wm. T. Bacon, who had a short time previously been added to the General Committee, presided, and Philo M. Trowbridge, Esq., acted as secretary of the meeting. At this meeting, the following votes were unanimously passed, viz.

Voted, That the Centennial Celebration be held at Bethel Rock, in Woodbury, on the 4th and 5th days of July, 1859, pursuant to the vote of the 5th of July, 1858.

Voted, That a sermon be added to the list of exercises already agreed upon for the celebration.

Voted, That we do invite Rev. Henry B. Sherman, of Belleville, New Jersey, to deliver said sermon.

Voted, That there be an Antique Procession on said 4th of July.

Voted, That there be a *Pioneer Encampment* from the several towns of Ancient Woodbury, during said celebration.

Voted, That a committee to carry out the last two votes, and the General Committee of Arrangements for the Celebration, be appointed by the General Committee for Woodbury.

Voted, That a Committee of Invitation for the several towns be appointed by the Woodbury Committee.

VOTED, THAT THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF WOODBURY BE INSTRUCTED TO SECURE SHORT ADDRESSES FROM RESIDENTS OF THE TERRITORY, AND OTHERS FROM ABROAD, WHO SHALL BE PRESENT AT SAID CELEBRATION.

Voted, That the Committee of Invitation be requested to secure the portraits of early, and other distinguished residents of Ancient Woodbury, for the Antiquarian Portrait Gallery during the celebration.

Voted, That a Committee in each town to collect funds for defraying the expenses of said celebration, including the publication of the proceedings, in pamphlet form, be appointed by the General Committee of each town.

Voted, That every person paying one dollar, or more, towards the expense fund, shall be entitled to a copy of said proceedings, when published.

Voted, That the poets of the territory be invited to furnish odes for the occasion.

Voted, That there be an Antiquarian Pic-nic each day of the celebration."

The substance of these votes was immediately published in the newspapers all over the State, and every body who reads had full opportunity to become informed of the action of the Committee. On their return, Messrs. Phelps and Cothren fully acquiesced in the action of the General Committee. They had left a paper in the hand-writing of Mr. Cothren, requesting action on all the above points.

Pursuant to the above votes, the General Committee of Woodbury appointed the following Committee of Invitation, with power in the Committee to add to its numbers, viz :

Committee of Invitation.

Woodbury—P. M. Trowbridge, Thomas Bull, Lewis Judd, N. B. Smith, Henry Minor.

Southbury—Charles Hicock, Dr. N. C. Baldwin.

Washington—D. B. Brinsmade, H. J. Church.

Bethlem—John C. Ambler, Wm. R. Harrison.

Roxbury—C. Beardsley, N. R. Smith.

Middlebury—Dr. M. DeForest, Jr.

Oxford—N. J. Wilcoxson.

The chairman of the Committee of Invitation immediately drew a circular letter of invitation to the emigrants from Woodbury, submitted it to the General Committee of Woodbury, and it was approved. The first edition of the circular was issued Feb. 1st, 1859. This became exhausted, and a second edition was issued April 1st, 1859, a copy of which is as follows, viz :

WOODBURY, CONN., APRIL 1ST, 1859.

DEAR SIR :—

The citizens of Ancient Woodbury met on Monday, the 5th of July last, and celebrated the Eighty-second Anniversary of our National Independence. Near the close of the exercises of that day, on motion of WILLIAM COTHREN, Esq., it was voted by acclamation to celebrate on the 4th and 5th of July, 1859, the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the exploration of Ancient Woodbury ; and to carry said vote into effect, a General Committee of two persons from each of the towns once included in Woodbury, was appointed, with full power to make the necessary arrangements.

The above Committee having appointed the undersigned a Committee to invite all persons who may have emigrated from among us, and all others interested, does hereby extend an invitation to you personally, and solicit you to be present and unite with us in the festivities of the occasion.

It is expected the exercises will occupy two days, and that they will be nearly as follows :

1. Antique Procession.
2. Historical Address by WILLIAM COTHREN, Esq., the Historian of Woodbury.
3. Poem by Rev. WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON, of Woodbury.
4. Sermon by Rev. HENRY B. SHERMAN, of Belleville, N. J.
5. Reading of Letters and Odes, with Speeches from distinguished Emigrants.
6. Mammoth Antiquarian Pic-Nic, both days.
7. Pioneer Encampment on Orenaug Rocks.
8. Amateur Indian Encampment on Castle Rock.
9. " Guards " and Sentinel service on the Cliffs.

The various Committees are now in the active discharge of their duties, and from present indications, the occasion will be an honor to the descendants of the intelligent, virtuous, and noble men who planted the town, and who, in their characters, have left to their descendants a priceless legacy.

Come, then, our "latch-strings are out," our hands are extended to greet you, and around our hearth-stones the "old arm-chairs" are waiting for the absent.

Very respectfully yours.

To this circular were attached the names of the Committee of Invitation, printed above, and one other, which was subsequently omitted for cause.

It had, from the beginning, been the earnest desire of every member of the General Committee so to arrange the parts and apportion the duties necessarily arising out of the celebration, that their action would meet the hearty approval and cordial co-operation of all interested in the objects of the occasion. This was frequently a matter of consultation in the casual meetings of the Committee. Not a word to the contrary was ever heard. It was in this spirit, with this view, after full consultation in the first regular meeting of all the members of the General Committee of Woodbury, which, for this purpose, had been invested with the full powers of the General Committee, that the following action and correspondence took place, viz:

WOODBURY, 25th March, 1859.

REV. J. CHURCHILL,

Dear Sir:—The General Committee were together to-day, arranging a little for the celebration next July, and were desirous of getting some one to make a little opening speech, on the first day of the celebration, after the prayer, and before the other exercises, "Welcoming back the sons of Woodbury, who return to join us in the anniversary." We also wish some Clergyman to speak in reply to the Sentiment—"The early Clergy of Ancient Woodbury." It is proposed that these parts be each twenty or thirty minutes in length, and we desire, thus early, to secure persons to take them, as whoever accepts them would require some time for a preparation satisfactory to himself.

It is our desire that you would take one of these parts, and the one you would prefer. Rev. Mr. Bacon and Mr. Trowbridge heartily join me in inviting and urging you to do this.

We are receiving letters from all parts of the Union, from the sons of Woodbury, who have gone out from us, expressing the greatest interest in the proposed celebration, and promising to attend. We believe that, with a little earnest effort on our part, it will be an occasion we shall long remember with pleasure.

Please write me a line soon, stating whether you will join us in the exercises as proposed.

Yours truly,

W. COTHREN.

MR. CHURCHILL'S REPLY.

MR. COTHREN—*My Dear Sir*—I received your letter of the 25th inst., on Saturday afternoon. In reply to it, I would say, that it would have been agreeable to me to have participated, not in any public services, but in such *other ways* as I might, in order to make the occasion to which you refer interesting and profitable. The occasion is one, which for some three or four years past, I have often contemplated, and conversed upon with different individuals in the Town with interest. But no matter for this now. As the programme is widely before the public, and the Gen'l Committee have prepared & sent it out with the Invitation, over the signatures of *another* committee expressly appointed for that purpose, it w'd to the community at large seem at least much like an afterthought *now* to add two addresses to the occasion. Not only so, but your note gives me to understand that these additional matters are proposed by the General Committee for Woodbury, whereas, I had supposed the Gen'l Com. for Ancient Woodbury consisting of two from each Town to be the proper authority to make the arrangements. It would be *very far* from my wish to speak or to have any public duty on that occasion, & I must respectfully decline your invitation.

Very respectfully,

JNO. CHURCHILL.

WOODBURY, March 28, 1859.

On the 16th of April, the Committee had another meeting, and made appointments for the exercises of the second day of the celebration, including the parts refused by Mr. Churchill, he having been the first man applied to after Mr. Sherman was appointed to preach the sermon. These appointees, with the exception of three, who were unable to fulfill on account of sickness in their families, were the same as appeared on the final order of exercises, which was as follows, viz :

WOODBURY SECOND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

There will be a Historical Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the first Exploration of the Town, and the reception of the first Indian Deed, at Woodbury, on the 4th and 5th days of July, A. D. 1859, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

First Day.

Antique Procession, escorted by the Band and Roxbury Guards.

Ode, by the Choir—tune, "*Bruce's Address*."

Prayer, by Rev. R. G. Williams, of Woodbury.

Short Introductory Address, "Welcoming the emigrants from Woodbury home again," by Nathaniel Smith, of Woodbury.

Music by the Band.

Historical Address, by William Cothren, of Woodbury.

Music by the Band.

Recess of one Hour for Refreshments.

Music by the Band.

Song—"The Pilgrim Fathers," by G. S. Minor.

Poem, by William Thompson Bacon, of Woodbury.

Ode, by the Choir—tune, "*Auld Lang Syne*."

Benediction, by Rev. Thomas L. Shipman, of Jewett City.

SECOND MORNING,—8 o'clock.

PRAYER MEETING AT BETHEL ROCK.

SECOND DAY,—10 o'clock, A. M.

Music by the Band.

Centennial Hymn.

Prayer, by Rev. Friend W. Smith, of Woodbury.

Hymn.

Sermon, by Rev. Henry Beers Sherman, of Belleville, N. J.

Hymn.

Speech:—"The early Clergy of Ancient Woodbury," by Rev. Anson S. Atwood, of Mansfield, Conn.

One Hour for Refreshments.

Music by the Band.

Ode, by the Choir—tune, "*Sweet Home*."

Speech:—"The early Lawyers of Ancient Woodbury," by Hon. Seth P. Beers, of Litchfield

Music by the Band.

Speech:—"The early Physicians of Ancient Woodbury," by David B. W. Hard, M. D., of Bethlem.

Music by the Band.

Speech:—"The Founders of Ancient Woodbury," by Hon. William T. Minor, of Stamford.

Ode, by the Choir—tune, "*America*."

Speech:—"The early Schools of Ancient Woodbury," by T. M. Thompson, Esq., of Woodbury.

Speech:—"Grand-children of Ancient Woodbury," by Hon. Chas. Chapman, of Hartford.

Speech,—"The Cousins of Ancient Woodbury," by Hon. Henry Dutton, of New Haven.

Volunteer Speeches, by distinguished sons of Ancient Woodbury, from abroad.

Reading of Letters and Odes prepared for the occasion.

Concluding Prayer, by Rev. C. T. Woodruff, of Woodbury.

Benediction, by Rev. Philo Judson, of Rocky Hill.

HON. NATHANIEL B. SMITH, *President of the Day*.

Hon. D. B. Brinsmade, of Washington,	} <i>Vice Presidents.</i>
" Joshua Bird, of Bethlem,	
S. W. Baldwin, Esq., of Roxbury,	
Cyrus Mitchell, Esq., of Southbury,	
Nathaniel Walker, Esq., of Oxford,	
Leonard Bronson, Esq., of Middlebury,	

HENRY MINOR, *Chief Marshal*.

Assistant Marshals:

R. I. Tolles,	Elijah D. Judson,
George Camp,	Elisha P. Tomlinson,
Robert Peek,	James Stone,
Benjamin Doolittle,	Truman S. Minor,
W. C. McKay,	George P. Craue,
George Saxton,	James H. Minor.

Three other Committees were appointed at the same time with the Committee of Invitation, viz:

Committee on Antique Procession, Encampment, etc.

Woodbury—Nathaniel Smith, S. F. Peek, J. G. Curtiss, S. Hurd, H. W. Shove, Rev. R. G. Williams, Rev. C. P. Woodruff.

Southbury—T. B. Wheeler, A. B. Downs.

Roxbury—Capt. L. Judd.

Bethlem—H. W. Peck.

Washington—D. G. Platt, Russell W. Frisbie.

Oxford—N. J. Wilcoxson, N. Walker.

Middlebury—Frank. Benham.

Finance Committee.

Woodbury—Henry Minor, George P. Allen, Charles W. Kirtland, George Saxton.

Washington—Russell W. Frisbie, Simeon D. Platt, George C. Cogswell.

Roxbury—F. J. Fenn, C. E. Prindle, C. Lewis, F. W. Lathrop.

Southbury—Col. C. Hicock, C. Whitlock.

Bethlem—Dr. H. Davis.

Oxford—Nathaniel Walker, Dr. L. Barnes.

Wm. E. Woodruff, Woodbury, *Treasurer.*

Committee on Antiquarian Portrait Gallery.

C. B. Crafts, Wm. Hicock, Joshua Bird, B. H. Preston, F. W. Gunn, and the members of the Committee of Invitation.

On the 25th of April, 1859, the General Committee of Woodbury appointed the Committee of Arrangements, and the Committee on the Pic-nic, as will be seen below, and subsequently the General Committees of the other towns appointed similar Committees for their several localities, viz :

General Committee of Arrangements and Reception.

WOODBURY.

N. B. Smith,	G. P. Allen,
Walter P. Marshall,	H. Minor,
John P. DeForest,	Calvin H. Downs,
Dr. C. H. Webb,	G. Platt Crane,
Wm. E. Woodruff,	E. D. Judson,
James G. Curtiss,	L. G. Atwood,
Daniel S. Lemon,	Truman S. Minor,
Elisha P. Tomlinson,	James Stone,
D. Chauncey Somers,	F. Orton,
J. Knight Bacon,	D. S. Bull,
T. Bull,	Enos Benham,
Nathaniel Smith,	John A. Boughton,
Rev. R. G. Williams,	W. S. Curtiss,
R. I. Tolles,	P. A. Judson,

James Huntington,
S. Chapin,
S. Clark,
L. B. Candee,
B. Doolittle,
Sidney Hurd,
J. Parker.

J. W. Rogers,
B. A. Sherman,
F. A. Smith,
T. M. Thompson,
J. F. Walker,
H. Tomlinson,
Rev. C. T. Woodruff.

General Committee of Arrangements on the Antiquarian Pic-Nic.

Mrs. N. B. Smith,
" Wm. T. Bacon,
" R. G. Williams,
" F. W. Smith,
" C. T. Woodruff,
" L. B. Candee,
" Jason Parker,
" W. E. Woodruff,
" T. W. Walker,
" W. Cothren,
" E. J. M. Benham,
" T. M. Thompson,
" A. Gordon,
" G. H. Atwood,
" A. Candee,
" H. S. Crane,
" T. Minor,
" Loren Forbes,
" J. P. Marshall,
" T. Bull,
" C. A. Somers,
" J. F. Walker,
" P. M. Trowbridge,
" H. C. Baldwin,
" D. Curtiss,
" H. Minor,
" T. Judson,
" A. Birch,
" B. S. Russell,
" L. G. Atwood,
" R. Partree,
" B. A. Sherman,

Mrs. S. Minor,
" B. M. Stowe,
" Barlow Russell,
" Fred. Bolton,
" S. Clark,
" H. S. Curtiss,
" N. Smith,
" C. H. Webb,
" C. Betts,
" G. Lathrop,
" E. Parker,
" D. C. Somers,
" G. P. Allen,
" C. P. Strong,
" J. P. DeForest,
Miss Julia P. Marshall,
" Helen O. Atwood,
" Julia A. Bull,
" Rebecca T. Bacon,
" Cornelia Betts,
" Cornelia J. Betts,
" Emma F. Betts,
" Sophia E. Benedict,
" Emily A. Curtiss,
" Sarah P. Clark,
" Maria J. Cogswell,
" Lucy A. DeForest,
" Julia E. Downs,
" Sally R. Hotchkiss,
" M. J. Hitchcock,
" C. Lambert,
" Harriet E. Judson,

Miss Mary Minor,
 " Amanda E. Phelps,
 " S. Maria Phelps,
 " Mary J. Parker,
 " Helen Parker,
 " Susan E. Pierce,
 " Wealthy A. Root.

Miss Cornelia M. Smith,
 " F. C. Trowbridge,
 " Maria B. Walker,
 " C. L. Webb,
 " Clara C. Vaill,
 " Edna E. Russell.

WASHINGTON.

Orestus Hickox,
 T. A. Bryan,
 Turney Odell,
 Henry Seeley,
 Charles Hickox,
 B. P. Beach,
 Sherman Woodruff,
 S. A. Baker,
 Sherman Hartwell,
 Herman Baldwin,
 R. S. Leavitt,
 T. F. Brinsmade,
 F. N. Galpin,
 T. H. Woodruff,
 E. Hurlbut,
 Seth Hollister,
 J. B. Newton,
 Treat Nettleton,
 Henry Nettleton,
 E. J. Pond,

Gregory Seeley,
 Col. I. Hickox,
 Daniel Frisbie,
 Wm. C. Bronson,
 C. L. Ford,
 R. W. Ford,
 Augustus Smith,
 Sheldon Logan,
 Seth S. Logan,
 John Fenn,
 C. Allen,
 Sherman Titus,
 Samuel Burgess,
 Stephen Morehouse,
 Albert Sterling,
 Dea. David Punderson,
 Dea. S. S. Baldwin,
 A. W. Mitchel,
 J. Kinney.

Ladies' Pic-Nic Committee.

Mrs. Rev. E. H. Lyman,
 " Dr. R. M. Fowler,
 " F. W. Gunn,
 " C. L. Ford,
 " S. S. Logan,
 " R. W. Frisbie,
 " S. Frisbie,
 " S. A. Baker,
 " T. A. Bryan,
 " F. A. Frisbie,

Mrs. F. N. Galpin,
 " S. W. Ford,
 " E. Seeley,
 " Dr. J. Richards,
 " R. S. Leavitt,
 " N. Gibson,
 " A. Gibson,
 " E. Hurlbut,
 " C. Leeland,
 " H. Morehouse,

Mrs. F. Newton,	Miss Kezia Farrand,
“ G. Baldwin,	“ Amanda Logan,
“ C. Mason,	“ Celia Nettleton,
“ S. H. Calhoun,	“ Isabelle Ford,
“ J. Kinney,	“ Annie Bryan,
Miss Mary M. Brinsmade,	“ Fanny Smith,
“ Harriet Fowler,	“ Sila Frisbie,
“ Mary Kinney,	“ Elizabeth Seeley,
“ Sarah Hubbell,	“ Eliza Odell,
“ Eliza Mitchel,	“ Ellen Hickox,
“ Susan Bronson,	“ Lora Hollister,
“ Abba Vail,	“ Eleanor Frisbie,
“ Lydia Parish,	“ Frances Ludington.

NEW PRESTON.

I. D. Patterson,	Fred. Whittlesey,
Daniel Burnham,	A. C. Lemmon,
Walter D. Sperry,	David E. Meeker,
Walter Burnham,	S. W. Meeker,
Isaac Brown,	Sherman P. Camp,
Wm. C. Wooster,	James Barton,
G. C. Whittlesey,	Elisha A. Whittlesey,
Hiram C. Bennett,	John M. Ford,
George W. Cogswell,	Levi Morehouse,
Medad Goodsell,	Shekdon Wheaton,
J. E. Whittlesey,	Jerome Edwards.

Ladies' Pic-Nic Committee.

Mrs. Daniel Burnham,	Mrs. S. W. Meeker,
“ Walter D. Sperry,	Miss Mary E. Bennett,
“ Walter Burnham,	Mrs. James Barton,
“ Isaac Brown,	Miss Sarah Camp,
“ G. C. Whittlesey,	Mrs. E. A. Whittlesey,
Miss Ruth A. Bennett,	“ John M. Ford,
Mrs. Geo. W. Cogswell,	Miss Ellen Wheaton,
“ Medad Goodsell,	“ Minerva Wheaton,
“ S. Augusta Whittlesey,	Mrs. Augusta Scott,
“ A. C. Lemmon,	Miss Helen Brown.
“ David E. Meeker,	

SOUTHBURY.

T. B. Wheeler.	C. Whitlock,
D. P. Whitlock,	C. Hicock,
H. D. Monson,	C. N. Hall,
W. C. Beecher,	H. W. Scott, Jr.,
S. G. Goodrich,	G. W. Smith.

Ladies' Pic-Nic Committee.

Mrs. S. B. Whitlock,	Mrs. C. Oatman,
“ N. C. Monson,	“ E. Wheeler,
“ H. B. Stiles,	“ R. G. Curtiss,
“ F. Stiles,	“ H. Brown,
“ L. Smith,	“ W. C. Beecher,
“ D. R. Hinman,	Miss E. P. Whitlock,
“ C. S. Hinman,	“ M. A. Ronaldson,
“ C. Hinman,	“ Helen E. Hinman,
“ C. A. Brown,	“ Ann Hinman,
“ H. W. Scott,	“ A. F. Stiles,
“ C. H. Hall,	“ M. E. Monson,
“ E. Pulford,	“ Jennie Stiles,
“ E. Hine,	“ Sarah L. Smith.
“ S. G. Goodrich,	“ Julia Lum,
“ H. C. Hayes,	“ Mary E. Mitchel,
“ A. H. Shelton,	“ Augusta Stiles,
“ J. W. Bradley,	“ Mary Hicock,
“ J. T. Munn,	“ Laura Hicock.

SOUTH BRITAIN.

Rev. A. E. Lawrence,	John Pierce,
George Smith,	Perry Averill,
Oliver Mitchell,	Reuben Pierce,
Marshall S. Clark,	Noah B. Tuttle,
Samuel L. Tuttle,	Henry W. Guthrie,
James F. Hinman,	Charles B. Smith,
George A. Hoyt,	David F. Pierce,
Calvin Lines,	Samuel J. Stoddard,
Elliot B. Bradley,	Nelson W. Mitchell.
Samuel W. Post,	

Ladies' Pic-Nic Committee.

Mrs. A. E. Lawrence,	Mrs. S. D. Garlick,
“ George Smith,	Miss Nancy Mitchell,
“ Oliver Mitchell,	“ Harriet Canfield,
“ M. S. Clark,	“ L. A. Treat,
“ S. F. Tuttle,	“ Anna Bradley,
“ E. B. Bradley,	“ Sarah E. Smith,
“ N. W. Mitchell,	“ Anna Judd,
“ Emeline Canfield,	“ Hannah A. Bradley,
“ Eliza Smith,	“ Laura A. Mitchell,
“ N. B. Tuttle,	“ Elizabeth Downes,
“ G. A. Hoyt,	“ Sarah Allen,
“ Charles Allen,	“ May Downes,
“ N. C. Baldwin,	“ E. M. Averill.

BETHLEEM.

James Thompson,	Theodore Bird,
Samuel L. Bloss,	William A. Hayes.
C. C. Parmelee,	B. T. Lake, 2d.

Ladies' Pic-Nic Committee.

Mrs. M. S. Todd,	Mrs. H. Davis,
“ R. C. Armstrong,	“ Theodore Bird,
“ L. P. Judd,	“ E. Riggs,
“ E. L. Thompson,	Miss Margaret Kasson,
“ E. J. Hubbard,	“ Carrie Thompson.
“ S. L. Munson,	“ Carrie Morriss,
“ John Towne,	“ Immogene Bird,
“ Mariah Humphrey,	“ Bernice Skidmore.

ROXBURY.

Col. P. N. Hodge,	F. W. Lathrop.
B. S. Preston,	S. H. Addis,
Nathan R. Smith,	H. B. Eastman,
A. T. Barnes,	Rev. Austin Isham,
Charles Beardsley,	A. W. Fenn.

Ladies' Pic-Nic Committee.

Mrs. Aaron W. Fenn,	Mrs. Austin D. Burritt,
“ Orrin B. Seward,	“ Andrew Weller,
“ Mark T. Hatch,	“ S. W. Baldwin,
“ Henry H. Fenn,	“ Erastus Castle,
“ Austin Isham,	“ Albert L. Hodge.

OXFORD.

Nathaniel Walker,	Nicholas D. Hinman,
Dr. Lewis Barnes,	Charles T. Walker,
Joel Osborn,	O. C. Buckingham,
Alfred Harger,	David C. Riggs,
Dr. Geo. A. Tomlinson,	Horace E. Tomlinson,
John R. Davis,	Samuel P. Sanford,
Milo D. Northrop,	Homer Riggs,
Sterne Candee,	Eben G. Wheeler,
Benjamin Nichols,	Lewis B. Perkins.
Virgil H. McEwen,	

Ladies' Pic-Nic Committee.

Mrs. Nathaniel Walker,	Miss Fannie A. Wilcoxson,
“ Alfred Harger,	“ Harriet C. Chatfield,
“ John R. Davis,	“ Lucy A. Perkins,
“ Nicholas D. Hinman,	“ Bernice Riggs,
“ Lewis B. Perkins,	Mrs. Horace E. Tomlinson,
Miss Josephine Flagg,	Miss Jane L. Buckingham,
“ Anna C. Fairchild,	“ Sarah J. Topliff,
“ Julia A. Fairchild,	“ Josephine Candee,
“ Jane McEwen,	“ Mary L. Davis,
Mrs. Joel Osborn,	“ A. Elvira Buckingham.
“ Benjamin Nichols,	“ Mary E. Buckingham,
“ Milo D. Northrop,	Mrs. Orrin C. Buckingham,
“ David C. Riggs,	Miss Elizabeth Hudson,
Miss Antoinett Tomlinson,	“ Elsie Williams.

MIDDLEBURY.

James Tyler,	Erastus S. Curtiss,
Julius Bronson,	John S. Way,
Silas Tuttle,	Franklin Platt.

Franklin Benham,
Ebenezer Smith,
Whitfield Upson,

Stiles F. Munson,
Henry W. Newton,
William Tyler.

Ladies Pic-Nic Committee.

Mrs. William Tyler,
“ Franklin Benham,
“ F. Hine,
“ E. Smith,
“ W. Upson,
“ S. F. Munson,
“ J. S. Way,
Miss Mary Tyler,

Miss Ellen Bronson,
“ Julia Tuttle,
“ Harriet Curtiss,
“ Mary C. Hine,
“ Elizabeth Platt,
“ Martha Newton,
“ Helen Townsend.

The following action, which was decided upon in April, 1859, will explain itself, viz :

The *Indian* Deed given to the founders of Woodbury, in 1659, granted

“ *A parcell of Land, bounded as followeth ; Potateuk River Southwest ; Naugatuck River northeast ; and bounded on ye northwest with trees marked by me and other Indians.*”

Potateuk river was the Housatonic, and the “marked trees” extended across South Farms west to the Housatonic river. All north of Derby then to this line was included in this deed, including Ancient Waterbury west of the Naugatuck, part of Litchfield and New Milford. The committee, therefore, considering these towns and the towns formed out of them, to be of near consanguinity to us :

Voted: “To invite our cousins, the towns of Waterbury, Naugatuck, Seymour, Watertown, Plymouth, Litchfield, New Milford and Bridgewater, to unite with us in our approaching Centennial Anniversary.”

A committee appointed by the citizens of Woodbury, changed the place for the exercises selected by the vote passed a year ago on Orenang Rocks, and secured the field of Mr. T. M. Thompson, directly east of the First Congregational Church in Woodbury. It was an exceedingly fine location for the celebration. The large tent of Yale College was procured and supplied with seats, speakers' stand, &c., and the still larger tent belonging to the Litchfield County Agricultural Society, was procured for the Pic-Nic provided by the Woodbury Ladies. A large tent was also provided for invited guests, besides a table set out under the apple trees, loaded with the various

articles of the Antiquarian Pic-Nic proper, such as bean porridge, baked beans and pork, Indian pudding, &c., served up in the old style, in old pewter and wooden platters, with old pewter spoons, and other antique articles to match. Besides these, the General Committee furnished a tent for each of the other towns in which to hold their Pic-Nic, except Washington, which chose to furnish its own tent-cloth.

On the first morning of the celebration, the Chief Marshal, Henry Minor, Esq., made out the order of procession, as follows, viz:

A single Fifer and Drummer.

Antique Procession.

Masons.

New Milford Band.

Warner Light Guards.

President of the day.

Vice-Presidents.

Orators of the day and Poet.

Clergy.

The various Committees of Arrangements.

Emigrant Sons, &c., of the Territory.

Citizens at large.

The Chief Marshal wore the Revolutionary military undress of a Major-General, and Dr. Davis, of Bethlem, wore a military suit worn by Col. Bellamy in the war of 1812.

A cloudless sun rose over the fair valley of Woodbury, on the morning of the fourth, and the weather was cool and most delightful.

The day was ushered in by the booming of cannon and the ringing of bells, in the various parts of the town, in the most spirited and joyous manner. At an early hour, the people began to fill the town, and at 10 o'clock, A. M., the streets were almost impassable. The people of Washington came under the direction of Sherman Hartwell as Marshal, in a procession of more than a mile in length, escorted by the New Milford Band. In it were one six-horse team, loaded with fifty persons, ten four-horse teams, sixty two-horse teams, and fifty one-horse teams, with flags, banners, and some antique costumes. Much credit is due to Russell W. Frisbie, and Thomas F. Brinsmade, for this fine turn out. Roxbury came out in her ancient strength. Her procession consisted of 217 teams, under the direction of Col. Philo N. Hodge, as Marshal. This procession was rich in antique display, and contained several things worthy of special mention. Among them was a cart, bearing for a motto, "Days of Homespun," drawn by six yokes of oxen, the team of Ira Bradley, containing a

flax-breaker, hetchell, flax cards, double flax spinning wheel, and quill wheel, all in operation, worked by ladies in antique costumes. The driver was Le Roy Bradley in corresponding dress. Another wagon bore John A Squire, of Roxbury, and twenty-two of his grand-children, while another still loaded with people in antique dress, bore a flag with the motto, "Times and Seasons continue—Manners and Customs change." This section was escorted by the Warner Light Guards of Roxbury, in a new and elegant uniform, under the command of Capt Lewis Judd, who performed escort and sentinel duty during both days, and by the excellence of their military evolutions, the strictness of their discipline, and the gallantry of their bearing, might be favorably compared with many a veteran company, which had seen years of drilling. Southbury, also, turned out more than 100 teams, under Charles Whitlock, as Marshal. All the other towns came with very creditable processions, besides the numerous conveyances crowded with people, who did not join any procession.

After the several delegations had arrived, the General "Antique Procession" was formed at about 11, A. M., on the green in front of Hon. N. B. Smith's dwelling house, at the location of the First Meeting House in the town. Under the effective arrangements made by N. Smith, Esq., and H. W. Shove, M. D., aided by Rev. Messrs. R. G. Williams and C. T. Woodruff, it became the marked feature of the occasion. It extended, while on its march towards the grounds, at least an eighth of a mile in length, exhibiting all the varying costumes of the last two hundred years. It was headed by an ancient drummer and fifer. Next came the clergy of the several towns, in bands and gowns, the clerical costume of clergymen of all denominations, less than two centuries ago. Among the clergy, Rev. R. G. Williams was particularly noticeable for the perfection of detail in his costume. Then came the Puritan costumes of two hundred years ago, worn by the Minors, the Judsons, the Curtises, the Stiles, lineal descendants of the early settlers of Woodbury, succeeded and contrasted by ladies and gentlemen in the cavalier costumes of the same period. Some of these costumes were magnificent, and all attracted much attention. Succeeding the couples on foot, came others on horseback, the ladies on pillions. One couple attracted particular attention. They were Capt. Judson Hurd, aged 85 years, and Mrs. Harvey Atwood, aged 72, both dressed in ancient costume, and riding a horse thirty years old. Then followed old chaises with couples clothed in the quaint fashion of other days. And here it should be noticed, that some of these antique costumes and dresses were *bona fide* relics of the olden times, descended as heir-looms from father to son. Nothing could be more

curious than this procession of ladies and gentlemen; the latter galling the former in all the styles, from that of two centuries ago, down to the present time, the former displaying huge bonnets, high head-dresses, and gowns ranging in size from three breadths in a skirt to the ample dimensions of modern crinoline. The Masons and the general procession followed the antique, making a very imposing display. If the various processions as they entered the town, had been extended in one line, they would have reached the distance of three miles. Nothing in the whole course of the day's proceedings excited such general curiosity, conferred so much real pleasure, or gave so clear an insight into the past.

The procession moved directly to the speaker's stand, arriving there about half-past 11 A. M. The assemblage was, in all probability, the largest ever gathered together in Litchfield county, and far the greatest ever convened in the state on a similar occasion, numbering not less than fifteen thousand persons. Not less than five thousand of these were within hearing distance of the speaker's stand, part of them within, but more without the tent, which was open on all sides. The most effective arrangements had been made by the Chief Marshal for the preservation of order, and to his tact, and the aid of his excellent assistants, great credit is due. Everything was under perfect control. This vast multitude observed the strictest order, and there was no accident of any kind to mar the pleasure of the festive occasion.

The exercises of the day at the stand where Hon. N. B. Smith presided in his dignified and excellent manner, were opened by the choir's singing to the air of "Bruce's Address," the

ODE OF INVOCATION.

BY WILLIAM COTHREN.

Spirit of our sainted dead,
 Heroes to these valleys led,
 Sages of the hoary head,
 Kindly o'er us bend;
 Smile upon this classic hour,
 To us children, give your power,
 In this consecrated bower,
 Us your glory lend.

Pioneers of Pomperaug,
 Dwellers near the Quassapaug,
 By meandering Nonnewaug,
 Hasten ye along;
 Brothers near the Weraumaug,
 By the cliffs of Orenaug,
 By the falls of old Shepaug,
 Help to swell our song.

From the pines on Bantam's shore,
 Softly whispering evermore,
 Weekeepeemee's verdant shore,
 And from Potatuck,
 Come we with our offerings,
 All our dear and holy things,
 From each side the chorus rings,
 E'en from Naugatuck.

Here we come with earnest zeal,
 Mindful of our ancient weal,
 Memories bright to us appeal,
 On this glorious day ;
 Here where Freedom's banner waves,
 Here above our fathers' graves,
 We, as erst the native braves,
 Glad our honors pay.

We revere those holy men,
 Soon returned to Heaven again,
 But their works with us remain,
 On this festive day ;
 Thankful to our God above,
 For their deeds of matchless love,
 Their example let us prove,
 While on earth we stay

PRAYER.

A fervent and impressive prayer was offered to the Throne of Grace, by Rev. ROBERT G. WILLIAMS, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Woodbury, in nearly the following words, viz :

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou art the maker of Heaven and earth, and the governor of all things. Thou settest up kings and puttest down princes. Thou dost raise up nations and appoint unto them their habitations, and dost execute thy will and pleasure in them and by them. Varied is their lot and diverse are the manifestations of thy goodness unto them. Many have been left in ignorance of that revelation of thyself, made in thy word unto other favored nations.

We address thee, O God, as the God of the Bible, and we praise thy holy name that unto us thou hast been pleased to send thy word, with its accompanying blessings. We thank thee that thou didst entrust it unto our fathers, so that we enjoy the matured fruits of its long possession, that they so esteemed it and so loved to obey it, that they sought where they might worship thee according to the dictates of their own consciences, enlightened by it. As of thine ancient covenant people, so of them we may say, when thou hast brought a vine

out of Egypt, thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it and didst cause it to take root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea and her branches unto the river. Return, we beseech thee, O God of Hosts, look down from Heaven and behold and visit this vine: and the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself. So will not we go back from thee. Quicken us and we will call upon thy name.

We hail thy goodness, O God, in the fruitful valley thou didst open here before our fathers, who led hither two hundred years ago, felt at the sight hereof, that they had found a resting place for their feet, and a home for them and theirs. How has a little one become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. Verily the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places, yea we have a goodly heritage. Here come up the thousands from the little one, to review that history which thou hast so filled with good, to revive the honored memory of our fathers, to thank and praise thee for them and the results of thy guidance of them. Our joy to-day is thus great because of thy great goodness through the long past. These hills and these valleys display the greatness of thy care. Peace and plenty have abounded as the light of thy smile. Thy covenant mercies have descended in all thine own faithfulness. O God, we thank thee for a pious ancestry, for their Christian courage, for their large and liberal views of Christian institutions, and we this day record thy faithfulness in our experience of the mercy thou dost show unto the children of all such as keep thy commandments. They wandered in the wilderness, in a solitary way. They found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses; and he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

Let the incense of those prayers, offered by our fathers in this valley, under the shadow of that Rock which was indeed to them a Bethel, still rise before thee and bring down blessings upon us. Let the noble history of the past, the piety of our fathers, through thy goodness, inspire us with stedfast faith in thee, as a God to be owned in all our personal and civil concerns, and never let us depart from thee. That which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us, we

will not hide them from their children, showing to the generation to come, the praises of the Lord and his strength and his wonderful works that he hath done. For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children, that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children, that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God but keep his commandments.

We thank thee O God, for our rich national blessings, our civil and religious privileges, freedom from national commotions, war, pestilence, famine, from tyranny and call to war at the-will of fellow-men: freedom to worship God as his own word teaches. Make us not only grateful for these rich privileges, but sensible of our responsibility for them. Enable us to improve them aright, and to transmit them unimpaired to those who are to come after us.

We would implore thy blessing upon thy servant the President of these United States and all others in authority. As we enjoy the sweets of liberty, so let our prayers ascend before thee for all who have them not, especially for the enslaved and oppressed in our own land. Where war rages and man hastens to shed the blood of his fellow man, let the peaceful dove of Christianity soon find a resting place, and the Prince of peace have willing subjects.

We now implore thy presence with us, upon this festive occasion. Guide and guard from all ill. Let no accident harm any here present, and nothing occur to mar the happiness we here seek for ourselves, and to impart to others. Let the preparation for the enjoyment, and the influence of this occasion be for good to us and our posterity. As the people of these hills and valleys have so much in common, let them ever live together as possessing a common heritage and ever seek to promote their own by caring for the common weal.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may appear upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise thee O God, let all the people praise thee. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy, for thou shalt judge the people righteously and govern the nations upon earth. Let the people praise thee O God, let the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God shall bless us. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him. Let thy work appear unto thy servants and thy glory unto their

children, and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish the work of our hands upon us, yea the work of our hands establish thou it. That our sons may be as plants grown up, in their youth, that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace. That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store. That our sheep may bring forth thousands and tens of thousands in our streets; that our oxen may be strong to labor; that there be no breaking in nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets. Happy is that people that is in such a case, yea happy is that people whose God is the Lord. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things, and blessed be his glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

The Emigrants from Woodbury were then "Welcomed Home again," by Nathaniel Smith, Esq., of Woodbury :

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHO ARE HERE AS
RETURNED EMIGRANTS :

We have learned, as the preparations for this our Bi-Centennial Celebration progressed, that many of you would to-day revisit the scenes of your childhood; and have feared that among you there might be some, whose old homesteads no longer echoed to familiar voices,—whose relations had gone out from among us, to a newer or a better land. Lest, therefore, any here should be sad for the lack of kindly greeting in their native valley, the citizens of Ancient Woodbury have directed me to bid you in their name, a **CORDIAL WELCOME HOME AGAIN!**

We have invited you to unite with us in reviewing a history which is our mutual inheritance,—a past whose story is written all over these hills and valleys. Around us, smiling meadows and cheerful homes speak of the patient, unobtrusive toil that has wrought this "Dwelling in a Wood." Moss, gathered and gathering on the tomb-stones in our grave-yards, tells how long ago the early builders began to fall asleep. Their homes are our possession—their memory a legacy to all.

We are happy to see you here, not only on account of the pleasure your presence adds to the general enjoyment; but more especially because your coming assures us that our history, and song, and services, are not the result of mere local pride, but that you esteem them, as we do, a proper tribute to departed worth, an expression of grati-

tude justly due from us on such an anniversary, to the noble and the good who have gone before. We commemorate no ordinary struggles and necessities of frontier life. We rehearse the fortitude and success of no common adventurers. Were those whose memory we are here to honor, mere first settlers, actuated by no higher motive than usually leads such into the wilderness, our theme would perhaps be unworthy of this occasion. The pioneer is rarely a man of exalted virtue. Hardy, courageous, and uncouth, he resembles those lichens, which, forerunners of vegetation, fix themselves on the barren rock, by their acids disintegrate its surface and assimilate its substance, till the soil adheres, the grasses grow, and waving flowers succeed them. Not such were the Puritan fathers. They were holy Pilgrims, and the place they sought became a shrine.

To such a spot you return to-day—return to meet cheerful faces and hospitable dwellings. How different was their coming!

“The rocking pines of the forest roared,
This was their ‘welcome home.’”

They followed God’s guidance into the wilderness, and brought His worship with them. Hardships were before, dangers around them; but they encountered all in that spirit, which instead of choosing castles, towers, or beasts of prey, the emblems of conquest and pride, for armorial bearings, placed three vines upon a shield, and wrote beneath,

“Qui Transtulit Sustinet.”

Behold to-day how He has “sustained!” See it in these fruitful valleys! Read it in this happy throng! Truly it is not wonderful that a past thus begun and thus resulting, should move us to unite in public rejoicing. Let other and older nations do homage to conquerors and triumph in their battle-fields, New England celebrates her centuries, which bring down the Puritan’s blessing to ever increasing thousands in her land of peace.

Welcome, then, sons and daughters of Ancient Woodbury who return as emigrants to-day—welcome to the land of your fathers, to the scene where we unite to do honor to their memory! How long-soever you have been absent, though you meet with few familiar faces, we greet you as old acquaintances, as near relations. And, knowing that the child of New England never forgets his birth-place, though you have your habitations elsewhere, returning here, we bid you welcome HOME.

A D D R E S S

DELIVERED AT

WOODBURY, CONN.,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

Second Centennial Celebration

OF

ANCIENT WOODBURY,

JULY 4th, 1859.

BY WILLIAM COTHREN, Esq.

ADDRESS.

WE stand this day upon the grave of two hundred years. We have come with solemn awe and reverent tread to commune with the long buried past. We are assembled, on this anniversary morn, for the first time, in the long lapse of two centuries, to commemorate the deeds of our departed sires. We are come, after years of absence from the old firesides, to recall the memories and renew the associations of former days. Some of us come to look upon the old homesteads among the hills, and breathe a sigh over the moss-grown graves of ancestors long since gone to their rest. Some of us come to view the hallowed spot on which our eyes first saw the light; where we, in the hours of innocent childhood, received a father's and a mother's blessing, and where we, could we have *our* wish, at the close of a well-spent life, would yield our tired spirits up to the Giver of all good. We are this day surrounded with the results of all the labors of the past, and occupy the proud positions, long years ago so nobly adorned by the sainted fathers and mothers who planted this fertile territory, and who, having ceased from their labors, have "ascended into glory." They have passed away to the land of spirits like the dissolving of a sunset cloud into the cerulean tints of heaven—stealing from existence like the strain of ocean-music, when it dies away, slowly and sweetly, upon the moonlight waters. We do well, on this glad day of liberty, to celebrate their lofty achievements, and do meet honor to their deathless names. If those revered spirits, who have so long enjoyed their sacred repose, can look down through the veil that obscures our view of Heaven, they will approve, with a smile of love, the design of our assembling here. And when, on the morrow, you shall leave this place, to revisit it no more forever, you will feel, that it has been good for you to have been here on this glad occasion.

Let us imagine, for a moment, what a scene met the gaze of the first hardy explorers of these pleasant valleys, two hundred years ago. Every thing betokened that the silence of nature had remained unbroken by human voices since those early days, when "the morning stars sang together," save by those of nature's own uncultivated children, the red hunters of the forest. Nature in all its grand magnificence met the enchanted view of the pale face in these sweetly fertile plains and mountain fastnesses. The grim chiefs of the woody wilds alone roamed over these retired solitudes, save the wild beasts, that growled upon the thousand hills. Every year had the Indians set fire to the fallen leaves, thus denuding the trees of their lower branches, and destroying the underbrush, so that the dense woods presented a most magnificent and enchanting appearance. Thus the "eye was allowed to rove with delight from ridge to ridge, and from hill to hill, which, like the divisions of an immense temple, were crowded with innumerable pillars, the branches of whose shafts, interlocking, framed the arch-work of support to that leafy roof, which covered and crowned the whole." On the meadows by our noble river, were scanty patches of maize, beans, and tobacco, the results of the rude husbandry of the untutored savage of the forest. The whole face of nature was one vast solitude uncheered by the benign rays of civilization. From Wyantenuck to Mattatuck, and from Pootatuck to Bantam, were heard the dismal howl of the wolf, and the war-ery of the red man. Amid these secluded wilds, and by the silvery waters of the Quassapaug, sported the timid deer, and coy doves built their lonely nests. Here dwelt a race groping in the shadow of dim imaginings, faintly led by the light of nature. Here desperate fights and deadly ambuscades were planned. Here did the prisoner of war suffer the extreme tortures of his enemies. Here the romantic lover "wooded his dusky mate," with presents and silent attentions, in primitive simplicity. Here, too, the powwow held his dread incantations, and, if tradition is to be believed, offered human sacrifices to appease the wrath of Hobbamocko, the spirit of evil, the author of all human plagues and calamities. Here, too, in the golden days of the Indian Summer, the poor savage mused of the Great Spirit, the benevolent Kiehtan, giver of his corn, beans, and tobacco, who lived far away to the south-west, in whose blest dominions he hoped, at death, to find his happy hunting grounds.

Such was the scene that greeted the eyes of Capt. John Minor, the intrepid surveyor, and his sturdy companions, as they traversed this territory, which was then the farthest point from shore, that had

been explored. This was a short time previous to the 20th day of April, 1659, the date of the first Indian deed of the territory. They spent several days in exploring these valleys, climbing the numerous hills that surround us, and tracing these swiftly gliding streams. They found it to be an excellent place for planting a new colony of pilgrims from the father-land. In the quaint language of the Indian recommendation, when they were negotiating with the first explorers for the sale of these lands, "it was a good place for many smokes of the white man."

But how did our fathers come by their title to this now blooming heritage? How did they acquire the fee to the soil, and the right of dominion? How did they obtain rights, which civilized nations, even, fight for, and wade through rivers of blood to secure? How acquire the same right to rule, that Louis Napoleon and Francis Joseph are now turning Europe upside down to determine? The answer to these questions is at hand, and is honorable to our fathers' sense of right and justice. The descendants of the founders of Woodbury can look upon their landed possessions, as having come down to them by fair, honest, and legitimate titles. No fraud, violence, conquest, or stain of blood attaches to the hem of the garments of our forefathers. They not only purchased their lands of the Indians, but, in some instances, several times over, from conflicting claimants, and dishonest pretenders. They were very particular in procuring title deeds, and alienations executed in legal form and with great solemnity. They were extremely careful, that they might, in this manner, more vividly impress on the minds of the Indians, the binding nature of their contracts. Those children of nature, the former lords of the forest, took great interest in the proceedings, and affixed their uncouth, though often ingenious "marks" of a snowshoe, a fish, a bow and arrow, a war-club, a snake, or some wild animal, to the deeds that were conveying away forever their paternal hunting-grounds to the pale-faced strangers within their ancient borders. They often stipulated in their conveyances, that the "marked trees," or bounds, should be made "*clere and ffayre*," and that they should be carefully kept from destruction or obliteration.

The deed of 1659, in commemoration of the reception of which we are this day assembled, conveyed all the land within the bounds, "Potateuk River South-west, Naugatunck River North-east, and bounded on y^e North-west with trees marked by me (Tautannimo) and other Indians." This was signed by the Sachem of the Pagas-setts, or Derby Indians, and four of his sagamores, and includes a

territory in Litchfield and New Haven counties, nearly as large as Litchfield county itself. It extended, as has been seen, from the Naugatuck to the Housatonic, and from the Southernmost point of Southbury to Bantam Lake. It does not appear that our fathers made much use of this purchase, except perhaps for hunting grounds, till thirteen years later; at which time they planted corn upon the river meadows in company with the Indians. The next year, on the 26th of April, (1673,) they made their first, or Pomperaug purchase, of the Pootatuck Indians, the real occupants of the soil, covering the whole town plot from the Eastern hills to "Wecuppeme," and from the North end of East Meadow to the "Bent" of the Pomperaug River at South Britain, taking in "transilvania and rag-land." By this purchase, a large part of the most fertile and arable lands of the town was obtained. The second purchase of land from the Pootatucks, was made on the 17th of March, 1685-6. This was the Shepaug Purchase, comprising two-thirds of the present town of Roxbury, and part of Southbury. On the 18th of May, 1700, the inhabitants of the town, having become numerous for those days, made their fourth, or Nonnewaug purchase. Till this time it seems, that the Sagamore of that name had retained his possessions in the valley of the Nonnewaug, or East Sprain Stream. But now it came his turn to make room, and it seems that he and his companions did it with a good grace, as the deed informs us the sale was made "For valid considerations moving thereto, besides y^e desire y^t is wthin us of a friendly correspondency wth y^e English inhabitants of s^d Woodbury." At a very early day, that part of Southbury known as Kettletown, had been purchased of the Indians for the consideration of a brass kettle. It had been bought the second time seven years after the settlement of the town; and on the 25th of October, 1705, it became necessary to purchase it the third time. Something more than a quarter of a century had passed since the last sale, and, by this time, it is probable that they again felt the need of the "consideration." This was the fifth regular purchase of the Pootatucks. On the 28th of May, next year, the town purchased the sixth, or Confirmatory purchase. This covered and confirmed all former grants and purchases, together with a considerable tract of land in Roxbury, and a piece eighty rods in width from Steep Rock in Washington, to the mouth of the Shepaug, on the West side of that river. In this *deed* the Indians reserved a large tract of land in the South-west part of Southbury, called the Pootatuck Reservation. This was bounded on the North by a line drawn from Shepaug Falls to the "Bent" of

the Pomperaug, East by that river, or by a line drawn parallel to, and a few rods East of it, from the "Bent" to its mouth, South by the Pootatuck, and West by the Shepaug river. This reservation, now called "The Purchase," contained the principal Indian village, located on the Pootatuck River, South of South Britain village. After this sale, the Indians continued to convey portions of it from time to time, till 1733, when there was left to them only a remnant of their possessions at the South-east corner, in which was located their last remaining village, called the "Pootatuck Wigwams." They retained their title to this last resting place for the soles of their feet for a quarter of a century longer, when, being reduced to a mere handful in numbers, in May, 1759, just one hundred years ago, they parted with their cherished Pootatuck, and the "remnant that remained," took up their abode with the Seatacook Indians at Kent, where a few of the full, and more of the half blood remain to this day. In all their later sales, they reserved to themselves the right to take game on the lands forever;—a right which was always religiously respected by our fathers, whenever a straggling Pootatuck revisited the graves of his ancestors, or wandered in his once wide dominions!

The "marks" with which these Indians signed their deeds, were interesting and unique. Nonnewaug's mark was a snow-shoe, We-cuppeme's, a snake, Momanchewaug's, a rude drawing of the face of a prostrate foe, Pumlhone's, a warrior's uplifted arm, and that of Tummasseete, the owner of the first orchard in this territory, was a bow and arrow. These "marks" were as truly signatures, and as readily identified as our own. What the mark of Pomperaug was, is not known, as he never was brought to the sad necessity of parting with any of his hunting grounds. He never made *his* "mark," to such a confession of weakness and declining power.

It is many years since the last Pootatuck, an old squaw, came back to the seat of the Pootatuck village, to revisit the graves of her forefathers, whose bones are washed out from the sandy plain, at every sudden overflow of the noble Pootatuck. Looking up to the place where stood, and still stand, the few remaining trees of "Tummasseete's old orchard," "There," she said, the tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks, "there is Pootatuck, the home of the buried braves!" What a world of sad associations cluster around that simple outburst of nature! After lingering near the graves of her people a few days, she returned to the place whence she came, and the light of the pristine race, in this territory, went out forever!

Thus it is seen, that the early fathers fairly purchased every foot

of the ancient territory, and took conveyances with due and proper solemnities. From the known character of the men, it is to be presumed, that these bargains were honestly conducted; and it does not appear that any dispute of any account, ever arose between the parties, in regard to them. Nor were these purchases liable to the criticism of insufficient consideration. The amounts paid were large for those days of poverty; and no doubt, the untutored savages, who, as yet, considered their lands of little or no value, rejoiced greatly over such large prices and rare articles as they received for pay, and probably thought they had, by far, the best of the bargain. They knew not how soon they would be straightened for land, and their people scattered like the leaves of the forest. In the order of Providence, one race had arisen, another had passed away. Sampson's locks were shorn—his glory and strength had departed. The red man with a sad prodigality had parted with his only wealth.

Let us pause a moment to drop a passing tear over the obliterated graves of a buried race. They are all gone to meet the Great Spirit, and, perhaps, as they desired in life, to revel in "happy hunting grounds." By the romantic Falls of his own ever murmuring stream, is the grave of Nonnewaug. In his own orchard at Pootatuck, near the noble Housatonic, rest the remains of Tummasseete. Within the fertile meadows of Weekeepeemee reposes the brave of that name, in his last quiet sleep. And *there*, by that rock, in your very midst, they buried Pomperaug, the renowned chief of your valley, who gave his name to your beautiful meandering river. A hillock of small stones now mark the spot, dropped there, one by one, with a tear to each, by his remaining braves as they sadly passed the hallowed spot, on their hunting and fishing excursions.

And who were the strange people, that occupied these pleasant dwelling places in the woods, when the white man reached these shores? They were, indeed, a strange race, beginning in mystery, and ending in annihilation. Their origin and mission on earth seem to be one of the secrets of the Great Creator. The race found inhabiting these new regions, did not live in comfortable dwellings, surrounded by verdant fields, which they cultivated, but semi-nude, or clad in the skins of wild beasts, they wandered, in small clans, in the dense forests, among the lofty mountains, by the murmuring streams, and along the meandering rivers. They were destitute of the arts of civilized life; had strange rites and unheard of customs. They engaged in fierce conflicts and exterminating wars. They were men of iron will, who knew no fear, and whom severest tortures could not

move. They never forgot a kindness, nor forgave an injury. They were idolaters, and on our now peaceful and happy plains, they offered human sacrifices to appease the God of evil, created by their own superstitious imaginations. This rude and barbarous people was scattered all over our extended continent, and yet they had hitherto been unknown—insulated from the rest of the world. Our fathers tried to civilize and Christianize them with little success, though they granted them the privilege of attending their schools and religious assemblies. Some of them, indeed, profited by these privileges, gained the rudiments of knowledge, put themselves under the care of the ministers, and became approved members of the Churches. But the great majority adhered to the dark and cheerless faith, and cruel rites believed and practiced by their forefathers. So far as the Indians of this town were concerned, they were always the friends of our fathers, and maintained with them a perpetual peace. There were some Indian conflicts here, but they arose from the incursions of the Mohawks, who previous to the arrival of the settlers, held the Indians of this territory as tributaries, by superior prowess. As early as 1675, during King Philip's war, they made a treaty with the pioneers to these valleys, in which they covenanted to continue in "friendship with the white settlers, and be enemies to their enemies, and discover them timely, or destroy them." This treaty was ever kept, as a perpetual league, with entire good faith, by both the contracting parties, and many were the mutual offices of kindness they performed for each other. Let it be taken for granted, then, as many have asserted, that the Indian was fierce, vindictive, uncultivated and untamable; yet with all his faults and failings, he stood erect, in the midst of nature's leafy temple, God's original freeman. He could never be enslaved. No superior power, intelligence or cunning, could make him wear the bondman's chain!

Wild rovers of Pootatuck, Mattatuck, Wyantenuck, Pomperaug, Raumang, Bantam, ye have passed away! Your lights have gone out on the shore! Your thin smokes no longer curl faintly amid the thick woods! Well do we love your good old Indian names, and would that more of them, almost the sole relic of your once powerful people, had been adopted by our fathers to designate the places where your lights went out forever!

Such are the simple annals of the unfortunate, and benighted race that once had possession of this fair heritage, and roamed in haughty independence through these sequestered vales. Not a Pootatuck remains in the territory of the ancient town, to revisit, with Indian

wail and lamentation, the forsaken, and almost forgotten graves of his ancestors. When the floods, or excavations of the present inhabitants, exhume the bones of the long buried braves, they are gathered up with eager interest, to grace a public museum or private collection of antique curiosities. Their sun has set in darkness and in gloom. Advancing civilization, so fortunate and happy for the white race, brought nothing to the red man but disaster and decay. With a sad infatuation, they embraced its vices instead of its virtues. Before the white man touched these shores, they enjoyed their wild and savage mode of life without molestation. This was "their own, their native land!" Here were their council fires. On the beautiful rivers, they paddled the light canoe, and pursued their game in the unbroken forests. They went up by their mountains; they came down by their valleys; they followed their own desires for happiness in wild, reckless exuberance. The mossy cliffs, and the dells in the thick woods, echoed back their shrill songs, and fearful cry of war. But the white man took up his abode in their ancient hunting grounds. The strength of civilization met the weakness of barbarism. From that inauspicious hour, the poor natives waned and retreated farther into the wild solitudes. The children of the forest have passed away—faded from the view, and almost from the memory of man. In their low, unnoticed, and unknown graves, they sleep well! Their existence has become a matter of antiquarian research, and oft-told legend. Their brief history has been written in desolation.

"Alas, for them, their day is o'er—
 Their fires are out from shore to shore!
 No more for them the wild deer bounds,
 The plow is on their hunting grounds."

The settlement of Woodbury was the result of difference in religious opinion, among the inhabitants of Stratford. It was accomplished by one of the most remarkable and brilliant mental conflicts that ever occurred in planting a New England town. There were giants in those days, for the defence of what they believed to be religious truth. The usual reason for settling a new town had ever been, that the parent town had become too full to accommodate all its inhabitants, and that it was necessary to seek new locations for extending the Church of God, and advancing the interests of religious freedom. No idea of mere worldly advantage entered the minds of the stern and earnest men, who planted our beautiful and ever honored town. The first ministers of the colony being dead, and a new gene-

ration coming on the stage of action, alterations in respect to Church membership, baptism, and the mode of Church discipline, were imperiously demanded. Great dissensions on these subjects accordingly arose in the churches at Hartford, Windsor, Wethersfield, and other places, and continued in various parts of the Colony, from 1656 to about 1670. It is difficult for us, at this distance of time, fully to understand the exact merits of the controversy. The system in dispute, was called the "Half Way Covenant" system of Church membership. Upon this question there was the gravest difference of opinion among the most learned and pious men in New England. By this plan, a person of good moral character might own or renew the covenant of Baptism, confessing the same creed as members of the Church in full communion, and affirming his intention of becoming truly pious, in heart and in life, have the privilege of presenting himself, children, grand-children, and even his slaves, for baptism, by giving a pledge for their religious education. Persons thus owning the covenant, were considered members of the Church to all intents and purposes, except that they might not come to the communion table. For conduct unbecoming church members, they could be, and were, dealt with, and punished in the same manner as members in full communion. Consequent upon this practice, baptisms followed close upon births, generally in from one to eight days, and if the child was in danger of "non-continuance," it was baptized on the day of its birth.

In those early days, the choice of pastors was confined exclusively to members of the church, though every freeholder was taxed for their support: and nearly all the offices and honors of the Colony of Connecticut, to which Stratford belonged, were distributed to professors of religion, who alone, in the New Haven Colony, possessed the right of suffrage in meetings of a political character. During the lives of the early colonists, little trouble had arisen on these points, nearly all of the first immigrants having been professors of religion. But this generation had passed away, and a new one had succeeded, many of whom, on account of their not belonging to the church, were excluded from their proper influence in the community. Most of them had been baptized, and by virtue of this, it was claimed that they might own their covenant, have their children baptized, and thus perpetuate the church, and themselves attain the rank of perfect freemen. Hence it may readily be seen why our patriotic forefathers, as well as those who were thus excluded from their proper position in the affairs of the town and colony, desired such a change in church government as

would overcome this unjust inequality. All New England became interested in this controversy; and in 1657, it was decided by a council of the principal ministers of the colonies, convened at Boston, that it was the duty of those, who had come to years of discretion, baptized in infancy, to own the covenant; that it was the duty of the Church to call them to do it, and, if they refused, they might be censured by the Church. In consequence of this decision, many owned their covenant, and presented their children for baptism, but did not unite with the church in the celebration of the supper, nor in most other duties of members in full communion. Hence it was termed the "Half Way Covenant System."

The Church of Stratford, notwithstanding the Boston decision, would not adopt this practice, although a large and influential part of its members were in favor of it, together with a majority of the voters of the town, who were not church members. Rev. Israel Chauncey, son of President Charles Chauncey, of Cambridge, who was opposed to this practice, was settled over the Church in 1665, receiving ordination in the independent mode. On this account, a large part of the Church and town was opposed to his ordination. It was therefore agreed, that if after hearing Mr. Chauncey for a certain time, they should continue to be dissatisfied with his ministry, the dissenting party should be at liberty to call and settle another minister, and have the same privilege in the Meeting House as the other party. Accordingly, after hearing Mr. Chauncey the time agreed on, and continuing to be dissatisfied with his ministrations, they invited Rev. Zechariah Walker to preach to them, and finally chose him for their pastor. Both ministers performed public worship in the same house, Mr. Chauncey at the usual hours, while Mr. Walker was allowed two hours in the middle of the day. They had been a long time in agreeing upon this arrangement, as will be seen. But it was difficult always to confine the services to the exact time allowed, and it soon happened, that Mr. Walker exceeded the time limited, one day, to such an extent, that Mr. Chauncey and his hearers becoming impatient, retired to a private house, and there held their afternoon services. They were, however, so much displeased, that next day, they went over to Fairfield, and made a complaint against Mr. Walker to Major Gold, one of the magistrates. The Major, upon hearing the case, advised pacific measures, and that Mr. Walker should be allowed three hours for his public exercises. Then began that remarkable conflict of master minds, conducted on one side by Rev. Mr. Chauncey and Phillip Graves, and on the other by Rev. Mr. Walker, Capt.

John Minor, "the learned and pious scribe," Hon. Samuel Sherman and Lt. Joseph Judson, men of worth and might, whose blood courses through the veins of a larger number of persons in this great assembly, than that of all others put together. I had almost asked, who is there here that does not claim some connection with those early founders, either by birth or matrimonial ties! It was a battle of the "giants!" Time forbids that I should give full details of this remarkable contest. Nor is it necessary, as they are doubtless familiar to you all, being set forth with great particularity, in the late history of this territory. Suffice it to say, that the efforts of the dissenting party, our fathers, for reconciliation, seem to have been earnest and sincere. Their communications to their brethren were couched in respectful and Christian terms, and their arguments were not to be easily refuted, if at all. Little pains, however, seems to have been taken by the first Church, during the whole controversy, to answer the reasoning of the dissatisfied party, or to conciliate them; but it seemed rather to throw itself back on its dignity with an intention of allowing the dissentients to take their own course. The latter had a majority in the town meetings, and Dea. John Minor, one of their leaders, was Town Clerk during the whole time of the controversy, and for several years afterward. This written controversy has been preserved on the colony and town records, and is a model of Christian courtesy and moderation, well worth the study of all future Church agitators and dissenters. Mr. Walker's party earnestly sought an entire union with the members of the first Church. Even those in full communion offered to be again examined in regard to their "fayth and knowledge," in the same manner as upon their first admission, that the Church might be convinced their peculiar views had not, in any manner, undermined their religious principles, or purity of character. When this was denied, and after they had called Mr. Walker, they earnestly desired to unite the two meetings, and hear both ministers, the more especially, as the Meeting House had been built by both parties. To unite the two meetings was evidently not the best way of composing their differences, although they might not be "fundamental," as was admitted by all, for their opinions in regard to church membership, were so diverse, they could hardly have been much edified in being obliged to listen to the defence of what they did not believe. It would be much like the mingling of the worship of the various evangelical churches of the present day. While the ministers might confine themselves to points on which all were agreed, there would be danger of treading, at times, on forbidden ground.

In September, 1668, the church refused to hear the two ministers in joint meeting, and refused further to consider the disputes between them till Mr. Walker's party had "procured the approbation of the General Court, and the consent of neighboring Churches." In November, of the same year, Mr. Walker, for his people, replied to this communication, in a paper of great power, and informed them that they had concluded, "God willing," to occupy their joint property, the Meeting House, a part of each Sabbath, beginning with the next Sabbath, and that they would use it during that part of the day which Mr. Chauncey's party might determine, but if they did not designate, then they would take the latter part of the day. He closed the communication with the desire that the "God of Peace" would guide the parties to such a course of action as would be for their "mutual peace and comfort." The result of this notice was a compromise, by which Mr. Walker was allowed two hours each Sabbath for his services in the Meeting House, in the middle of the day, between the two services of Mr. Chauncey, till the meeting of the General Court in May, 1669. At that session both parties presented petitions in relation to their disagreements, particularly in regard to the manner in which they should "enjoy the Meeting House." Without reflection, one might say that the readiest way out of the difficulty would have been to have built another church. But it must be borne in mind that the country was new, and the inhabitants poor. It was a great undertaking in their wilderness condition, to erect a suitable building, and heavy taxes for years were necessary to be laid to complete one. The Court took the case into consideration, as requested, confirmed the choice of Mr. Chauncey, ordered both parties to choose "some indifferent persons of piety and learning to compose their differences," and gave Mr. Walker's party liberty till the October session, to occupy the church three hours each Sabbath, in the middle of the day, between the two services of Mr. Chauncey. They could not, however, agree upon the points to be submitted to the arbitrators, and at the October session, 1669, a resolution was passed by the General Court advising the First Church to comply with the desire of Mr. Walker's party, to have union services, allowing Mr. Walker to preach one part of each Sabbath to the united congregation. Some communications passed between the parties relative to this advice, but Mr. Chauncey's party, instead of granting them the privilege which they had so long sought, excluded them from the House entirely, after which, they met for public worship in a private house during the remainder of their stay at Stratford. In reply to this indignity,

our fathers merely addressed a letter to the First Church, complaining of the injustice done them, and proposed to divide the town into two parts, that they "might go and live by themselves and have no more dissensions." They also notified them that they should apply to the next session of the Court to grant them this indulgence. It was at this juncture that Governor Winthrop, affected by these unhappy controversies and animosities subsisting in the town, advised that Mr. Walker and his people should remove, and that a tract of land for the settlement of a new town should be granted for their encouragement and accommodation. Accordingly, the General Court, on the 9th of May, 1672, granted to Samuel Sherman, William Curtiss, Joseph Judson and John Minor, the leading members of Mr. Walker's Church, "liberty to erect a plantation at Pomperoaage," provided that any "other honest inhabitants of Stratford" should have liberty to join them in settling there, and provided they should "enterteine so many inhabitants as the plantation would conveniently interteine."

Thus ended a controversy that had agitated the minds of the early fathers for about eight years. During the whole of that long period of disagreeing opinions, and exciting discussions, it will be found by a careful examination of all the details, the future founders of our town ever maintained an elevated and christian tone, temper and aim. They furnished a model course of action to us, their descendants, on all occasions of conflict of interests and opinion. It might be interesting, did time permit, and it were pertinent to the theme of the hour, to inquire whether, in this regard, the sacred mantles of those revered Elijahs of the early days, have fallen upon us, their descendants, the custodians of their moss-grown graves! Would to God we could truly claim their stern, conscientious motives, and command of passion, in times when "offenses must come!"

It was in the midst of this controversy, early in 1668, that Mr. Walker was called to perform pastoral labors among the people of the 2nd Church of Stratford, now the First Church of Woodbury. For two years he had preached to them without ordination. Among the other difficulties under which his friends labored, they had found no opportunity to accomplish this desirable point. But being taunted by the First Church, on account of their disorganized state, being informed that they would hold no further communication with them till they were duly organized, and there being no longer any hope of arrangement with the other party, they took the steps necessary to "embody in Church estate." This they accomplished on the 1st day of May, 1670, with the approval of the churches of Fairfield, Killingworth,

and the "new church at Windsor." Mr. Walker was ordained on the 5th of May, when twenty male members again publicly owned their covenant, the gathering of the church having been done by themselves in private, on account of the great opposition to them. Seven more male members were admitted a few days after, and ten more, six of whom were females, were added previous to the removal to Pomperaug, in 1672, a number fully equal to that of most other churches at their commencement. This was an honored list of names, one to be revered by the dwellers in these fair vales, while time shall endure, and they shall retain an emotion of religious sensibility, or filial gratitude.

The initial point from which dates the existence of Woodbury, was the grant of the General Court, in accordance with Gov. Winthrop's recommendation, in 1672. As this grant was not made till the May Session, it was too late for our forefathers to move their families into the wilderness that year; but the preliminary arrangements were immediately commenced, and it is related that a few of the proprietors came here, and raised some corn, which they stored in log cribs, but when they returned next spring, with fifteen families, they found that the wild beasts or Indians had rifled them of their contents. By some mistake, the pioneer company passed the Pomperaug, in their journey, and followed up the Shepaug some miles till they discovered their error, when they made the best of their way over the hills to this valley. Arrived upon yonder Good Hill, they perceived the valley of the Pomperaug lying below in solitude and silence. Great was the joy of these pioneers of our town, on this discovery, and it is related that Dea. John Minor fell on his knees, leading in prayer that little band of hardy adventurers, invoking the blessing of Heaven upon their enterprise, and praying that their posterity might be an upright and godly people to the latest generation. So far as the good deacon's own posterity is concerned, his prayer seems to have been answered, for it has never since been without a *Deacon* to proffer the same petition! And on the morrow, at that sacred retreat, the "Bethel Rock" of our fathers, you will have the opportunity of listening to the same pious aspirations from one of his lineal descendants, inheritor of his revered surname and honorable office!

The pioneers encamped the first night on Good Hill. The next day they proceeded to the valleys, to examine and take possession of their lands, and encamped the second night beneath the spreading branches of a large white oak, which has given its name to the local-

ity, and pieces of its trunk, long since prostrated by the tempest, are now in the possession of many persons, preserved with religious care as mementoes of that historic old tree. After having examined the whole valley from East Meadow to the intervalles below "White Oak Plain," following the Indian trail leading from Nonnewaug Falls, nearly in the line of the present Main Street, by Pomperaug's grave, to the Pootatuck village on the Housatonic, they pitched their tents permanently, and prepared to build their first rude habitations. We have full evidence from the Colony records, that the intervalles on the Pomperaug had been deprived of their trees, and had been cultivated by the Indians before our fathers removed here. So the land was in some measure prepared for their occupation. All their dwellings, at first, were built of logs, the nearest saw-mill being at the parent town of Stratford, twenty-five miles distant, through the pathless woods. But these habitations passed away with the first generation, and comfortable frame dwellings took their places. The first framed house was located in Judson Lane, a few rods west of the First Congregational Church. They were built in a substantial manner, in the old lean-to style, the back roof running nearly to the ground, and were covered with rent oak clapboards. Even these dwellings of the leading men would be considered rude ones, at least, at the present day. But our fathers came to this wilderness to enjoy the ordinances of God, according to the dictates of their own consciences, and to extend His Church—not to gratify worldly ambition.

Among the preparations which the early fathers made for their removal hither, was a code of laws, or articles of agreement for their government after their arrival at the place of destination, quite as carefully drawn as that written covenant, entered into by the Pilgrims before they left the Mayflower to pitch their tents in this western land, the goal of all their hopes and prayers. This model constitution, containing all the elements of civilization, justice, and religious liberty, has been preserved to us entire. It is the perfect germ, containing all the elements of our later republican constitutions. It was most truly a form of government founded upon the "consent of the governed"—aye, the written consent. It provided that as many persons should be admitted into the plantation, as could be comfortably accommodated, and that all public charges, civil and ecclesiastical, should be borne in proportion to the size of their home-lots, the largest being twenty-five, and the smallest ten acres, while a bachelor's right could be no more than five acres, just half that of the least

opulent married man! Poor, old bachelor—unmated specimen of humanity! He was considered of little account in a new community in the forest, where the legitimate increase of the population was a prime necessity! It was further provided, that considerable tracts of land should be set apart for the support of the preaching of the gospel, and also, in the quaint language of the original instrument, “a parsell of land for y^e Incouriging a Schoole, y^t learning may not be neglected to children.” Each was obliged to pay his pro rata part of the purchase of the plantation, the expenses of removal, and all other public charges, within ten months after his home-lot was laid out to him, in wheat, peas, and pork, in equal proportions. Lastly, and above all, it was stipulated, that for the purpose of remaining in the “peaceable enjoyment of that way of Church discipline which they were persuaded is according to God,” they engaged, each for himself, not to disturb the peace of the plantation, but to subject themselves, personally, “to that Ecclesiastical Government, that should be there established, or practiced agreeably to y^e Word of God.”

These articles were subscribed, March 20, 1672–3, by *seventeen* of our forefathers, whose names should be written in letters of living light! Sherman, Judson, Minor, Curtiss, Wheeler, Wyatt, Styles, Hinman, Jenkins, Johnson, Munn, Terrill, Knowles, Fairchild, we fain would call your sainted shades from the regions of the blest, for one brief moment, that we might here and now render appropriate homage to your ever-brilliant and glorious example! But three of your illustrious names have ceased to have living representatives in this fair territory you did so much to improve and bless. Truly has the Scripture been fulfilled, in your former seats—“I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread!” Look kindly down upon us, assembled here with filial hearts and fond recollections, and breathe a fervent benison from your celestial homes!

A moment's examination will show the wisdom of the provisions of the first solemn governmental covenant. The committee of principal men composed a Court to judge between man and man, doing justice according to the letter of God's “written word,” until a town should be organized under the jurisdiction of magistrates, “who are appointed of God.” Imagine to yourselves such a Court of God, sitting in solemn state, in the midst of these virgin wilds and pathless forests!

There was a restriction as to the quantity of land which a proprie-

tor might have. No one could have more than twenty-five acres for his home-lot, and other divisions in proportion, while the poorest married man was entitled to ten; so that a few rich planters could not control the colony. It was desirable in those early days of danger from savage men and wild beasts, for the inhabitants to live near together. Their home-lots were laid out on both sides of the street with narrow fronts, to bring their houses near each other for mutual protection.

From these articles we learn that here, as in all other early New England towns, the settlers had a particular regard for the establishment of religious institutions. It was their design to erect churches in strict conformity to scripture example, and to transmit evangelical purity, in doctrine, worship and discipline, with civil and religious liberty, to their posterity. So great was the attention paid to these interesting points, that they not only made ample provision for the minister, who was to remove with them, but they also sequestered lands for the future support of the ministry, which went under the name of the "parsonage lands."

Another truly New England feature in this their first solemn agreement, is seen in the ample provision made for a school, "that learning might not be neglected to the children." Our fathers, though living under Kingly rule, were republicans, rejecting with abhorrence the doctrines of the divine right of Kings, passive obedience and non-resistance. Upon these principles they formed their civil institutions. They thought the church should be accompanied by the school-house, religious principle by an educated and ennobled understanding. In this way, they judged, intelligence and good morals could best be propagated.

We notice, also, the poverty of our ancestors at this time, and the entire want of a metallic, or paper currency. All the expenses growing out of the purchase and settlement of the plantation, were to be paid in wheat, peas and pork, in equal proportions, as to value, and if any settler was so poor that he could not obtain a surplus of these, beyond the wants of his own family, then he was to pay in other articles to the satisfaction of the committee having charge of the expenses of the settlement.

It might, to the careless observer, seem frivolous to have a celebration, and deliver long addresses in commemoration of so trivial an affair as the founding of a single town. The satisfactory answer is that the limits of our town comprised a whole county, and that the number, worth and standing of the noble men that founded it, and

removed here during the first two years of its settlement, was fully equal to that of most of the New England colonies at the date of their settlement. There were but forty-one signers to the articles on board of the *May Flower*, on the 11th of November, 1620, for the founding of the ever celebrated colony of Plymouth, the pioneer colony to our immense continent, save the failure of Jamestown, Va. The first grant of the entire colony of Connecticut was made to eleven persons, and the first three towns in 1635, were settled by about sixty persons, men, women and children, or twenty to each town, a much smaller number than that which first colonized Woodbury. Roger Williams pitched his tent at Providence, founded Rhode Island, and formed a body politic for the advancement of religious freedom, when his followers, including himself, numbered only eighteen. Massachusetts Bay colony had a still smaller beginning. At first, it was nearly a failure, and for a considerable time was held only by Roger Conant and three other "disheartened companions," and yet in his lofty trust, he believed that "God would make this land a receptacle for his people." Let it not be considered, then, that the founding of Woodbury was an inconsiderable, or trivial affair. The history of an early Connecticut town is the history of a Colony, a State, or the Union, in miniature. In no way can we form so accurate an estimate of the dangers and difficulties that beset our fathers, the hardships borne, and the labors performed, to secure the liberty and unnumbered blessings, which we now enjoy, as by a perfect history of the events and struggles of such a town.

In these days of civilization and refinement, surrounded by the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life, we can little estimate the hardships and difficulties encountered by the sainted men and women who first trod these smiling valleys, subdued the uncompromising wilderness, and made the howling wastes to "bud and blossom as the rose." Here they came, in their lofty trust, having no cover for their heads but the over-arching heavens, no lodgings for their weary and travel-worn bodies but such as nature afforded. The men of the present day may carelessly smile at the idea of our fathers' thinking so much of a journey to or from the sea-coast, or even from Woodbury to Bethlem, as we are told they did. But they forget the obstacles and dangers they had to encounter. They forget there were no public roads, and no vehicles, that could be employed for the transportation of their goods. There were no railroads, nor steamboats, running in all directions with the swiftness of the wind. The first females, as well as the males, went on foot, or on horseback, through

a trackless wilderness, guided by marks upon trees, or feeling their way, wherever they could find room to pass. In the midst of the first drear winter their provisions gave out, and some of the settlers were obliged to take their way through the pathless forests to the older settlements for food to sustain them during the remaining wintry months. Some of those sturdy men went to Stratford, a distance of twenty-five miles, with hand-sleds, and returned laden with corn for their pressing necessities. We can have but a faint idea of the dangers that surrounded those early founders, on such a journey, exposed to all the perils and privations of those interior forests. They were surrounded by numerous red men, fierce and cruel, who could have destroyed them at any hour, in their isolated and feeble condition. Added to their lack of bread, the pioneers had neither dwellings, nor clothing sufficient to prevent suffering. Should any emergency happen, they were cut off from any succor, or effective retreat. What a sad beginning had these now fair and opulent towns on the Pomperaug and Shepaug!

It was necessary to erect and fortify houses, to make roads for their convenience to the parent town, that in times of danger they might fly for safety, and to spend much time in watchings, trainings, and preparation for the defense of themselves and children. Every thing was to be constructed from rude materials, or brought from a great distance, and procured at a dear rate. There could be no safety but in constant preparation, for any emergency that might arise. They were obliged, with little previous knowledge of the art, to break ground on bare creation, drawing their subsistence from an unwilling, virgin soil! That *fifteen* families, in the wilderness, before they had time to provide for their own pressing wants, should undertake to support a minister of the Gospel, shows the enduring confidence, the lofty trust of those men of iron nerve! They had no shipping, and nothing to export. Every thing must be manufactured by themselves, or they must go without the indispensable necessities of life. They being only tillers of the soil, must become their own carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, clothiers and tailors! And in one respect it was well. They thus learned the dignity of labor, in every department. "The grim present was lowering upon them with all its sharp and angular realities."

But they accepted the chances, with a firm reliance on Providence. Amid all their difficulties they forgot not the reverence due their holy religion. So strict were they in their religious views, and so high was their regard for the Sabbath, that they scrupled even to

call the first day of the week by its heathen, or idolatrous name of *Sun-day*, and they always, when they had occasion to allude to the day, called it either the Lord's day or the Sabbath. For the same reason, Monday was called the second day, Tuesday the third day, and so of the rest. That they might not acknowledge, in the least degree, the authority of the Pope, in speaking of the apostles, Peter and Paul, they invariably omitted the prefix, "Saint," and even the poor isle of St. Christopher's had its saintly prefix similarly disposed of, and left in obscurity.

It has been seen that all the ideas of our fathers were essentially religious, and that the pious sentiment entered into everything. Even in the exhibitions of the tender emotions, and in the preliminary ceremonies of a matrimonial alliance, they ever exhibited the same grave countenance, and air of devotion, as when going to a prayer-meeting. Perhaps they were the only people who treated the subject with the consideration due to that most important and indissoluble union of "Kindred hearts." But the "course of true love" was usually urgent. There was no time for "billing and cooing," much less for vain flirtations! As an instance of the way in which the thing was done, take the following characteristic example: John Minor, Jr., being seriously inclined, by the state of his affections, unto the blooming and comely damsel, Sarah Judson, immediately mounted his horse, with a deer-skin for a saddle, and rode over in front of the house of the fair Sarah's father. Without dismounting, he sent for her to come out to him, and on her complying with the request, he informed her plainly, that the Lord had sent him to marry her. At this startling announcement, the sensible maid, neither fainting in the present fashionable mode, nor asking time to consult her mamma, replied with hearty good will, "Here is the handmaid of the Lord—His will be done!" What else could the maiden do; for John was a good man, and she believed both him and his message! There was nothing more to be done, than to get on horseback the next Sabbath eve, and sitting on a pillion, behind her messenger from the Lord, ride to the parsonage, and be duly joined in the holy bonds of wedlock. Of the fruits of that primitive marriage, there are many representatives here to-day!

Doubtless the question has often occurred to each of us, how did our fathers and mother's dress? What were their costumes and fashions? By the indefatigable exertions of our "Antique Committee," this question has been very satisfactorily answered here to-day, by their actual, not "counterfeit presentment." You have seen an

"early father," a fine old English gentleman, in small clothes and coat of brown silk, white plaited ruffles, powdered hair, and cocked hat. You have seen an "early mother," in ash-colored brocade, with white damask skirt, open in front, high-heeled shoes, with large buckles, and an enormous bonnet. You have seen the Puritan costume contrasted with that of the Cavalier of the same age. But these were the holiday suits, brought from old England, and belonging only to the more opulent citizens. After the first settlement here, such rich articles for long years were "rarities under the sun." All the garments of both sexes were of homespun, of their own manufacture, from the raw material to the perfected garment. The small clothes, and even the coats of the men were often made of deer-skins and leather. Nothing is more commonly mentioned in the early inventories of estates. And yet, amid all this rigid simplicity, the General Court, four years after the settling of Woodbury, passed an act against the excess of apparel among the people, as "unbecoming a wilderness condition, and the profession of the gospel;" ordering, that any person who should wear any clothing, that should be "apparently beyond the necessary end of apparel for *covering*, or *comeliness*," should, on due conviction, forfeit *ten* shillings for every offence! How great a commotion would be made by the passage of *such* a law, in these days of expanded crinoline, and of lengthened Shanghai coats!

So numerous had the arrivals of our ancestors become in the new plantation of Pomperaug, during the year 1673, that at the May session of the General Court, in 1674, it was made a town, called Woodbury, and exempted from taxes for four years. In May, 1675, a committee was appointed to lay out a road to Derby, and Stratford was ordered to construct a road to the same place. This committee did not report till May, 1677, and it is probable, that it was not completed under several years. So that the settlers remained secluded from all the world for many years.

But far more serious evils awaited the adventurous pioneers in this "dwelling place of the wood." In June, 1675, King Philip's war broke out, and filled this and the neighboring colonies with the gloom and terror, which always accompany Indian warfare. The startling intelligence of a general combination of all the eastern tribes for the utter extermination of the white race, fell with a sad cadence on the afflicted ears of our fathers. Philip with his fierce band of relentless warriors, appeared suddenly on the scene of action, and misery and destruction followed in his trail. Every portion of the colony suffered from the predatory excursions of the savages, and continual alarms.

The frontier towns, like Woodbury, were particularly exposed to destruction. The General Court, deeply affected with the apparent danger, enacted military regulations of the most careful and rigorous kind. It was equivalent to putting the whole colony under martial law. Sixty soldiers were to be raised in each county, places for defence and refuge to be immediately fortified in every plantation, disobedience of orders in time of attack to be punished with death, and no male, between the ages of fourteen and seventy, to be suffered to leave the colony without permission. Each plantation was obliged to keep a sufficient watch from sunset to sunrise, and to keep one-fourth of the town in arms every day, taking regular turns. The watch was directed to call up every man in the town, an hour before day, and each one was directed to arm himself, repair to his appointed ward, and there stand guard, ready to repel any attack till half an hour after sunrise, when the "warders" again took their places. Scouts on horseback were also sent into the woods each day to look for the foe, with directions to go only so far as to enable them to return by nightfall. These orders were carried out with alacrity, by our town. This was then the most remote north-western town in the colony, and one of the most exposed. It was known, both by the whites and Indians, that persons sleep soundest just before dawn, and hence the order that every inhabitant should be awakened by the watch, and called to arms an hour before day. Guards were stationed on Lodge, Orenaug and Castle Rocks, to watch for the enemy, and protect the inhabitants. Fortified houses were erected on Lodge Rock, and near Mr. Nathan Warner's dwelling-house in Judson Lane, to receive the settlers in case of assault. It is more than difficult, at this distance of time, to realize the trials and alarms, which must exist in feeble communities, reminded each morning of their desperate condition by regulations of such severity, as those that had been adopted. Every effort was made for the public safety, but the dangers thickened so darkly around them, that the settlers were obliged, early in the summer, to remove their wives and little ones to Stratford, "a place," as stated in their characteristic language, "of more hopeful security." This was rendered the more necessary, because their men, as often as they went to the "sea-side towns" on their necessary business, were pressed into the service. So that, as we learn from an autograph letter of Rev. Mr. Walker, in October, 1676, a greater number of men from Woodbury, proportioned to its population, was engaged in Philip's war, than from any other town in the colony. Notwithstanding all these discouragements and dangers, our fathers, after having conducted their house-

hold flocks to Stratford, returned to Woodbury, raised and secured their crops, and carried them to Stratford in the autumn.

But the plantation was by no means given up. During the year 1677, the inhabitants slowly returned to the new settlement. In May, 1678, the General Court ordered the remainder to return by the 1st of November, on pain of forfeiting their lands in the town. Immediately after this, the town passed a vote, that the order of the court should be strictly enforced, and requested the Town Clerk to write a letter to those who neglected to return, urging them to come back to their lands. In writing this letter, the clerk, Capt. John Minor, urged them to return, saying, "Friends, it is far from our desire, that any of you should be abused by this act of ours. We covet not your lands but your company. We desire not to displease any of you, but if we cannot please you upon lower terms than by undoing ourselves, we assure you that we cannot come to that price." This action of the court and town brought the wandering children home. In June of this year, Mr Walker came with his family to reside permanently with his people at Woodbury. Previous to this time, his family had resided at Stratford, and he had ministered at both places as occasion required. The house-holders at this time probably numbered about sixty. It is known that there were as many as that four years later. This would show the whole population to be about three or four hundred.

Previous to this date, they had had no corn mill, and had no flour or meal, except such as they could get occasionally at Stratford. Even on wedding occasions, those times of great interest among all nations, the principal dishes, at the marriage feast, were bean porridge for the soup, and for the other courses, an enormous plate of pork and beans. How would such a wedding entertainment suit the notions of our lady friends of the present day? They would, indeed, feel that they had fallen on evil times! There is but one late instance on record, in this town, of keeping up this time-honored custom of our Puritan mothers, and that occurred a few years ago up in Flanders, on the occasion of the marriage of a certain military gentleman, who bears one of Woodbury's early and honored names.

But this deprivation was too great to be borne by our fathers, and accordingly, they procured a set of small mill-stones at Stratford, so diminutive in size, that they brought them here through the forests on horseback. They prepared mill-gearing, built a small shed on Middle Quarter Brook, a few rods easterly from Dea. Eli Summers' house, and set their mill in operation. It is said that when it was in

complete running order, it would grind the enormous quantity of one bushel per day. Great was the rejoicing of our fathers, when this vast improvement was achieved. Each settler, in turn, carried his grist to the mill in the morning, set it in motion, and went for the meal at night. And *here*, my friends, is one of those self-same mill-stones !* Here is a highly interesting relic of the early days, which carries us back in memory to the long ended toils and sufferings of our fathers. Long let this rude memorial be preserved as a rare and sacred fragment, which has escaped the ravages of "time's effacing finger !"

The next important event was the erection of a house of public worship. As soon as the settlers were located, and began to have some of the comforts and conveniences of life, their thoughts naturally turned to this prime object in a New England plantation, in which they might enjoy the ministrations of the gospel. In the early years of their settlement, they had worshipped in each others' houses, in the inclement months of the year, and during the summer months, had convened in the stillness of the Sabbath morn, in a beautiful and retired spot, on the East side of the Orenaug Rocks, between the cliffs, with their sentinels placed on the top of the adjacent rocks, to guard against surprise from savage foes, and there made "the sounding aisles of the dim woods" vocal with the high praises of God. By the rude, pulpit-like boulder, still standing in that lonely dell, we may, in imagination, see the faithful Walker addressing his attentive hearers, and delivering to them the words of "truth and soberness." This spot received the name of Bethel Rock from this circumstance, and has ever been held as a consecrated place by the descendants of those early Christian fathers, whither they have, at times, resorted, for meditation and prayer, to the present day.

The first thing to be done was to determine the location of the new house. The church selected Deputy Governor Robert Treat, afterwards Governor of the Colony, and Major Nathan Gold, as a committee to fix the location. They met here 178 years ago to-day, to hear the matter, and to-morrow, we shall celebrate the anniversary of the "pitching down the stake," on the spot now occupied by the carriage-house of our worthy president, where they built the first Meeting House, in which our fathers worshipped for the long period of sixty-six years in the Congregational mode, and afterwards, for

* At this moment the cloth was removed from the speaker's desk, and one of the mill stones was disclosed to view, from which uncovered, the remainder of the address was read, as well as the other addresses of the occasion.

thirty-eight years in the Episcopal mode. The seats in this edifice were raised one above another, on either side of the center of the house, the pulpit being, as usual, at the end of the house opposite the entrance. The people were called to church, on the Sabbath, by the beat of a drum upon the rock on which the Masonic Lodge stands. The same instrument was used to call the people together on other days in the week, and for other purposes. It beat for town meetings, for the assembling of the train-band, and in cases of alarm in time of war. There was a particular beat for each of these occasions; but what was the difference in the roll of the drum ecclesiastical, the drum military, and the drum civil, is not now known. The people carried their arms to church, and some guarded the sanctuary, while the others worshipped the "Lord of Hosts."

Within the walls of this edifice, Mr. Walker continued to labor till his death, which occurred Jan. 20, 1699-1700, or Jan. 31, 1700, according to new style. He was a man of solid attainments, a fervid and powerful preacher, greatly beloved by the people of his charge. He conducted the affairs of his church with commendable discretion, and both that and the infant town flourished during his administration. Under him the church had secured a firm foundation, notwithstanding all the trials and hardships that beset its earlier years. After a life of usefulness, "y^e faithful, worthy, beloved Minister of the Gospel, and much lamented Pastor of y^e Chh of Christ," was gathered to his fathers, and his remains repose in the Southern part of the ancient burial-ground. He sleeps amid the faithful flock to whom he ministered in life. A rude head-stone of native rock, containing only his name and the date of his death, so worn and obliterated by the storms of 160 years, that the name can scarcely be deciphered, is all that remains to mark the place of sepulture of this "early founder." Often, as I have passed with silent, thoughtful feet, the lowly grave which holds his sacred dust till the resurrection morn, I have had a solemn, passing thought, that this hallowed spot deserved a fitting memorial! It may seem strange to the casual visitor within our borders, that the town he so much improved, blessed and honored by his public and private virtues, has not long since erected a fit and filial monument to the memory of its earliest, and most faithful servant. It is to be hoped, that the day is not far distant, when this debt of gratitude shall have been paid.

In 1700, Rev. Anthony Stoddard commenced preaching to the people, and in 1702, was ordained over the church. Rev. Mr. Chauncey, of Stratford, having forgotten all former difficulties, was

one of the officiating clergymen on the occasion. The town built him a house, commencing its erection in 1700, and it still stands at the lower end of the village, in the midst of this beautiful valley, with the hoary Castle Rock for a back ground. It is a venerable relic of the early days of the town—one of the few links connecting us with a former generation! It is a thing of history in a historical locality. Long may it remain to remind us of the virtues of the departed, and of all that is valuable in the past.

The ministry of Mr. Stoddard was remarkable for its duration, and the prosperity which attended it. From the date of his first sermon, as a candidate, to his last, immediately preceding the brief illness that terminated his useful labors, he numbered sixty years in his holy calling, and great peace and harmony ever prevailed under his administrations. The number of communicants was always large, notwithstanding four large societies were taken from his limits during his ministry. These were Southbury in 1730, Bethlehem in 1739, Judea in 1741, and Roxbury in 1743. The good work seemed constantly to glow under his hands, with a steadiness rarely equaled. The whole number by him admitted to full communion, was 474, to the half way covenant, 142, and 1540 received baptism at his hands.

To his ministerial labors he joined those of a lawyer and physician. Like many of the early ministers, he prepared himself for the practice of medicine, that he might administer to the wants of the body as well as those of the mind. In this capacity he was often called. He acquired a very good legal knowledge for those early days. This was the more necessary, as at the beginning of the eighteenth century, there were but few lawyers in the Colony, and as late as 1730, an act was passed limiting the number of lawyers, that might practice, to three in Hartford County, and two in each of the other counties. He was Clerk of Probate for a period of forty years, during which time he drew most of the wills of his parishioners, and did the greater part of the business of the office, the Judge for the time being, approving his acts. All the records of the Court, during the time he was Clerk, appear in his hand writing. He was also one of the largest farmers in the town. After a life of arduous and successful labor, the second pastor, at a good old age, entered into his rest. He died, Sept. 6, 1760, in the 83d year of his age, and the 61st of his ministry, after a severe illness of "about two days continuance." He lived and died enshrined in the hearts of his people. He lies buried in the central part of the old burial-ground, and there reposes, surrounded by a numerous congregation, slumbering in death,

very many of whom he himself had followed to the grave. As in life he was ever united to his people, so in death, they are not divided. There let them rest together, till the last "great trump" shall call them to a bright re-union around the throne of God.

For a period of more than fifty-seven years after the first settlement of Pomperaug, the inhabitants had formed but one ecclesiastical society. On the day of sacred rest, and on other occasions, the hardy pioneers of this forest town had assembled in the old meeting-house of the "Ancient Society" in this lovely valley, and offered up their devotions to the ever-living God, as an "undivided whole." For six or eight miles in all directions, these men of God descended from the breezy, life-invigorating hills, and emerged from their rural homes in the sweet valleys, hastening "to the temple," to worship the benign Ruler of the universe. In storm and in sunshine, in summer's heat and winter's cold, they "performed their vows," and forgot not the "assembling of themselves together." Amidst the wilds they sung, and the stars heard, and the sea! Their affections, during this long period, had entwined themselves around the "old sanctuary." They loved their old pastor, and scarcely the great inconveniences suffered by the remote parts of the town could induce them to think of forming new societies, and new church relations.

But the time at length came, when it seemed necessary for them to separate, and attempt the formation of new societies, and the burden of supporting other ministers. In addition to the four new societies already mentioned, that had been constituted from the territory of the first society, South Britain was set off and incorporated a society in 1766, and still later, Oxford and Middlebury societies were formed, in part from its territory. All these societies were the germs of new towns. Judea, together with the society of New Preston, was made a town in January, 1779. It was the first town in the State, incorporated after the Declaration of Independence, and was called Washington, in honor of the Commander-in-chief of the American armies. Southbury and Bethlem were incorporated in 1787, Roxbury in 1796, Oxford in 1798, and Middlebury in 1807. All these societies and towns were planted by the good old pioneer stock, men accustomed to the privations of the wilderness. In 1816, another large and flourishing church was formed out of the First Church, and it was incorporated under the name of the "Strict Congregational Society," with the same territorial limits as the first society.

For nearly seventy years after the first settling of the town, there were no churches within its limits, except those of the Congrega-

tional, or "Standing Order." Our fathers emigrated to this country to enjoy their religion, not only free from persecution, but without interruption from Christians of different sentiments. They were desirous, as all churches had been before them, of maintaining a uniformity of doctrine and worship. Correct views of religious liberty were not then held in any Christian country, and toleration was not a virtue of that age. But our fathers were far in advance of the rest of the world in learning and adopting that truly Christian virtue. By the very first code of laws ever published in the colony, in 1672, all denominations of Christians were allowed to worship God in their own way, provided they did not commit a breach of the peace. It is true, that all were obliged to contribute to the support of the regular minister; but this was but the carrying out of a contract on the part of the people, for the only price they paid for their lands consisted in bearing their pro rata share of the amount paid the Indians, the joint expenses of removal, the expense of building roads, bridges, school-houses, churches, and the support of that mode of worship unanimously established by the first founders of the several towns. New comers, who, as soon as they came, were admitted to all the privileges of the original planters, had no right to complain of the necessity of bearing the same burdens as the rest. But at a very early day, even this provision was changed, so that every one paid his tax to the pastor of his choice.

A short time previous to 1740, some few families in this town adopted the sentiments of the Church of England, and at this date were occasionally supplied by the ministers of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." Soon after this a church edifice was erected in the town on the hill between Transylvania and the present center of Roxbury. After the erection of the second Congregational Church, in 1747, near Mrs. J. P. Marshall's house, the old church was used by the Episcopalians for public worship, till the erection of their present church, in 1785. In 1771, Rev. John R. Marshall assumed the charge of the parish, having been ordained by the Bishop of London the same year. The parish flourished under his administration, and by his piety, devotion, address and perseverance, he laid the foundations, deep and sure, of this now flourishing Church. Besides St. Paul's Church, Woodbury, there are, in the ancient territory, Christ Church, Roxbury, St. John's Church, Washington, and Christ Church, Bethlem.

As early as 1790, services of the Methodist Church were held in Woodbury, at first in the open air under Lodge Rock, by Rev. Sam-

uel Wigdon, and afterwards, for about twenty years, in the dwelling house of "Father" Elijah Sherman, till the erection of a church edifice, and two other flourishing churches of this name exist in Southbury. But neither the time, nor the design of this address allows me to give a history of any of the later incidents of the town. I propose to treat only of those great historical events, in which all the constituent parts of the town were interested, and in which all agreed—all bore honorable part.

One of the few luxuries of the early fathers was the fruit of the orchard, and the beverage made from it. The apple-tree was the constant attendant of the early founders of towns, and followed them in all their wanderings. They made haste, not only to "sit under their own vine," but as soon as possible, with equal satisfaction, to sit under their own apple-trees. Nor, with all their stern morality, does it appear that they had the fear of a "Maine Law" before their eyes, for they freely granted the privilege of erecting "cyder mills," even in the highways, the place of greatest notoriety and temptation. These privileges were doubtless granted as a sort of set-off against their prohibitory law, which enacted that if any "Barbadoes liquors, commonly called Rum, Kill-Divell, or the like," should be landed in any part of the colony, it should be confiscated. There had been a still earlier law among the Pilgrims, abolishing the "vain custom of drinking one to another," assigning as reasons for the act, that "it was a thing of no good use," was an inducement to drunkenness, "occasioned much waste of wine and beer," and forced masters and mistresses "to drink more often than they would." I believe that the reasons given hold good to the present day, but *our* sage legislators never give a reason for *their* legislation.

Would you believe that Connecticut was ever a slave State, and that in this sequestered spot, in these religious vales, in this Puritanic "dwelling-place in the wood," have been heard the "clanking chains of slavery"? Without thought, it would appear incredible to us, who now have such a horror of that institution. Yet it is but eleven years since it was formally abolished. It is more than sixty years, however, since the institution in this State had even a "name to live." It is difficult for us, with our present ideas, to believe that there ever was such a state of public opinion here that the sainted Walker, Stoddard, and Marshall could be slaveholders; and yet such is the fact. All the leading men, and men of property, in the early days, owned slaves. The fact is attested by all our records, town, probate, and ecclesiastical. Nothing was more common in the early

inventories, than the item of slaves, nor in distributions, than whole or fractional parts of slaves to the heirs. It is true, that they were treated kindly, educated, presented in baptism, their religious interests cared for, standing rather in the light of children of the household, than that of slaves, yet they were such, bought and sold, and at the will and pleasure of their owners. During the whole of the eighteenth century, the institution flourished here, though in a mild form. They became attached, in many instances, to the place where they had been brought up, and some of them lingered around the "old homestead," long after they were entitled to go free by virtue of law. In the war of the Revolution, freedom was granted to all slaves who would enlist and serve during the war. To avail themselves of this provision, some twenty-five of their number in this town enlisted, at various periods of the war, and made good soldiers, fighting valiantly for the liberties of the country. Several of these, having survived the perils of the war, returned and resided in Woodbury, and received pensions from the General Government, in common with others, for their military services.

Thus have we slowly traced our way through the long years of the dim, dusty records of the early fathers, and we cannot leave these communings with the past without regret. We part with the actors and their deeds as with old friends with whom we have journeyed long. There is an interest lingering about the history, sayings and doings of those iron-hearted men, which belongs to no later generation. The most trivial details in regard to them seem important, and we gather them up with ever-increasing admiration. It was they who subdued this wilderness land, and established here our happy homes, and the germ of our enduring liberties. It was they who laid here the foundations, deep and broad, of our religious institutions, and when they themselves had no "temple made with hands" in which to worship the God of their fathers, led their children to that secluded fastness of Bethel Rock, to pour forth their prayers and praise. It was they, who laid the firm foundations of our educational institutions, the sure nurseries of civil and religious liberty, although for the first fifty years, in their poverty, they could sustain but one school in the territory.

The influence of the pastor in the early days was deservedly very great. Many of the clergy, who first came to this country, had property, and assisted their poor brethren in the expenses and difficulties encountered in making the new settlements. The people were far more dependant on their ministers for every thing at that time.

than they have since been. The proportion of learned men was far smaller at that time than at the present day. The clergy possessed a large part of the literature of the colony. They fitted the young men for college, assisted them in their studies at the university, and with their advice afterward. They were fellow exiles and sufferers with their people in this new and strange land. All these circumstances combined, gave them a remarkable influence over their hearers, of all ranks and dispositions. Perhaps in no government have the clergy had more influence, or been more rationally and sincerely respected and beloved, by ruler and people, than in Connecticut.

All these influences exhibited their happy results in the habits and character of the people. The huge old meeting-house was always filled with the "great congregation," in summer's heat, or winter's cold. Although the idea of warming a meeting-house with a stove, or a fire-place, never entered the mind of the boldest innovator upon ancient customs, yet the attendance at the house of God was scarcely less in winter than in summer. The Church was almost always built on the highest hill, at the intersection of roads leading to the various parts of the town, as near the geographical center of the territory as possible. But the people "went up to the temple" to worship for many miles around, though storms were in the air, and the cutting wind howled fiercely over the bleak hill of "the tabernacle." On foot, and on the "ride-and-tie" system, they managed to get to the place of worship, where, by the aid of warm clothing, close sitting, and a ruddy fire in their "Sabbath-Day Houses," or at the parsonage, at intermission, they seemed not aware of the cold weather. Here they spent their time in discussing the sermon, and in such a manner as was suitable to holy time. The hours of the Sabbath, after the return from church, were generally spent in employments appropriate to the conclusion of the day of rest, and such as were calculated to fit them for the everlasting Sabbath in Heaven.

But those early fathers have long since departed. Several generations of their descendants sleep with them, and it is to be feared that many of their valuable customs and strict purity of conduct have departed with them. "Ancient Woodbury" has been greatly favored with able, learned and pious pastors. One hundred years ago, and for some years previous, there were laboring, at one time, in our limits, Rev. Anthony Stoddard, of the first society, Rev. John Graham, of Southbury, Rev. Dr. Bellamy of Bethlehem, Rev. Thomas Cantfield of Roxbury, and Rev. Daniel Brinsmade of Judea Societies; a galaxy of talent, learning and piety, without its equal, perhaps, at one time, in

a single town. The influence of those revered men, and that of the other noble men who have since that day labored in our courts, has not entirely departed. It "still lives," and will go on blessing and improving those within its reach, till the "latest recorded syllable of time."

They labored amid difficulties and dangers, and we have entered into the results of those labors. They sleep well in these religious vales, far from the land of their fathers. "The dark brown years" have passed over the sacred mounds that cover them, for many generations. It is right, then, that their posterity lingers, with a sad interest, over the lightest trace of their doings! Is it strange that we notice with approbation, acts which, at the present day, would be unworthy of remark? None can contemplate the hardships, labors and dangers endured by our ancestors, their self-denial, firmness and perseverance in defending and transmitting to us this fair inheritance, and not highly esteem and venerate their characters.

Under such severe difficulties were these pleasant dwelling places, and the habitations which we now enjoy, prepared. And yet our ancestors were not the paupers, nor the fortune hunters of the old world. They were the sturdy yeomanry, the intelligent farmers, the middle classes, whose independent spirits spurned the yoke of spiritual tyranny. Oppressed and harassed in the old country, our sainted sires sought in the wilds and fastnesses of this wilderness world, a place for that freedom of thought, and of action, which they could not find under the boasted liberty of the British constitution. Thoroughly impressed with the belief that time, faith and energy would accomplish all that could be done in life, the most appalling discouragements were met and overcome. To their enlightened vision, guided by their fervid and simple faith, there beamed from the distant West the light of perfect liberty, which, like "another morn risen on mid-noon," would continue to shine till the "perfect day."

It will be seen, that I have dwelt long upon the events and incidents of the early days. I have taken the more pains in this regard, because our information of the early days is more scanty than of the recent past. I had intended to have paid my tribute of affection and respect to the memory of the revered men who have lived and labored in and out of our town during the last two centuries.* It would be a grateful privilege to linger, for a moment, among the sweet memories of the distinguished dead for ten generations, who have gone before

* Full and extended sketches of the distinguished men of Woodbury will be found in the "History of Ancient Woodbury," published in 1854.

us to the "undiscovered country." Woodbury has been distinguished, from the very first, for minds of the first order, and men of mark. But time forbids that I should tarry in these filial fields, and so I hasten on to the conclusion of my labors. I am the more anxious to do this that I may not longer keep you from the enjoyment of the rich treat which my Rev. friend (and I am proud to call him my friend,) has in store for you. Descended from an honored stock, and long since adopted as a favored son of the Muses, he will surely adorn this memorable occasion with the gifts of poesy!

Glorious, thrice glorious is the day we celebrate! It is the two hundredth anniversary of the exploration of this valley, the one hundred and eighty-ninth of the gathering of the First Church, and the eighty-third of our national independence. On this glad day of liberty, what sacred emotions arise in the patriotic breast! How shall we rightly honor a day consecrated by the deeds of the noble men of all the past—not more the patriots, who fought in the gloomy days of the Revolution, than those, who struggled amid the dangers of defenceless and remote forests. It has taken all the labors of our fathers, from the first hardy pioneer, to make the glorious present. We enjoy the fruits of all the toil and blood of our fathers for two hundred years. It is meet, then, that we greet with enthusiastic joy the smiling morn of the anniversary of that last, most daring and sublime of all the acts of our forefathers, the Declaration of Independence. It is well that we hail its annual return with the ringing of bells upon ten thousand hills: by the booming of innumerable cannon and smaller arms; by rockets, fire-works and illuminations; by solemn processions and grateful prayers to God; by stirring orations and patriotic songs! May the hymns of liberty never die out from our breezy mountains, nor the lofty sentiment of patriotism from our happy valleys! Let the glad echoes be repeated from the Eastern to the Western Ocean, and from the icy regions of the North to the sunny climes of the ever-blooming South!

"Ancient Woodbury" has ever been a military town, from the time of King Philip's war, when, as we have seen, it had a larger number of soldiers in the service, than any other town in the colony, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, to the last war with Great Britain, when we had more than two hundred men in the field. In every war, and on every "alarm," the men of Woodbury have been found at the post of duty, performing feats of valor. For that fruitless and fatal expedition, under Gen. Nicholson, for the reduction of Montreal and Quebec, in 1709, Woodbury, still the frontier forest

town, furnished its full quota of men, being nine, two of whom died from the exposures of the camp, at Wood Creek. Among the forces under the American commander, who was obliged to execute that most unrighteous and cruel decree for the dispersion of the unhappy inhabitants of Acadia, among the New England colonies, tearing the unoffending and peaceful people from their loved and beautiful paternal firesides, were soldiers from our old Puritan town, and nine of those sorrowful victims of England's gross injustice were sent into exile upon the outskirts of our town, to be kept at labor under the direction of the selectmen. From 1744 to 1759, our town freely furnished her sturdy sons for all those ill-managed and desolating wars between Great Britain and France. Col. Benjamin Hinman, and Capt. Adam Hinman greatly distinguished themselves in these campaigns, although the regular troops constantly domineered over the provincials. As soon as the drum, at the "alarm post" in our peaceful shades, sounded the note of preparation for the relief of Fort William Henry, near Lake George, that beautiful sheet of water, once so peacefully resting between its rampart of highlands, the gallant captains, Wait Hinman and Ebenezer Downs, the former at the head of his company of ninety-six men, and the latter leading his company of eighty, marched, at a moment's warning, and made their rapid way through many a trackless and weary solitude to succor their English brethren. In Hinman's company marched Hezekiah Thompson, the first regular lawyer in the village, and Dr. Joseph Perry, one of its most distinguished physicians. And in that final and glorious campaign, conducted under the administration and auspices of the energetic, brilliant and renowned Pitt, in those important victories, resulting in the capture of forts Niagara, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point, and in the more glorious event, the surrender of Quebec to the victorious army under Wolfe, who met death in the battle-field, and whose "spirit escaped in a blaze of glory,"—in all these celebrated engagements, the men of Woodbury, both officer and soldier, stood in the first rank. Valuable, indeed, was this school of military services which closed with this campaign, to our fathers, who were so soon to engage in a life and death struggle for their own liberties. Great was the rejoicing in Woodbury when the news of the last great victory arrived, not unmingled with sorrow at the loss of the slain, three of whom had gone forth from their own hearth stones. Like demonstrations of joy were everywhere shown. In the eloquent words of Bancroft, "America rang with exultation; the towns were bright with illuminations; legislatures, the pulpit, the press,

echoed the general joy; provinces and families gave thanks to God."

But in a far more glorious and interesting chapter of our country's history, the patriotic sons of Woodbury acted a noble and distinguished part. Need I tell the youngest listener in this vast assembly, at least on this cherished anniversary of our country's history, that I refer to the memorable struggle for Independence? It had been generally known, that at the end of the war with France, new regulations would be introduced into the government of the American colonies. Connecticut in particular, was said to be but "little more than a mere democracy, most of them being upon a level, and each man thinking himself an able divine and politician;" and to make its inhabitants "a good sort of people," it was supposed, all that was necessary, was to take away its charter, and crush its energies. The mother country had forgotten its experience in the Charter Oak affair, by which it should have learned, that this would not be so easy a thing as might be desirable. So she, in the magnitude of her towering pride said, "Let the colonies be taxed, and let there be no representation." What a world of interests was affected by that stern and unjust decision! Little dreamed he, who spake it, that it would inflame a continent, and rend from Old England her fairest possession. But the word had been spoken—the decree gone forth! With a fatal madness, an unaccountable folly, she took her furious course. Her children, driven by her intolerance into the savage wilds of a distant continent, were pursued with ruthless barbarity. She little knew, and little cared, if far away over the mighty Atlantic, her arbitrary acts were creating the "land of the free and the home of the brave." From this came the War of the Revolution, to blast the dearest hopes of the people of the new world. Yet from its gloomy shades gleamed forth the light of liberty, which to-day shines with such dazzling splendor.

The passage of the Stamp Act aroused the most intense excitement, alarm and indignation throughout the colonies. Absolute resistance to this measure everywhere appeared, and as early as February, 1766, a Convention of Litchfield county was held, in which the noble men of Woodbury were leading spirits. This body of men, feeling within them the true Yankee fire, "Resolved that the Stamp Act was unconstitutional, null and void, and that *business of all kinds should go on as usual.*" The paramount and immediate cause of the great struggle of the Revolution, was the passage of the Boston Port Bill. This outrageous and malicious act excited universal sympathy for that town, throughout the colonies, but nowhere was it man-

ifested in a more lively or effective manner than Connecticut. The universal spirit of resistance broke out in Woodbury, and in September, 1774, a town meeting was held, at which resolutions of sympathy with the afflicted people of Boston and Charlestown were passed, and a considerable amount of donations was collected, and forwarded to Boston with all possible dispatch. This meeting was held just after the "Great Boston Alarm," caused by a report that ships of war were cannonading Boston. During this "Alarm," a large number of the patriotic sons of Woodbury had marched in mad haste, and made a part of that glorious twenty thousand from Connecticut, who, completely armed, put themselves on the route to Boston to relieve their brother sufferers. It was soon apparent that war with the mother country was inevitable, and the great object of our Revolutionary sires was to form public opinion in favor of a contest with England. This was best effected in that day of scarcity of newspapers, by holding town meetings, in which they could publicly read such papers as treated upon the subject of common interest, and discuss their rights and grievances. In this way, the people became highly excited and exasperated, and patriotism glowed in the coldest hearts. The fathers of Woodbury were fully up to the spirit of the times, and held frequent meetings to advise concerning the public weal. In November, 1774, the people of Woodbury held a town meeting, and appointed a committee to observe the acts of the inhabitants in relation to the non-importation, and non-consumption agreement of the United Colonies, with directions to publish in the Gazette the names of all violators of that sacred agreement, to the end, that all such persons, might "be publicly known, and universally condemned," agreeing to break off all dealings with such persons as should be guilty of such violation.

The decisive step seemed to be now taken. Neither party could recede without betraying weakness or cowardice. The Rubicon was passed, and all waited the next move with intense solicitude. Darkness and gloom had settled upon the moral vision—the veil of the future was drawn over the result, and it was impossible for those of the greatest wisdom to raise that veil and penetrate the mystery beyond. By such severe regulations, we can see the urgency of the danger that threatened the colonists, and the extreme, stern measures, judged necessary by the coolest and wisest intellects of the colonies. It shows us, too, the caliber of the men, who settled this new world, and sought here the supreme blessing of freedom. But putting their trust in the God of battles, and in the justice of their cause, they

dared every evil that might come upon them, earnestly pledging "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," on the issue, and sacrificing all the dearest interests of life on the altar of their country's good.

There can be no better way of appreciating the trials, dangers, and difficulties of achieving our independence, than by carefully noting the labors and struggles of a single important town. One furnishes a type of the whole. In that great contest, Connecticut was one of the foremost, if not the very first State in the confederacy, to resist the tyranny of Great Britain, and to lavish her blood and treasure in sustaining the conflict with her oppressors. Her soldiers were frequently applauded by the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, for their bravery and fidelity. The honor of the first conquest made by the United Colonies during the war, belongs chiefly to Connecticut, and, in a distinguishing manner, to the sons of Woodbury. I refer to the capture of Ticonderoga, May 10, 1775, without the loss of a man, one of the most brilliant and daring feats of the war. At least one half of that little patriotic band of eighty-three men, who entered the fort, were natives or inhabitants of Woodbury. They were led by Col. Ethan Allen, Col. Seth Warner, and Capt. Remember Baker, cousins, and natives of Woodbury,* then residing in the "New Hampshire Grants," and on the demand of the former, in the "name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," the Commander rubbed his eyes in astonishment, and yielded the fortress. Neither the demeanor of the man, the boldness of his message, nor the nature of his authority, could be gainsayed for a moment. This post, and that of Crown Point, which was immediately taken by Col. Warner, being thus acquired, Connecticut was obliged to garrison, and in 1775, sent 1000 men for this purpose, eight companies of whom were from the limits of our ancient town, containing at least one hundred and fifty men, eighty of whose names are still pre-

* On a careful review of the subject of the nativity of Col. Allen, I have seen no cause to change my opinions in regard to it, as indicated in the "History of Ancient Woodbury," p. 411 to 416, notwithstanding the fact, that my learned and ingenious friend, Payne Kenyon Kilbourne, Esq., of Litchfield, has come to a different conclusion.

Since writing this note, Mr. Kilbourne has been suddenly called to enter into his rest. He had been at Hartford some months, printing with his own hands his History of Litchfield, and the task had been too great for his feeble frame. He sacrificed his life to his last great work. He was a learned and estimable man. His example was one worthy of imitation. A patient, laborious, and indefatigable antiquarian, and a Christian gentleman, has passed away.

served. The garrisons were placed under the command of Col. Hinman, of Woodbury: Is it then vain-glorious in her sons, if to-day they claim it to be essentially a Woodbury affair? Truly, to her brave children must be awarded the palm for securing this opening victory to the American Arms!

Woodbury was noted for the vigilance with which it watched the movements of the tories within its borders, of whom it had a few, as well as for its active co-operation in everything necessary to carry on the great struggle, which had now begun in good earnest. A committee of inspection and observation of the conduct of the inhabitants of the town, was appointed, consisting of thirty of its chief men, and undoubted patriots, which exercised its functions during the whole war, vacancies in the board being filled, from time to time, by the town. The duties, which this committee felt itself called upon to perform, were of the most delicate and difficult nature, and constituted such an oversight and interference in men's private affairs, as could only be justified by such a case of emergency as was then existing. But they were men in whom all had confidence, and upon whom entire dependence could be placed in times of difficulty and danger.

During the first two years of the war, the larger part of the militia, which comprised all the able-bodied men from the age of sixteen to fifty, had been called to serve at various posts, and on various expeditions a great part of the time. Early in 1777, enlistments for three years, or during the war, were called for, and the quota for each town was established. It was a severe levy on the already weakened state of the town. But it met the call with a ready zeal, and undaunted perseverance. Large bounties were offered to those who would enlist, and heavy taxes were laid on the inhabitants, who were not liable to do duty, or did not enlist into the army. Another arrangement, besides increased wages held out by the town, to induce men to enlist, was a provision, which required it to support their families during their absence in their country's service, and committees were annually appointed to carry this provision into effect. From a report to the General Assembly, at the close of the war, in 1783, we learn that nearly £3,000 worth of provisions had, in this manner, been furnished to soldiers' families during the war. Woodbury was also a prominent point for collecting supplies of provisions for the army. The streets of the village, from the First Congregational Church to Mrs. Marshall's dwelling house, were often piled high, on either side, with barrels and hogsheads of pork, beef, lard, flour, and other military stores for the use of the army. Nor was the supply

of clothing of every kind, less profuse in quantity, for the wants of the soldiers of the town. In March, 1778, clothing to the value of more than \$1,000, was forwarded to them at one time. Besides the provisions thus furnished by the town, for the army during the war, large quantities were purchased of the inhabitants by Shadrach Osborn, of Woodbury, who was assistant commissary of purchases, and also issuing commissary. From his accounts, and other sources, we learn that more than half a million dollars' worth of supplies was furnished by this town, towards the grand amount necessary to achieve our country's independence. This is a showing of which any town may be justly proud.

Such was the care of the town to support and defend those nearest and dearest to the brave men, who were manfully fighting the battles, and consecrating with their blood every battle-field of their country. Such was the anxious care for the soldiers themselves. Those who went forth to war suffered extreme hardships, in common with their brethren from other parts of the country; and those who remained at home, suffered hardships scarcely less severe, in the heavy taxes necessary to pay for the soldiers' bounties, and for the support of their families, while their own business was crippled and nearly ruined.

All this was accomplished under the pressure of most unparalleled financial difficulties. The continental money, by means of British counterfeiting, and the unavoidable loss of credit, arising from so long and sanguinary a struggle, constantly depreciated, and, at last, became nearly valueless. So great was the depreciation, that when the soldiers of the continental army were discharged, after the peace of 1783, many of them were forced to beg their way home, their wages for a service, so long and weary, being scarcely sufficient to purchase them a dinner.

But Woodbury, in a far more important manner, contributed towards a successful issue of the dispute with Great Britain. This was accomplished by sending large numbers of her best sons to the field of battle. In the number and value of her troops, it is believed, that few towns of similar territorial and numerical strength, can vie with her. Their heroic deeds should grace a bright page of our country's history. During the course of the war, more than fifteen hundred of her patriotic sons went forth to "do battle for their country." At the commencement of the war, Col. Hinman's, or the 13th regiment of militia, comprised only the three towns of Woodbury, Kent, and New Milford, and all these were within the limits of the original Indian Deed. Ancient Woodbury had eight out of the twelve

companies that composed it, and the number of soldiers furnished from them for the continental army, in 1775, exclusive of the company, that marched in the Lexington Alarm, was at least one hundred and fifty, as that was the number whose "Poll taxes" were abated that year by the General Assembly, on account of their service.

The sun of 1776, although our armies had been successful the preceding year, arose clouded and in gloom. The "note of preparation" was sounded through the land. There was a "hurrying to and fro" throughout the country on business of the most solemn import, affecting the dearest interests we know in life. In June, one-fourth of the able-bodied men between the ages of sixteen and fifty years, in the territory, were drafted, or enlisted. In August, after the evacuation of Boston, and the occupation of New York by the British, the entire militia of Connecticut, west of the river of that name, at the request of Gen. Washington, was ordered to New York. The Woodbury companies were called out on the 10th, mustered on the 11th, and marched on the 12th for their place of destination. The number of officers and soldiers on the military rolls, at this time, was 564, all of whom, but 39, marched at the call of their commanders. Besides these, there were 248 men in the continental army by enlistment, making the number of men in actual service, from this single town, at that time, eight hundred and seventy-three. The entire population of "Ancient Woodbury," by a census taken that year, amounted to only 5,325 souls, so that nearly one-fifth of the population, men, women and children, were fighting for the freedom of their firesides. This "raw militia" was present in the unfortunate operations on Long Island, towards the close of this year, and in Washington's retreat from New York, soon after which, the men were discharged. One would think that it would be impossible to arouse and lead forth to battle, at a moment's warning, all the able-bodied men in the militia of a town, in such a manner as this, but the interests at stake were great, and the most prominent and popular men in the community were in the movement, "heart and hand." The officers addressed the soldiers in the most urgent and patriotic language, and even the pulpit lent its powerful aid to the cause by prayers to the Almighty, and by volunteering to go with them on their campaigns in the capacity of chaplain, as did Rev. Mr. Wildman, of Southbury, on one occasion. A passage from the prayer of the Rev. Judah Champion, of Litchfield, on the occasion of the attendance at his church of a company of cavalry, on their way to oppose Lord Cornwallis, who, with a large fleet and armament was approaching

the American coast, has been often repeated, and so well exhibits the spirit of the times, it may well be repeated again :

“ Oh Lord ! We view with terror and dismay the enemies of thy holy religion ; wilt thou send storm and tempest, to toss them upon the sea, and to overwhelm them in the mighty deep, or scatter them to the uttermost parts of the earth. But peradventure, should any escape thy vengeance, collect thou them together again, O Lord ! as in the hollow of thy hand, and *let thy lightnings PLAY upon them !*” Besides these influences, another aided the Revolutionary fathers of this town. Previous to the action at White Plains, the soldiers from Woodbury had been remarkably fortunate. Scarcely one had been killed or wounded, insomuch it had become a common remark, “ the enemy’s balls could not hit the Woodbury boys.” In consequence of this feeling of security, enlistments went on briskly, and to it, in part, is to be attributed the large number of soldiers who volunteered to go into the service. In that scene of misery at the “ Sugar House ” in New York, and the inhuman cruelties there inflicted, Woodbury had some representatives.* With so large a number of men in the service, it could not fail to be represented in every field of battle of the eventful struggle in which our freedom was secured, and the mother country humbled in the dust.

The campaign of 1777 opened with an invasion of Connecticut, on the part of the enemy—an event long feared by our people. Troops were called for to defend the coasts, and Col. Moseley’s regiment marched to Fairfield. In April, there was a sudden call for troops to go to Danbury, as the British were burning the houses, and destroying the property of the inhabitants. The alarm lists and militia of Woodbury were put in motion, and some of the soldiers, including Hon. Wm. Edmond, afterwards a Judge of the Superior Court, and one of the greatest geniuses this State ever produced, were wounded. Col. Joel Hinman was also wounded at the same moment, in which Gen. Wooster received his mortal wound, at a little distance from him. And here is the ball which buried itself in the left groin of Col. Hinman, where it remained for the long period of thirty-three years, when it was extracted by Dr. Anthony Burritt. On its pas-

* I never pass that beautiful monument in Trinity church-yard, at New York, erected by the Corporation of that Church, without stopping to read its touching and impressive inscription : “ Sacred to the memory of those brave and good men, who died whilst imprisoned in this city for their devotion to the cause of American Independence,”—and sadly reflecting how many of Woodbury’s noble sons lie mouldering there, sad victims of that cruel and unnecessary immolation of humanity.

sage, it hit a bayonet by his side, cutting and flattening the edge, as you see. And here is another Revolutionary relic, aye a relic of the first days of the colony, two hundred years ago. It has been handed down from father to son, from its first known owner, Capt. John Minor, the Indian interpreter, and is known to be at least 220 years old. By closer inspection, I see the manufacturer's date upon the barrel is 1624. It was used in the Pequot war, in all the French and Indian wars, and in the war of the Revolution. It is said to have caused, first and last, the death of forty red men, and from this circumstance, has been familiarly known as the "forty Indian gun." And here is still another relic of two centuries ago—the old arm chair of Col. Benjamin Hinman, brought from Stratford, and formerly the property of Francis Stiles. Here, too, is his pipe of peace, presented to him at the peace of 1783, with a request that he would smoke it as often as the 4th of July should return—a request with which he faithfully complied. Here, my friend, smoke to the memory of the gallant colonel.* Here, too, is a chair used by Gen. Washington at New York.

It was during this attack, as the British were approaching the village, that Mr. Luther Holcomb, entirely alone, rode upon a hill in front of the enemy, and, waving his sword, and turning his head, as though he were addressing an army behind him, gave, in a voice of thunder, the somewhat imposing command, "*Halt, the whole universe! Break off by kingdoms!*" As this was rather a formidable force to encounter in battle array, especially as it had the advantage of position, the army halted, brought forward their cannon, and sent out flanking parties to make discoveries. Upon this, the kingdoms of the universe quietly subsided, and Mr. Holcomb made good his retreat to Danbury. He did not deem it prudent to see whether "one man could chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight!"

In May, one-fourth of the 13th regiment were detached, and ordered to Horseneck, numbering about one hundred and fifty men. In the battle of Bennington, under the brave Col. Warner, of Woodbury, his friends and neighbors did good service. Two hundred and forty men answered Gen. Washington's draft for Peekskill. In September, the regular army being called to reinforce Gen. Washington, one-half of the militia was drafted to go to Peekskill under Gen. Putnam. Not far from three hundred men marched from Woodbury, on

* These several articles were exhibited to the audience by the speaker. The last remark was addressed to a gentleman, who was at the moment personating Col. Hinman.

this occasion, exclusive of the entire company of "Light Horse," under the command of Maj. Thomas Bull, which was also ordered to the same destination. The attentive student of history will see, at a glance, how much greater was the number from Woodbury, than from other towns, when he considers how small was the whole number in the service. The exact number of the three years' enlistments is not precisely known, but is believed to be, at least, three hundred. At the glorious and memorable victory of Saratoga, we had a large body of men, who fully sustained the high character for skill and bravery, which they had previously earned.

In the early part of 1778, it became necessary to draft one hundred and five men to fill the town's quota of three years' men. The fear of the small pox, which prevailed at all the military posts, and other causes, had retarded the enlistments. It was not strange under the painful circumstances and sad reverses of the close of 1777, when the troops under Washington had worn out their shoes and clothing, and could be tracked in their marches by the blood of their feet, that new recruits were obtained with difficulty. It was emphatically the midnight of the Revolution. But the States having, at this juncture framed and accepted "articles of confederation," and being aided by the French, the war was vigorously prosecuted in all directions.

In February, 1779, the whole militia under Col. Mosely, and the regiment of "Light Horse" under Major Bull, were ordered to Norwalk, and in May, one hundred men from the Thirteenth Regiment were ordered to Horseneck, fifty-seven of whom were from Captain Leavenworth's company. It was during these occurrences, that Gen. Putnam made his famous "escape" at Horseneck, by spurring his horse, when hotly pursued, down a steep precipice, at full gallop.

During the winter of 1780, the troops had suffered greatly in their quarters for want of food and clothing. They were paid off in continental money, and with it they could buy neither food nor clothing. In this emergency, the town in its great solicitude, offered a bounty of £45 in silver for each recruit, and dispatched to the suffering soldiers in the "Connecticut Line," nearly seven thousand articles of clothing, of which they had the most pressing need, among which were about two thousand pairs of shoes. At this period of the war, the prospects of the country were gloomy in the extreme. Only the most hopeful and persevering could see relief in the dark aspect of the forbidding future. Successive defeats and rampant toryism disheartened the American people at the South, and the treason of Ar-

nold, the uninterrupted drain of men and money, producing poverty and distress, chilled the hopes of the patriots at the North.

Yet in August of this year, Washington conceived the plan of taking New York from the enemy, and consequently desired a force, that would not be constantly leaving him by expiration of service. He therefore suggested the policy of enlisting a body of "Volunteers to serve expressly till New York was taken," and to be called on for no other purpose. Instantly twenty-two men left their labors, enrolled themselves for this purpose, and reported themselves to their captains. Three of them were cousins of Col. Ethan Allen, of the Revolutionary stock. These are the names of those noble, fearless patriots,* who could forget even the calls of other duties, the ties of affection, the sacred delights of their cherished firesides and household joys, to go to the aid of their country, suffering, bleeding at every pore! Many times before that year, had they responded to the call of their beloved chief, and only a few days before this, they had returned from an arduous tour of service. Four hundred and forty out of four hundred and eighty, the whole number in the regiment, had been on duty. But nothing could crush the indomitable energies of those sturdy, unselfish men, unselfish in the highest sense of the term. History does not show a brighter example of lofty and sublime devotion to the country's weal!

In 1781, thirty men were added to the continental line, and in 1782, twenty-eight more. This proved to be the last time the town was called upon to show its devotion to the interests of the country during the War of Independence. It has been seen that the efforts of our town to subserve the good cause, began to grow weaker and weaker, as the strength of its soldiers wasted away before the pestilence, and the deadly struggle on the field of battle, and its wealth disappeared under the ever fresh levies of supplies for the army, and the support of the troops. It would seem, that overwhelmed with debt, as the country then was, it could hardly have held out much longer. But however that might have been, it seems that a kind Providence had designed, in His wisdom, to spare them the trial. To Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," it seemed good to say to pride, power and oppression, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Early next year, just eight years after the battle of Lexington, Great Britain made propositions for peace, and hostilities terminated. Many of the soldiers of Woodbury were present at the surrender of Lord

* The names of these volunteers were here exhibited to the audience, on a placard, by the speaker.

Cornwallis, which virtually closed the war. The eyes of these survivors of a ruthless warfare beheld a glad sight on the morn of the 19th of October, when in solemn silence—not amid the smoke and carnage of the battle-field—they saw the brave Gen. Lincoln receive the sword of Lord Cornwallis,—the strength and glory of the British army, on this side of the water, broken and destroyed. Well might the news of this auspicious event spread universal joy, as it did, throughout the country. Well might all hearts unite in praise and thanksgiving to God, for this signal blessing, which was to terminate our struggle for independence. It was not inappropriate, that Washington ordered divine service to be performed throughout the army; and that Congress proceeded in solemn procession to the House of God, to acknowledge its grateful sense of this special favor.

But this great boon had been obtained by dangers, and toil, and miseries, with scarcely an equal in the annals of mankind! The blood of the dwellers in these fair vales, and in each town and hamlet of our land, was shed like water on every glorious battle-field of our country, from the skirmish at Lexington to the ever memorable siege of Yorktown—from the sad massacre of the fair and poetic vale of Wyoming to the field of honor on the heights of Saratoga. Their worldly goods, so dearly earned, were freely offered on the altar of their country's good. Hunger, cold, privation of every sort, were cheerfully endured. Every tie which nature holds dear, and which binds the hearts of men in conjugal, paternal, or fraternal bands to the well-known hearth-stone, were sundered at the call of our suffering country in her hour of need, and of peril. They went forth with bounding hearts, and athletic, manly forms. Many of them found honored graves in various parts of our land, and many more returned with dire diseases, mutilated frames and shattered health—the merest wreck of what they were—to the firesides that had missed their presence for months and years. But the result of their labors was glorious beyond expectation, or even the dreams of the most hopeful. They wrought well—a redeemed and widely extended people, now rejoices in the result of their toils and sufferings. Many long years have rolled their slow course away, since the thrilling scenes of the Revolution were acted, but they live, engraved on the hearts of a grateful and happy posterity. The heroic events of that important period, the immortal deeds of our fathers, shall live, too, on the brightest page of history, while thought shall endure, or the recollection of human greatness shall remain. If *there be* “a recompense of reward” for those that do well, surely our patriot sires have long since entered on a bright fruition!

Thus have we wandered through the flowery fields of the past, plucking here and there a sweet garland of wild flowers by the wayside, and another in the cultivated gardens of advancing civilization, as best suited our purpose. We have endeavored, in our humble way, duly to reverence and honor the past. We have traced with pious toil the varying tints, the lights and shadows of the pioneer life of our sainted fathers, who occupied these seats before us. We have rendered them a willing and a filial tribute of love, duty and recollection. There is a pure and unalloyed pleasure in wandering amid the scenes and incidents of the long buried past. There is a sad, though ennobling interest, in seeking the faintest recorded trace of the early fathers. The eye has kindled at the ancient glories, and the soul has been warmed with a placid flow of tender heart sympathies. In the wealth of the past, full well have we traced "God's hand in history." No inquiries can be more interesting to the intelligent student, seeking guidance from the light of former days, and desiring above all to emulate that sublime intermixture of the true principles of stability and progress, so happily blended in the history of our forefathers. The feelings that prompt these filial inquiries are just and natural—they give birth to some of the dearest charities of life, and fortify some of its sternest virtues. The principle that prompts them, lies deep within our nature. In the beautiful words of one of the most eminent of living orators*: "The sacred tie of family, which, reaching backward and forward, binds the generations of men together, and draws out the plaintive music of our being from the solemn alternation of cradle and grave—the black and white keys of life's harpsichord; the magical power of language, which puts spirit in communion with spirit, in distant periods and climes; the grand sympathies of country, which lead the Greeks of the present day to talk of 'the victories which *we* gained over the barbarians at Marathon;" the mystic tissue of race, woven far back in the dark chambers of the past, and which, after the vicissitudes and migrations of centuries, wraps up great nations in its broad mantle—those significant expressions which carry volumes of meaning in a word,—Forefather, Parent, Child, Posterity, Native Land,—these all teach us not blindly to worship, but duly to honor the past; to study the lessons of experience; to scan the high counsels of man, in his great associations, as those counsels have been developed in constitutions, in laws, in maxims, in traditions, in great undoubted principles of right and wrong, which have been sanctioned by the general con-

* Hon. Edward Everett.

sent of those who have gone before us ; thus tracing in human institutions some faint reflection of that Divine Wisdom, which fashioned the leaf that unfolded itself six weeks ago in the forest, on the pattern of the leaf which was bathed in the dews of Paradise, in the morning of creation." While rendering, therefore, due homage to the past, and profiting by all its honored maxims, we would not blindly worship it. In the proud consciousness of manhood, we should not fear the present, or its bold and startling issues, nor should we be distrustful of the future, and of the hidden mysteries it may have in store. We should not fear the rapid march of events across the stage of life. We would not build a fair superstructure on the ruins of former times, nor would we "bind down the living, breathing, burning present," to the mouldering, though honored relics of the past. We would rather imitate all that was glorious in the acts and example of the "men of seventy-six, the boldest men of progress the world has ever seen." We would emblazon their great principles of conservative progress with a pencil dipped in fire. We are proud of the past, glory in the present, and look hopefully forward to the future. We do not even fear enthusiasts and ultraists, as from the collision of extremes comes the ever truthful mean. We would so mingle them, that there "should flow in harmonious procession the cadence of a history chiming on through the centuries, full of faith and praise." We would fearlessly meet the issues we cannot avoid, while the past impels and the future summons us to prompt action, occupying as we do the great middle ground, between the early age of planting and the bright harvest of the future, which stretches towards us its hands laden with ripened fruit. We would hasten to the golden fields and bright realizations of the days to come. Our acts are not for an age, but for all time.

In the spirit of liberty lies the secret of the great advance made by our town, and by the whole country. Our fathers were the champions of rational, conservative progress, which has been the crowning glory of our land. By this effective agency, every thing has become new. The desert waste, that met the first gaze of our pioneer ancestors, has been made to bud and blossom as the rose. Where once were but scattered cabins of a former race, are now enterprising and busy villages. The ceaseless hum of machinery, giving employment, competence and happiness to hundreds of families, is now heard in our valleys, which in the early days but echoed back the growl of the bear, the cry of the panther, or the dismal howl of the wolf. Instead of the wretched orgies of the powwow, and the inhuman sacrifices of the midnight of barbarism, are

churches dedicated to the living God, where prayer and praise are wont to be made. Schools and colleges, those great nurseries of cultivated humanity, abound in every nook and corner of the land. Where once were cherished the savage instincts of men, and a taste for war, now are cultivated the arts of peace and schemes for the happiness and advancement of mankind. Intelligence and enterprise now take the place of ignorance and sloth. These hills and vales, that groaned with scenes of violence and blood, are now made vocal with the praises of the Great Creator. Instead of a race groping in the shadow of dim imaginings, we find one filled with hopes of a rational and glorious immortality. Our fathers found a howling wilderness; we behold to-day, as the result of their labors, from which they long have rested, one of the most beautiful of New England's many lovely villages. Change, great and all-pervading, has been written, in every form, on the face of society. Two hundred years ago, there was but a handful of people, scattered in detached bands, along the Atlantic seaboard, and some of the larger rivers; now the borders of this happy republic stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great Lakes of the North to the Gulf of Mexico. During the two centuries that have passed, since our forefathers first traversed these solitudes, more important events, bearing upon the happiness of mankind, have occurred, than in all the ages which preceded it, save *one*, that blessed the world eighteen hundred years ago. Two hundred years ago there was not a single printing press this side the great deep, and *one* hundred years ago there were but four. Now the press is everywhere, and by the magic power of steam, and the perfection of machinery, thousands of copies are thrown off in a single hour. The iron horse takes the traveler hundreds of miles in a day, through the fastnesses of the hills, and over yawning chasms, at a single leap. The lightning now flashes intelligence, with the celerity of thought, all over our extended country, by means of a network of wires, like the nerves of the body, extending in every direction. All these agencies we welcome as the results of the conjoined and patriotic labors of the past for the advancement of civilization and the good of the world.

Great indeed have been the results of the labors of our fathers, especially during the Revolution, not only to our own favored land, but to the world. Since that hour of deadly peril was passed, our nation has gone prosperously on, and we are almost miraculously increased from three to nearly thirty millions of freemen. Liberty and equality are interwoven with every fibre of our institutions.

Freedom of thought and of conscience is the pole-star of our existence. The active and enterprising spirit of the age has given us a vigorous and original literature. The universal diffusion of knowledge is the grand characteristic of our country. By means of this, the most distant member of our population, which surges to and fro like the waves of old ocean, is visited in his home on the broad prairie, or among the everlasting hills, and prepared to act his part in the great system of republican institutions. A bright destiny for us, under God, may be predicted, far more glorious than king or potentate ever gloried in. In the spirit of liberty, inculcated by every act of our fathers, lies the secret of the present condition of our kind. Exalted indeed is the position of us, who live in the nineteenth century. We stand amid the mighty ruins of the far distant past, while the clear light of liberty has just dawned in full effulgence upon the world. Events of the greatest importance succeed each other with electric speed. We must ride out the storm, and control the swelling flood, or be overwhelmed amid its angry waves. "For us has been reserved the glorious, yet perilous task, of remodeling society—for us a vital share in the regeneration of mankind." Our trust is in the lofty patriotism and intelligence of the people, and we are cheered on by the hope, that the perfection of humanity, having sought in vain throughout the whole world for a permanent resting place, may here, in this western land, take up its final abode.

What shall be the developments and improvements in our highly favored territory, a hundred years hence? The answer to this question must depend mainly upon ourselves. Of all this vast concourse, not one will be here to celebrate the next centennial. Long ere another centennial sun shall rise over this lovely valley, we shall have experienced the "last of earth," and passed to join the innumerable company of the dead! "The dead of old Woodbury! Lost, yet found forever—absent, yet present now, and always—dead, but living in that glorious life, which, commencing on the confines of time, spreads onward, and ever onward, through the endless ages of eternity!" Then let *us*, by the nobleness of our conduct, and the purity of our lives, eschewing all low delights and jarring discords, strive to add our mite to the great and good history of our sainted fathers, who have "ascended into glory." Then will our children, as they shall, with wet lids, assemble here, a hundred years hence, to commemorate *our* history, be enabled to say of us, "they wrought well, and have received the reward of their labors." Then shall our fame, as well as that of those glorious men who have already entered

into their rest, be perennial with our noble language, in which it is recorded, now "spread more widely than any that has ever given expression to human thought." Let them, in that distant hour of commemoration, be enabled to apply to our memories, our virtues, and our words, that beautiful apostrophe of our most eloquent historian, to the English tongue: "Go forth, then, language of Milton and Hampden, language of my country; take possession of the North American continent! Gladden the waste places with every tone, that has been rightly struck on the English lyre, with every English word, that has been spoken well for liberty and for man! Give an echo to the now silent and solitary mountains; gush out with the fountains that as yet sing their anthems all day long without response; fill the valleys with the voices of love in its purity, the pledges of friendship in its faithfulness; and as the morning sun drinks the dew-drops from the flowers all the way from the dreary Atlantic to the Peaceful Ocean, meet him with the joyous hum of the early industry of freemen! Utter boldly and spread widely through the world, the thoughts of the coming apostles of the people's liberty, till the sound that cheers the desert shall thrill through the heart of humanity, and the lips of the messenger of the people's power, as he stands in beauty upon the mountains, shall proclaim the renovating tidings of equal freedom for the race!"

At the close of Mr. Cothren's Address, after music from the Band, the vast multitude repaired to the tents, provided with an abundance of catables by the good ladies of the several towns, where they were hospitably entertained. In a brief space, the people were again summoned to the stand, and the exercises were opened by music from the Band, followed by the well-known song, "The Pilgrim Fathers," sung with fine effect by Gilbert Somers Minor, an aged man of silvery locks and long white beard. Then followed a Historical Poem by Rev. William Thompson Bacon, of Woodbury, as follows:—

SIRES AND SONS,
A HISTORICAL POEM;

PRONOUNCED AT THE

Woodbury Centennial Celebration,

JULY 4th, 1859.

BY REV. WM. THOMPSON BACON.

P O E M .

ARGUMENT.

A band of Pioneers spy out the land—Advent of the first Colony over Good Hill—Descent into the valley, their location, some facts about them, and why they came—Pass a hundred years, with some notices of descendants—Summary of the Puritan character,

Two hundred years ago, as records say,
*Five sturdy settlers left old Stratford Bay,—
Wells, Harvey, Uffoot, Curtiss and John Minor,
The last, of this design the grand designer,—
And, turning to these northern solitudes,
Sought out a home, among the gloomy woods.

But first, as honest settlers ought to do,
They seek a title to the land in view ;—
So turning eastward, far as Naugatunk,†
Where dwelt an Indian Chief—not always drunk,—
Of him, and paying large of course, they bought
All the wide-stretching region that they sought.

This region, as I learn by efforts great—
(The muses are exact in what they state)
Was bounded northward by a trail, that lay
Over old Bantam Hill,‡ nine miles each way ;
Westward, it came, the parted hills among,
As Ousatonuc rolls his bulk along ;

* John Wells, Richard Harvey, Thomas Uffoot, John Curtiss, John Minor.

† Paugasset, now Derby.

‡ Section of Litchfield.

Southward, from this, due east, to Naugatunk,
 Where dwelt the aforesaid Chief—so seldom drunk,—
 And eastward, by that river, till we come
 Back to the region that we started from ;—
 All this they buy, I dont know for what sum,
 Perhaps three hatchets and a quart of rum.

Sharp purchase that, you say—but stop, *I* say,—
 What know you of the land's worth in that day ?—
 What did it bear, all this wide stretch of land,
 That here, in loveliness, we see expand ?
 Perhaps a little maize, some worthless chief
 Scourged his poor wife, to plant for his relief ;
 Perhaps a plot of beans the white man gave him,
 Yet not enough of these from death to save him ;
 With here and there a vile tobacco weed,
 That he might smoke a little in his need ;—
 The rest all left where cat or bear might prowl,
 Or echo to the desert wolf's long howl ;—
 All this wide stretch of land, and we to give
 This up, that five old chiefs, like brutes, might live !

Perhaps it were a little more like song,
 A little more to romance doth belong,
 To picture here this loveliest paradise,
 With all its glowing woods and streams and skies,
 As sheltering, *blessing*, in its riches rare,
 A race of demi-gods, and angels fair !
 Imagination, as she loves to paint,
 And lay her colors on without restraint,
 Might tell us of the bowers here in the wood,
 Where once the Sachem and his Shannup stood,—
 Of lonely walk in solitary glade,
 Of Indian lover with his Indian maid ;
 Of hero, prophet, sage, and all that throng,
 That roll and thunder in the poet's song ;—
 But let me tell you—*me*—one of the men,
 That *do* this thing, with pencil or with pen,—
 That this same ancient race we thus exalt,
 And talk and sing about as without fault ;

Clothing them with all virtues and all graces,
 As if they were indeed earth's godlike races,—
 They were, to say the truth, and shun the evil,
 But little better than the “very *devil*.”
 They never had one true, heroic thought!
 Nothing divine from Him divine was caught!
 They were an earthly, animal, hard stock,
 Somewhere between a crocodile and rock;
 Full of revenge, as is a coal with fire,
 Full of all passions—but no pure desire;
 Mean, grasping, selfish, lying, filthy, too,
 A drunken, squabbling, shouting, cursing crew;
 Making their women toil, that they might sleep,
 Making their women run, that they might creep;
 Kicking them from their wigwams when grown old—
 In short, to every vice and demon sold,—
 Till Nature, tired of this, her favorite quite,
 Snapp'd the life cord, and put him out of sight.

I know, these loveliest of our Saxon homes—
 With whom all loveliness by birth-right comes,—
 Will feel the singer, with rude hand, among
 Their fond divinities of Romance and Song,
 Is playing harshly,—yet he bids *me* say,
 That truth is truer than a poet's lay
 And truth is *dearer* to *some* singers, than
 These fancy types of Indian maid and man;
 And he perhaps will show you, ere we part,
 That he can touch the fancy or the heart,
 Fired by the beauty that may be abroad,
 Amid the grandeur of the works of God!—
 Thrill with the grandest, softening with the weak,
 Fired by the noble, melting with the meek,
 Till *ye* shall learn, the poet's first, best thought,
 Comes from no object, where the truth is—*not*!

These five old settlers—we go back to them.
 These five old settlers,—you have had each name,—
 Two hundred years ago, their title got,
 Turn their flint faces for the land they sought.

Up the bright stream, now Ousatonuc call'd,
 Then Pootatook, its sides the most part wall'd
 So grandly, by tall, perpendicular crags,
 Or now again by meadows and pine snags—
 They take their way,—each one upon his back
 A musket, with his victuals in a pack.
 They reach the place where Pomperaug comes out,
 Under the arching wood, with noisy shout,
 (Down where the river splits the mountain ridge,
 And which we vulgarly call Bennet's Bridge,)
 And, taking this, they follow it, long whiles,
 Leaving behind them half a score of miles;
 Passing South Britain, pleasant, sunny place,
 Hugg'd by its hill-sides in a close embrace;
 Pass Poverty,* White Oak,† and then, soon after,
 The rich alluvial plain of Middle Quarter; ‡
 Until they reach this central vale, and stand
 And look around upon the unknown land !

It is a thought of beauty and of fear,
 To look upon those lonely wanderers here,—
 The first white men that ever stood upon
 This ancient soil, or look'd upon the sun,—
 And try an instant to call up the power,
 That lay upon their souls in that still hour !
 Was it not solemn, as they paus'd to view
 The embracing hills, or look'd upon the blue
 Broad heaven, that, like a canopy, came down,
 And rested on the circling mountains' crown,
 They all alone, alone, amid the scene,—
 A solemn, silent, wilderness of green?
 O, had some power, one little moment then,
 Flashed through the minds of these heroic men,
 The mighty future, from the distance caught,
 With all its splendid wealth of soul and thought,
 It's strength and beauty, innocence and truth,
 And reverend age, and loving dreams of youth,
 Each age successive gathering up the past,
 Till the bright present on their souls was cast,—

* † Localities of Southbury. ‡ Locality of Woodbury.

Would there been wanting to that spot and time,
 One single element of the grand sublime?—
 And would they not have trembled, in each sense,
 At God's unfolding, mighty Providence?

These brave men scoured the region all around,
 Sought every spot, and all its promise found,—
 The gentle valley and the rounded hill,
 The winding stream and solitary rill;
 Each opening vista through the forest glade,
 And every charm by freak of Nature made,—
 From the cool grotto, where the brooklets run,
 To splinter'd peak, tall black'ning in the sun;—
 At last, discovering what they came for, pleas'd
 With what they'd purchas'd, not, like robbers, seized,
 Back to old Stratford's strand they turn once more,
 And tell the wondrous story o'er and o'er.

Roll back the tide of time! and let us stand
 Two hundred years ago, with that brave band,
 Who, from the hill, that, westering, skirts this scene,
 Looked down upon its rolling forests green,
 And, gazing, as they might, with strange surprise,
 Let the whole mighty landscape fill their eyes!

Roll back the tide! and let us, as we may,
 Group, in our thought, the picture of that day,—
 Of that brave band along the forests led,
 Now climbing steeps, now where the waters spread,—
 Startled, how oft, to catch that sound of fear,
 The bark of cat, or yell of mountaineer,—
 Till where yon mountain rising to the blue,
 Gave all this glorious landscape to their view!

Far to the north, hills over hills survey,
 Till their blue tops are mingled with the day;
 Far to the south the widening vale extends,
 Whose wealth of splendor every beauty lends;
 Far to the west, in wide succession spread,
 Valley and hill, and jutting mountain head;
 While right before them, 'neath the morning sky,
 Nature's wide wonders all, were in their eye!

I wonder much, if those broad-breasted men,
 In that rough age—(it will not come again,—
 Should not perhaps)—I wonder if they view'd
 As we, this mighty stretch of wave and wood!
 The Spring's first bird was whistling in the sky,
 The fragrant birch its tassels flaunted nigh;
 Through the moist mould, in beauty ever young,
 Tall ranks of flowers on every bank were flung;
 Far by the streams, as here and there they view'd,
 The classic willow, by the brook-side stood,
 Trembling all over in the morning's beam,
 Or playing with its shadow on the stream;
 The young winds bore their fragrance all about,
 Mingled with hum of bee and torrent's shout,
 And the wide air with all those sounds was filled,
 That fancy ever dream'd, or heart has thrill'd;—
 I wonder how those men, of stalwart mien,
 In that sweet morn looked forth upon the scene!

One mighty purpose all that age had fired,
 One mighty aim each swelling soul inspired;
 One truth, fast lock'd, in every soul was kept,
 That conscience guarded, and that never slept;—
 Man came from God, in his own image made,
 And by that charter certain rights conveyed;—
 Those rights long trampled by an hireling throne,
 Had sent them forth, to ways and wilds unknown;
 Here on bleak shores, soft breezes seldom press'd,
 Here mid rude scenes, gay fancy seldom dress'd,
 Alone, mid death, in want of all but worth,
 They battled for the noblest prize on earth,—
 Man in his native dignity to stand,
Himself a prince and ruler of the land!

Small time had they then for the mere ideal.
 Their love was truth, their present life all real;
 They walked the world, faith's vision never dim,
 Saw not God's *works*, they only gazed on *Him*!

Tell me, ye sons of that imperial race,
 Imperial only, as their truth ye trace;—

Those brave men, scorning courts, and kingly crew,
 And only daring less than angels do;—
 Tell me, if prince or nobleman there be,
 Can boast a prouder ancestry than we!

Come down the hill-side with our gallant band,
 And let us trace them round upon the land;
 Upward and downward, over all they go,
 Northward and southward, east and west they flow.

'Tis thought a party pierce to Nonewog,*
 Where dwelt a chief, whose name rhymes well with hog;
 Another pierce to Weekeepeemee's plain,
 And scour that region o'er and o'er again;
 Some pierce to Quasapog, perhaps beyond
 That sheet with classic name, yeapt *a pond*!
 Some scour West Side, then south, down Hesky Meadow,
 Then over Rag Land hills, till they are lead to
 Grim Poverty's hard name, yet not hard soil,
 Then they divide, and scour White Oak awhile;
 Then coming north, hungry as wolves for slaughter,
 They camp upon the plain of Middle Quarter,
 Where stands an oak, or did, 'neath which they found
 Their first night's sleep upon the cold, damp ground.

One moment pause. What a suggestive rest,
 Was that, that night, upon the earth's cold breast?
 Home far away, on every side a wood,
 And the whole scene impressive solitude!
 They had no past, but such as wrung a groan,
 They had no future, but they stood alone;
 No wealth, no name, possessions, but His power,
 On which to lean in such a solemn hour;—
 Tell me of heroes in the battle's van,
 Earth looking on to call us knave or man;
 The genuine, god-like deed by *this* is known—
That which we bear, in silence, and alone!

Records declare the Shermans take their stand,
 Just on the edge of that alluvial land,—

* This and the following are all localities of Woodbury.

Where they dwell now, or rather, as yankees will,
 They've left the *bottom* for the *top* of the hill.
 Curtiss and Hinman, moving south, evince
 A love for Southbury—they have loved it since ;
 Aye, and each other too, and matched and mated,
 Till the whole township is to them related.
 Walkers come north, and drive a stake deep down,
 Close by a rock, that, over it did frown,
 And which now neighbor Douglass calls his own,—
 Not by descent exactly, for he plan'd
 To get a jewel first, and then the land.
 The Minors westward on a gentle hill,—
 Each generation since, by solemn will,
 Has ever held it,—and one holds it still.
 The Judson's farther north in Judson's Lane,
 The Warners, too. Others—but I refrain ;
 The Muse would tire, to mark the spots and places,
 Where sank the tap-root of our mighty (?) races.

Some things, however, records well declare
 About these men, we note, to show them fair,
 And, what is more, to show them as they were.
 They were not then, of such a blear-eyed kind,
 As think to buy, or beg, or steal, or find
 All a man ought to have in life's mere rind ;—
 They enter into solemn covenant,
 First, to take care, and feed, man's highest want,
 That of his mind and soul, God's earnest plan,
 That bulwark of all nobleness in man ;—
 A stake is driven for a house of God,
 And then a school-house rises by the road—
 Twin facts, that show God did with them abode.

One other fact, as noticeable, I find—
 A little like a "kink" in this first mind,—
 Yet springing from a well-meant principle,
 So let us honor it, or ill or well.
*Each man's home-lot was limited in space.**
 It seems they were afraid the human race
 Were not all equal in life's steeple chase ;

*Fact.

They thought, by such apportionment, to hold
 Each one, as if run in a candle mould—
 All just alike, lame, halt, or blind, or bold ;
 A very harmless doctrine that, because
 It happens He above, hath fixed some laws,
 Which sometimes bring men's follies to a pause ;
 And it appears, by further searching, that
 Not all of our good fathers were so flat,
 As they first seem in this by looking at ;
 For further resolutions come, in course,
 To let the bolder few, that had the force,
 Go further back, and buy from any source ;
 So they were equal in the first law's point—
 The second knocked the first all out of joint.
 It is'nt the first time wise men their laws make,
 Then legislate a little more, and break
 What they first made, for—common sense's sake.

How came these Pilgrim Fathers on this spot ?
 We, children, are concern'd in't—are we not ?
 Came they for pelf ? or did some meaner thing
 Burn in their souls, the motive and the spring ?
 The haughtiest breeze that o'er the billows bore
 The May Flower shallop to this western shore,
 Bore not, on all that wild and devious way,
 A truer, nobler, juster band than they,
 Who, from our southern shore, came here and stood,
 And built their cabins in the gloomy wood.
 The self-same principle that nerved the first,
 Burn'd in the second, and by them was nurs'd ;
 Tis strange indeed, how all that age seems fired
 By one grand principle, one thought inspired !
 Records make plain, that arbitrary* power
 Lay on *our* fathers in their trial hour,
 Stern and relentless in the first degree,
 Abridging what, to them, was liberty !
 The struggle then of " Old lights," and the " New,"
 Burning New England's churches through and through ;

* The careful student of this part of our history finds, that the first Colony that came up from Stratford, were a minority, crowded out of the Old Stratford Church by an unscrupulous majority—a singular parallel to the extradition of the first Puritan stock from old England.

The old, effete, worn matters of the law,
 Fed not some souls—'twas famine in their maw ;
 Our fathers threw the old away, and took
 Their own interpretation of God's book !—
 Man's great soul there, with its far reaching thought,
 This from the future, to his knowledge brought—
 Each for himself, to man, or God, should stand,
 Each one a priest and ruler of the land !—
 A doctrine that, however spurn'd or curs'd,
 Still to go on, as by our fathers nurs'd ;
 Change every church to a Democracie,
 Change every throne and state beyond the sea :
 Till in dread ruin, from high summits hurl'd,
 Power topples down, o'er all the bondage world ;—
 Prerogative, in State, or *Church*, lets go
 Its living grasp upon man's soul below ;
 Till every soul, unfearing tyrants' rod,
 Stands up alone, responsible to God !

If nobler trait in any soul can be,
 Of which to justly boast, for you or me ;
 If e'er from Heaven came down for human kind,
 One single element for soul or mind ;—
 If power descended, dignity, high grace,
 Courage from God, to light up form or face,—
 Methinks the world's great records ought to show
 How, when, or where it is, with man below !

Earth's record has no history like that—*
 Rocking three Islands like the throe of Fate ;—
 Sifting the race, from highest to the low,
 That the good seed among the chaff might show ;
 Then howls them forth, and hounds them o'er the waves.
 To lodge 'neath icy crags, in desert caves ;
 Makes the land drear, to set their feet upon,
 Takes all the light away of stars and sun—
 Till nought is left, to please, to win, to fire,
 Of all earth ever gives, that can inspire ;

* Probably the history of the world presents us with no records, either of private or public heroism, surpassing those found in the history of the early settlement of this country.

That their great souls to God alone might go,
 Dwelling *in* Him, *from* all we love below ;
 Then plants, mid such intensest misery,
 A germ, to lift the future to the sky :—
 Where, mid the records of the race, like this,
 Doth the true grandeur of man's soul arise ?

And these few men, that stood here on that day,
 Fresh from the swamps and tangled forest way,
 Embrown'd, or pale, or trembling, or still high,
 Faith in each heart, and courage in each eye ;
 And the meek matron, by her lord's proud side,
 Or the sweet maid, but yester eve a bride ;—
 These were the *children* of *that* race, who came,
 Out from the land of bondage and of shame,—
 Bondage and shame, that, from her sacred breast,
 Unpitying, cast her noblest and her best !

Pass a bright century now of rolling years,
 And let us see the scene as it appears.
 How the plain widens ! How the race spreads out !
 Over yon* western hill a people shout !
 Another from the north-west† thunders on,
 Another from the north‡—a Paixian gun !
 The eastern fastnesses§ catch up the roar,
 And send it back as ocean's beat, his shore ;
 And the south valley,|| to the line,|| has voice,
 Mixed in with this conglomerate, awful noise !
 And what are these tall forms that rise up here ?
 Brinsmades, Days, Porters, for a high career ;
 And these from Roxbury, live oak, called Smith,
 And Southbury Grahams and Wildmen, men of pith ;
 Curtis, Stiles, Strong, and Hinman, names succinct
 With light and force, each lineament distinct ;

* Roxbury.

† Washington.

‡ Bethlem.

§ Middlebury.

|| Southbury and Oxford.

Eastward these 'Tylers,* north in Bethlehem fair,†
 There stands a giant in the pulpit there,
 Whose eloquence the devil's self might scare!

I see two stars shoot up the western sky,‡
 Two forms like Mars, defiance in each eye;
 Northward they take their solitary way,
 Where the Green Mountains mingle with the day;
 Where like twin streams, down to the vale they go,
 A perfect thunder-bolt upon the foe!
 Crown Points, Ticonderogas, Benningtons,
 These tell the story of these gallant sons,
 Lost to this valley by their splendid fame,
 For who e'er dreamed that *we* their lineage claim?

The Muse, inquisitive, one moment's space,
 Pauses, their perfect lineaments to trace,
 Just as Tradition gives their form and face.
 Allen was terrible to look upon,
 Broad, brawny, hard, Roxbury's genuine son;
 His red eye burning like a fiery star,
 And his front wrinkled like the front of war;
 The "Great Jehovah," "Continental Congress,"
 Stuck out all over him, in dress or undress;
 And his fierce will, that knitted every limb,
 Show'd God or devil only, conquer'd him.
 Warner, of equal girth and equal span,
 Yet a most perfect, gallant gentleman;
 Of noble port, and broad and slab-like brow,
 Thick, chestnut hair, and eye of heaven's own glow;
 Voice like a clarion, echoing wild and shrill,
 Like the gray eagle's call from some far hill;
 Hither and thither mid the battle's fire,
 Louder and louder rung, higher and higher!—
 Yet the dread battle done, the cry for peace,
 And not a woman's tears fell fast as his.

I wonder if these men have left no stamp
 Down to this day, on wise man or on scamp,

* Dr. Bennet Tyler was of this stock.

† Dr. Joseph Bellamy; only second, in point of theological acumen and force, of the theological names of this country.

‡ Col. Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, both of Roxbury.

Such as shall let us see the ancient fire
Burn out in son as it burnt out in sire!

Or have our modern, mushroom virtues grown,
Like weeds that kill whate'er they lean upon,
Till our loved vale, sharing the nation's curse,
Goes on from good to bad, and then to worse,
Till all these virtues, from our fathers sprung,
Become the scorn of every wretch unhung!

Ah, for the land, put in the world's wide van,
To teach mankind to view the perfect man,—
Boasting her freedom in the world's full eye,
Bound hand and foot by her venality;
Boasting her freedom from one tyrant's nod,
Baring her back beneath the million's rod,—
(As if dread Bondage had one curse the less,
Whether a man or million may oppress;)
Boasting her knowledge, liberty and law,
When every foreign fool may see the flaw;
With but this virtue, that her Saxon lust
Will have its will, simply because it must,—
(Strange power of stock!—that, like the sun on snows,
Withers and wastes whatever it oppose!)—
Ah, for such land, if faltering when *He* calls,
Double her deep damnation, *if* she falls!

Yet let us hope. Our fathers names still live,
And some of their bright virtues still survive;
Brinsmades* still live, Days,† whose serene decay,
Like the sun's orb, more glorious sink away;
Smith, erst translated from its rocky‡ dell,
Like mountain oak was strongest when it fell;
Yet springs anew, and bears its honors well.
The Wildman name is gone, yet Scottish Graham§
In his new field, achieves a grander fame.
The Curtiss is with double honor crown'd,
Since here we have, and right among us, found,

* † Gen'l. Daniel Brinsmade, of Washington, and Jeremiah Day, of Yale College, both enjoying a serene old age, and more than rich in the honors of a well spent life.

‡ Hon. Nath'l Smith, born in Roxbury, died in this place, 1822. No son of Connecticut, in point of native brain force, ever surpassed him.

§ John Lorimer Graham, of New York.

Bank, broker, farmer, merchant, in one bound,
 Always in good condition, always sound.
 That primitive Stiles, that chose to guide the plow,
 Did up his work to order—does so now;
 That primitive Strong, that chose to fight *and* plow,
 (He was a Captain) *talks*, but don't fight now.
 Those eastern Tylers, strong as any ox,
 Only grew stronger and more orthodox,
 Till bold the man who dared to try the list,
 His single arm against their logic fist.
 But that big burly brain, that, from the north,
 Shot its sharp eloquence like lightning forth,
 That is quite gone—ay, dwindled from the earth.

Methinks I see some other names our mother
 Yet keeps, nor will she change them for another;—
 The Minor,* from that first Diaconate,
 Down to the last, a *True* man and a great,—
 Great in two senses—for his stalwart form,
 And the rude eloquence his lips can storm;
 The Sherman, from that first old honest John,
 Down to the Rector,† that we look upon;
 The Judson, with his mild and pleasing face,
 Blue eye, fair hair, the genuine Saxon race;
 The Martin, from that first old “Sargent Sam,”
 Down to the last immaculate, “I am;”
 And scores of others which I cannot name,
 Now filling posts of honor, strength, or fame.

But there's one name, we will not let that pass,
 No more for what it is, than what it was;
 They've turn'd monopolists on Litchfield hill,
 And think to keep the credit of it still;
 But if they wish to know whence came that stock,
 Somewhere between a live oak and a rock,
 Its springtime freshness every year renewed,
 As if with everlasting youth imbued,—

* This stock can boast an uninterrupted “Apostolic succession” from the first Diaconate. Unfortunately however—that is, for advocates of “succession”—this succession has split in these latter days, and given us two most honored and laborious Deacons of the same name.

† Rev. Henry Beers Sherman, now of Belleville, N. Jersey, the author's most excellent early friend, and who gave us a most acceptable sermon, which is found in another part of this pamphlet.

We tell old Litchfield, spite of boasts and jeers,
We claim the honor of *that sort* of Beers.*

And if I dared, and could escape the shot,
Sure to return, explosive, hissing hot,
Another should be summon'd, a grand-son,
Pleasant to know, and e'en to look upon,—
Keen as a scimitar with its first edge,
Or, if he will, as vigorous as a sledge;
His very eye a pun in its eclipse,
Before it leaps in beauty from his lips;—
Would you his name, abated not one jot?
A very funny *Chap*, and MAN † too—doubt it *not*!

Perhaps t'were well, that our imported shoots
Receive their due, as well as native roots.
Who bids the muse of History‡ unfold
The treasures of the past, or new or old;
By patient industry and work well done,
Holds up the father's portrait to the son;
Wins honor, and should have it, shall do so,
Though ignorance, hatred, envy, all, say no.
And when, with world-wide fame, with honors graced,
The veteran toilsman§ from the realms of taste,
Seeks our loved vale, to rest that busy brain,
That it, refreshed, go forth to toil again,—
What heart refuses in this note to swell.
Honor to him who honor wears so well!

Nor shall be pass'd here our plain men that shine,
Have they not come right down the mighty line?
Walkers and Stoddards! ||—it would puzzle much
Those ancient men, to give the modern touch

* Hon. Seth P. Beers, of Litchfield, a genuine son of the olden time, who, though now verging on his ninth decade, has yet all the vigor, intellectual and physical, of his pristine manhood.

† Hon. Chas. Chapman, of Hartford, a grand son of Woodbury, who lent us some of his truest wit and pathos on the occasion of our celebration.

‡ Wm. Cothren, Esq., the author's associate in the celebration, whose discourse precedes this.

§ Hon. S. G. Goodrich, of world-wide reputation under the *nom de plume* of "Peter Parley," who, after his world-wide rambles, has "pitched his tent" in the south part of this beautiful valley.

|| It is a notable fact, that the direct lineal male descendants of the two first most able pastors of this town, now represent the north and south interests of the

To horse-shoe, or cart-wheel, or wagon tire,
 Fresh from the furnace, sputtering round its fire.
 And if you want a cart, sound as a knot,
 Without a flaw, twist, crack, or one loose spot,
 In body, axle, tongue, or either wheel,
 Go up the street, and call on "Uncle Bill." ‡
 And men of every grade, and every kind,
 All arts and trades among us, soul and mind,
 T'is to be hoped the ancient virtue cast
 O'er all, round all, through all, by lineage pass'd,
 Lives in this age, shall live, till stars expire,
 And the world burns in Nature's funeral fire.

The Muse, in curious mood, would picture here,
 One or two separate stocks, as they appear.

She's speculated much upon one point,
 And still her logic is quite out of joint,—
 Whence came that hardy, iron, Atwood race—
 Their characters all written in their face ;—
 A strange, determined, energetic line,
 With brains enough in any path to shine ;
 Yet full of crosses as an egg with meat,
 Of inconsistencies, and yet discreet ;
 Sharp to see things, the wrong are always righting,
 And always peaceable—when they're not fighting ;
 A race to snuggle to, if on your side,
 A race to knuckle to, if not allied ;
 Wise, sober, just and self-denying, prayerful,
 Sly, cautious, cute, sagacious, cruel, swearful ;
 Mixture incomprehensible of kinds,
 Their thousand men and maids of thousand minds ;—
 In short, the Muse declares, though well acquainted,
 She can't decide them sinners or the sainted.

One other name perhaps should rise up here,
 Nor need the singer blush that it appear ;

place in the "ancient and honorable device" of horse-shoeing, and both as famous for "beating" iron, as their Rev'd ancestors were for beating the "drum ecclesiastic."

‡ Famous for the manufacture of ox carts—with but the single objection, that they never wear out. *MS.*

One in whose wondrous potency of soul,
 A dozen men might be, nor fill the whole ;
 Power in each part of him, and nought but power,
 Power from his cradle to his dying hour ;
 A man of that vast business skill, that it
 To any bold emergency might fit ;
 Knew how to evoke large gains in any line,
 Now from a spool of cotton, now a mine ;
 Lands, stocks, rare merchandise, or common things,
 No matter where he sought to strike wealth's springs,
 He always hit them at the time—wealth roll'd
 Around him literally in a tide of gold.
 I honor no man,—let the record be
 Preserved, and given to posterity,—
 For his fat ledger, between whose twin sides,
 A million widows' tears have roll'd like tides ;
 Or orphans' groans have echoed, as they press'd
 Like a hot millstone on their bleeding breast ;—
 But wealth, the proof of power, our praise may claim,
 And wealth, so view'd, may give a man to fame ;
 And fame was his, as wealth was his, who died,
 Of our loved valley, once its strength and pride.*

The Muse depicting character thus here,
 Pauses to drop one solitary tear.
 Where is that sex, amid this world of strife,
 That makes up more than half the sum of life ?
 One such I knew, of loveliest form and face,
 Light on her brow, and light in every place ;
 Gifted with genius like a torch of fire,
 Her birth-right mind, and every pure desire ;
 Borne from our midst to love's own secret bower,
 Charm of each circle, joy of every hour ;
 Her influence widening as the years ran on,
 Her soul aspiring nearer to the sun ;—

*Jabez Bacon, the author's grandfather, a man of almost fabulous wealth, and all the product of his own unaided genius. He began life a poor boy, and died the richest man in the State.

When the dark shadow on that household fell,
And every virtue sighed to say farewell.*

One other picture, clad in grief's dark stole,
Comes up and presses sad upon the soul ;
And yet all light and love that image dear,
As ye shall deem it, as ye see it here.
The Scholar-pastor ! through those long bright years,
Working his prayerful work 'mid joyful tears,
Meekness writ o'er his face, and love's own sign.
Lit up ineffably with love divine ;
High in each purpose, clear in every thought,
Rich in those truths experience had brought ;
Refined, sweet, eloquent, his spirit feeling
Beauty all round him, every fount unsealing ;
His soul fill'd full with solemn tenderness,
A lip that could not wound, but yet would bless ;
First to discern his step on Calvary led,
Last by the sick and by the dying bed ;
He moved among us of such perfect fame,
That not one word did ever soil his name.†

But hark again, that startling, solemn knell,
Round all our valley with its pealing swell ;—
The upright judge, the wit, the mind intent,
With the large heart that always with it went ;
Not like too many, worser than he seemed,
But always better than himself had deemed ;
Passing his years among us, soften'd, sage,
Almost the feature of another age ;—

* Mrs. Mary Smith Monell, daughter of Hon. N. B. Smith, of this place, and wife of Hon. John J. Monell, of Newburg, who died Oct. 22, 1858 ;—a lady as remarkable for her natural gifts, as she was for her perfect unconsciousness of their possession.

† Rev. Samuel R. Andrew, Pastor of the South Church in this place a quarter of a century, and uniting in himself all the imaginable perfections of a gospel minister.

In this place I cannot but pay a tribute to his "twin brother" in the sacred work, Rev. Grove L. Brownell, of the North Church, for about the same length of time. The northern brother possessed less of the softness and affability of the other, but what he lacked in these was made up in the sterner, masculine virtues—perhaps the more needful in his own field. They were together, a rare combination of ministerial excellence, and the town will long reap the advantages of their mutual faithfulness.

In one dread moment, sent to that far shore,
Where praise, nor blame, shall ever reach him more.*

These were our Fathers. We sit down to-day,
To estimate the worth that in them lay ;
Let us be just, avoid fictitious hues,
And take the dicta of an honest Muse.
In that far day, it is not hard to find
The springs that move the common heart and mind ;
Harder by far to see the springs that play
Beneath the living maelstrom of to-day.
That day society was, most part, free
From complex causes, which to-day may be ;
Their means were limited, their wants, therefore,
Fewer in number, simpler in their power.
They had come far from distant lands and fires,
And bade adieu to ancient gods and sires,
'Mid scenes unparalleled in history,
And scarcely dwelling even in fancy's eye.
Those stirring scenes a few bright, solemn truths
Burnt in on each man's mind, and even youth's ;
On infants even, we might deem the fire
Left some dread impress, as it scorch'd the sire.
Those truths were first, indignant sense of wrong,
Borne at their hands who for them should be strong ;
Conscience t'was dared to hedge in by such bounds,
As makes earth's records shine with martyr's crowns ;
And then the natural wants that all men have,
That always help the good and true and brave,
The love of home, the love of child and wife,
The love of ease, instinctive hating strife,
The love to accumulate an honest gain,
That will not labor laboring in vain,
With a true fear of what is in each man,
As God unfolds it in his chosen plan,
And a safe fear of Him, that puts him first,
And not denies him, though by men accurs'd ;
And we might add, a lusty, sturdy health,
One of the best securities for wealth ;—

* Hon. Chas. B. Phelps, lawyer and Judge of Probate for nearly thirty years, who died Dec. 21st, 1859, while sitting in his chair, and attending the meeting of the Warner Monumental Committee, at Roxbury.

All this, and these, received as facts, and we
 Have the whole key to Pilgrim history.
 This made men say in that far day—farewell
 To home, to country, all that in them well ;
 Farewell the spot of kindred and of birth,
 The dearest, sweetest, loveliest of the earth ;
 Farewell, old England, greatest of the sons
 Earth yet has known of all her ancient ones ;
 Greatest as civil, greatest moral too,
 Greatest, as we her splendid line review
 Of heroes, sages, poets, all that move
 In the great past, and make it what we love ;
 And welcome desert waves and far off shore,
 Where home's sweet chimes shall never echo more !

Who dares to slander that bold, Puritan band,
 That first set foot upon the western land ?—
 Tell us of restless spirits—so sent forth
 To this, the farthest end of hostile earth ?—
 Tell of an avarice that sent them on,
 Or other passion hateful to the sun ?
 He shuts his eyes on facts, that, bold as light,
 Change to bright burning day the darkest night ;
 Reads history backwards, and philosophy,
 As a dull school-boy in his first degree ;—
 They came *because* they could not stay at home,
 For this they dared December's wintry foam ;
 Dared the rude desert, and the wintry flood,
 The barren rock, and solitary wood—
 Places where want and all diseases sprung,
 And mountain cat yell'd wild above her young !

'Tis said indeed, the boasted Puritan,
 Well, after all, was nothing but a man !
 Who says he was ? or who pretends to find
 Ought but a specimen of poor human kind ?
 Shuns persecution, yet will persecute,
 Dwelling in God, yet showing strangest fruit ;
 Chases the quaker from old Cambridge Bay,
 And burns a witch, or hangs her, as some say ;—
 (Though it's not so plain, the quaker persecuted,
 Was not most justly served and justly suited ;

When men run naked through the house of God,
 Methinks they need the law, or need a rod :)
 Yet if one single soul to God went forth,
 By fire or cord, to the new Heavens and earth—
 And truth declared it was so,—then first find,
 This the *disease* of all that day and mind ;
 Of minds of highest power beyond the seas,
 Men of all ranks and races and degrees ;
 So if one single soul to heaven was sent,
 The age bears *that*—*these* only ignorant.

Methinks we must search history o'er and o'er,
 Search every land, and clime, and sea, and shore,
 Almost call up fictitious days and powers,
 Ere we shall find a nobler stock than ours.
 Stern it may be, unpolish'd, narrow, borne
 Onward too oft, by what they ought to scorn :
 Reading truth strangely, and too often led
 By what was in themselves, than what they read :
 Frowning at joy, God's taper in the soul,
 Making their good, too oft, in form, or stole.
 Or look, or gesture, or some other thing
 That in religion has no sort of spring ;—
 And yet for brave intent, that dared to view
 God in the face, and say "thou know'st me true ;"
 For honest, godlike energy, to stand
 And battle for the truth. with sword and brand :
 And, more than this—to offer life up—*so*
 Their perfect rectitude the world might know ;
 Earth offers no superior of her kind,—
 And hence we reverence PILGRIM SOUL AND MIND !

At the close of the Poem, which occupied an hour and a half in the delivery, the assemblage united in singing the following

SONG.

BY WILLIAM COTHREN.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

Should early ages be forgot,
 As months and years decline !
 Should ancient mem'ries wake us not,
 "And days of Auld Lang Syne !"
 For Auld Lang Syne, my friends,
 For Auld Lang Syne ,
 We'll give the hand of friendship yet,
 For Auld Lang Syne.

Our fathers sought this quiet vale,
 With noble, pure design ;
 Their humble prayers rose on the gale,
 Each day of Auld Lang Syne.
 " For Auld Lang Syne," &c.

And here their lowly dwellings stood,
 'Mid chestnut, oak, and pine ;
 They sought to do their *neighbors good*,
 In days of Auld Lang Syne.
 " For Auld Lang Syne," &c.

All honor to that early stock,
 Whose hearts did them incline
 To praise their God at Bethel Rock,
 In days of Auld Lang Syne.
 " For Auld Lang Syne," &c.

Right soon they built a church to God,
 Beneath the tree and vine ;
 But they've been resting 'neath the sod,
 Since days of Auld Lang Syne.
 " For Auld Lang Syne," &c.

Our fathers' power is living yet,
 In principles divine ;
 Their counsels wise we'll ne'er forget,
 Nor days of Auld Lang Syne.
 " For days of Auld Lang Syne," &c.

Then followed the benediction, by Rev. Thomas L. Shipman, of Jewett City, Conn., formerly pastor of the Congregational Church in Southbury :

"Now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be and abide with us, the descendants of the holy men who settled these pleasant valleys, and with our children, for ever and ever. Amen."

SECOND DAY.

On the morning of the second day, at eight o'clock, about one thousand persons convened in that sacred dell in the thick woods, on the east side of the Orenaug Rocks, about a mile from the village, which was consecrated by the prayers and praises of the early fathers, and by them called Bethel Rock. This meeting was held for the special purpose of commemorating this most interesting fact in the history of our revered ancestors, and the occasion was one long to be remembered by every devout heart.

Rev. Robert G. Williams, pastor of the old Pioneer Church, opened the meeting by giving out one verse of the hymn commencing—

"Be Thou, O God, exalted high,"

which being sung with great solemnity, in the ever welcome air of "Old Hundred," Dea. Eli Summers was called upon to lead in prayer, which he did, after making some feeling and appropriate remarks. Then followed the reading of portions of the 28th and 35th chapters of Genesis, which contain the account of Jacob's setting up a stone to indicate the place where God had talked with him, and naming it his Bethel; which passages occasioned the giving by *our* fathers of the name of Bethel Rock to this beautifully wild and secluded place of prayer and communion with God. Then followed, in rapid succession, appropriate remarks by Mr. B. H. Andrews of Waterbury, Rev. Anson S. Atwood of Mansfield Centre, Dea. Truman Minor of Woodbury, and Rev. Philo Judson of Rocky Hill. Mr. Judson became much affected while giving reminiscences of the great and good men with whom he had communed in prayer in this sacred retreat, in former years, and who now rest from their labors till the "Great Day of Accounts." Then followed the hymn—

"Once more, my soul, the rising day," &c.

Rev. Benjamin C. Meigs, late missionary to Ceylon, where he had labored for more than forty years, now led in a beautiful and impressive prayer, after having made the following remarks :

REMARKS OF MR. MEIGS AT THE BETHEL ROCK.

MY FRIENDS! I feel that it is good for us to be here. Here is the place where our Puritan fathers assembled to worship God, before they had any sanctuary built for this purpose, and while their savage foes roamed in these forests. In this beautiful ravine, under these sheltering rocks, by setting a watch on yonder point, they could worship in comparative safety. Hence the name by which this place is known—"Bethel Rock." Surely the God of Bethel is here this morning. "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." May we not suppose that our pious forefathers are now looking down upon us, while we are gathered together in this consecrated place of worship? With what delight will they behold this assembly, while we pour out our hearts before God in prayer!

We have great encouragement thus to draw near unto him, and to pray for his blessing upon ourselves, upon our children, and our children's children, to the latest generation. He is indeed the hearer and the answerer of prayer. What wonderful illustrations of this great truth has he given to the people of this land within the last two years! How ready is he to hear and answer our prayers! "And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." And again, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." God is waiting to be gracious, and I feel that we ought not to depart from this hallowed ground this morning, without a special blessing. Let us carry this blessing with us, to our homes. Let us consecrate ourselves anew to the service of God. Let us all henceforth live unto Him, and not to ourselves. Then, though we part to meet no more on earth, we shall all meet in yonder world of glory, and sing his praises forever!

A few appropriate remarks by Dea. Judson Blackman were followed by a prayer from Rev. Anson S. Atwood, and the singing of a verse from the ninetieth Psalm. The regular exercises being now closed, a few moments were spent in hearing volunteer remarks, when the audience united in singing the verse, commencing—

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing."

Then followed the brief concluding prayer, by Rev. Philo Judson, and the benediction by Rev. Austin Isham, of Roxbury, and this solemn and interesting occasion was numbered with the events of the past, an event never to occur again during the life of any soul present at the revered spot. Many lingered, as if unwilling to separate, and many more procured and carried away portions of the rock and moss, to be treasured as sacred mementoes of a hallowed spot, and a sacred scene.

At ten o'clock, a procession was formed in the same order as the first day, with the exception of the "antique" portion of it, which was omitted, and marched to the Tent, escorted by the Band and Warner Light Guards.

The services were opened by music from the Band, followed by the reading of the following

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY REV. WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

Supposed to be sung on the spot where the Pilgrim Settlers held their first Sabbath Worship.

Here, then, beneath the greenwood shade,
The Pilgrim first his altar made ;
'T was here, amid the mingled throng,
First breathed the prayer, and woke the song.

The sun, which lends his gladness now,
Lay bright upon the Pilgrim's brow ;
And this same wind, here breathing free,
Curled round his honored head in glee.

How peaceful smiled that Sabbath sun,
How holy was that day begun,
When here, amid the dark woods dim,
Went up the Pilgrims' first low hymn !

Hushed was the stormy forests' roar,
The forest eagle screamed no more ;
And far along each blue stream's side,
The small wave murmur'd, where it died.

Look now upon the same still scene,
The wave is blue, the turf is green ;
But where are now the wood and wild,
The Pilgrim, and the forest child ?

The wood and wild have passed away ;
 Pilgrim and forest child are clay ;
 But here, upon their graves, we stand,
 The children of that Christian band.

O, while upon this spot we stand,
 The children of that Christian band,
 Be ours the thoughts we owe this day,
 To our great fathers passed away !

By prayer and contemplation led,
 Be ours by their brave spirits fed ;
 Be ours their efforts and their aim,
 Their truth, their glory, and their name !

An exceedingly eloquent, fervid, and appropriate prayer was then offered by Rev. Friend W. Smith, Pastor of the Methodist Church in Woodbury, a copy of which, we were unable to obtain, but the following is a brief synopsis of its leading topics :

Acknowledgment of the power and goodness of God, in the creation and preservation of all things. His rightful sovereignty. Our dependence on, and duty of allegiance to him. Confession and deprecation of sin. Recognition of, and thanksgiving for the goodness of God, in his providential and gracious dealings with mankind, especially in redemption by Christ ; of his goodness especially to us, as a people ; manifested in his care and protection of the Pilgrims, in their passage over the ocean, and in their early settlements. His interposition in our Revolutionary struggle ; the appointment of Washington, a man of prayer, as leader of our armies ; and in leading a mere handful of undisciplined men to final victory. His guidance of, and providential kindness to the explorers and early settlers of Ancient Woodbury. An earnest prayer for the continuance of his grace and protection to our nation generally, and to this community and their posterity particularly ; that he would graciously take away all bitterness and remove all animosities from among us ; that while we honor men, as the instruments of our success, we may never forget Him by whose providential care they are guided ; and that we may all be enabled so to discharge our duties, that when this assembly shall all meet at the judgment, we may stand acquitted through him who taught us to pray—Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us, this day, our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation ; but deliver us from evil ; for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

The choir then sung the following

H Y M N.

Tune—"OLD HUNDRED."

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
 And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
 High as the heaven our voices raise •
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

Then followed a Sermon, by Rev. Henry Beers Sherman, of Belleville, New Jersey, a native of Woodbury :

THESE THREE.

A SERMON

PREACHED AT WOODBURY, CONN.,

ON OCCASION OF ITS

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,

JULY 5, 1859.

BY THE

REV. HENRY BEERS SHERMAN, M. A.

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BELLEVILLE, N. J.

TO

THE MEMORY OF

THE REVEREND ZECHARIAH WALKER,

THE FIRST MINISTER OF

ANCIENT WOODBURY;

This Sermon,

PREACHED ON OCCASION OF THE BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE TOWN,

BY HIS DESCENDANT IN THE SEVENTH GENERATION,

IS REVERENTLY INSCRIBED.

COLLECTS.

Almighty and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope and charity; and that we may obtain that which thou dost promise, make us to love that which thou dost command; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; send thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee. Grant this for thine only son Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

S E R M O N .

“ Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.”—1 Cor. xiii: 13.

Now—that is, in our present state as a probation—in this world and upon the life we are living in it, these three abide as the constituent elements of its substantial portion. In the work of our salvation, as the central business which employs and occupies us here, each, as an attribute of our forming character, holds its assigned position in a fixed relation

Now—in this present state of our existence as preparatory for the future, (and in regard of the first two, as will be shown, now *strictly and exclusively*,) “ abideth faith, hope, charity, these three”—each and all of them—jointly and severally, together and distinctly.

1. FAITH—in which the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, moves upon the abyss of our fallen nature, and begets us again unto a lively hope in Jesus Christ; and through which, in its operation by love under that ministration of the Spirit of God which the mediation of the Son procures to bring us to the Father, we are justified and regenerated, renewed and sanctified

2. HOPE—by which we are incited to rise above the adversities and trials of this present world, and to look beyond it for the soul's true home. And

3. CHARITY—by which faith and hope are inclined to a heavenly direction, and all the gifts and graces of the Divine life shaped and consolidated and made holy in the sight of God.

4. THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY—because, in distinction from the other two, it is an attribute of God, and constitutes in man assimilation to his Maker—the renewal of that divine image and likeness in which he was created.

It is foreign to our present purpose, under the straitened conditions of our space precluding it, to enter at large into the definition and description of FAITH. The term is variously employed in Scripture, and is expressive of a great variety of meanings. It must suffice, in the present connection, that we follow the distinctive lines of the passage under review, and confine our survey to the specific indications which it furnishes.

1. NOW ABIDETH FAITH.

As employed by the Apostle in our text, and in the chapter which includes it, FAITH is the causative or actuating principle by which all our hopes and desires, all our purposes and endeavors, and even our belief, are made effectual. We say *belief*, because there is a distinction with a difference, between intellectual assent to the system of Divine Truth, and that justifying FAITH, which, laying hold upon the hope set before us in the Deliverer, and resting in the promises of God, brings the whole man under a divine dominion and into captivity to the obedience of Christ; and which, in its working by LOVE, demonstrates the great problem of our souls' salvation. As it "now abideth," FAITH is the provisional agency or means through which the restoration of fallen man to the favor of God is potentially effected. Though it is the condition of our justification—and the *indispensable* condition, in that it allies us to the Lord that bought us—still it is a *part* and not the *whole* of "our high calling of God in Christ Jesus." It is a means to the production of Christ *in* us, "the end of the law for righteousness."

It serves the important purpose of introducing us within the circle of divine grace; leads us to an apprehension of the hope of eternal life set before us in Christ Jesus; brings us within reach of the promised salvation which grace provides, and nerves the soul to lay hold upon and appropriate it. Both in its nature and in its function, FAITH is inferior and subordinate to CHARITY. As an instrumentality it brings us *to* the law of our filial duty, while charity embraces it—for "LOVE is the fulfilling of the law." The simple exercise of FAITH brings us *to* Christ: The operation of LOVE makes us *like* Christ, conforming us unto His image in

righteousness and true holiness. Thus *with* CHARITY abideth FAITH: but greater than faith is charity.

Let us not be understood in this connection, as seeking or desiring in anywise to lower the due estimate of FAITH: we are far enough from that. We acknowledge and accredit it, as the initial doctrine in the scheme of divine grace—the condition upon which our justification before God depends and hinges. “Without faith it is impossible to please Him.” It is only through faith in the atonement effected by Christ, that we can look for any lasting benefit to accrue to us from His mediation.

We are, indeed, (as the Apostle says, and repeats,) “*saved by grace.*” But that “grace of God which bringeth salvation” can only reach us “*through faith*.” It is the appointed medium—the way and means through which we fall in with the gracious plan of God concerning us, and work out our own salvation.

“Now abideth faith”—*now*, as the prime essential of our Christian state. Without it, human hope is but a wayward and delusive fancy; and human righteousness, even the highest grade of it, is but an empty show—a form without the substance—a body without the soul. Therefore, (that is, growing out of the necessity of the case,) “now abideth faith:” and every thought and action of our life—every purpose and endeavor which enters into the account of what we are, must proceed and spring from FAITH, or they pass into the portion of “dead works.” It is only as the quickening principle of FAITH pervades and hallows what we do, that our service becomes acceptable in the Divine sight, and thus wins for us the Divine favor. “Without faith it is impossible to please God.”

But, (for “the end of the commandment is CHARITY,”) if we propose FAITH to ourselves as an end which we are to attain and stop at, we grossly mistake both its nature and its office. It is but the means through which our salvation by grace is to be wrought out. And we should always consider it only as a means—the end which it subserves being eternal life, in which FAITH will have no part nor lot. Although, as our text affirms of it, “FAITH abideth *now*,” conjoined with CHARITY and operating by it what is holy and acceptable, yet, as all that is heavenly in its

nature is comprehended and included in that "greatest of these," which under the term "LOVE" is defined by St. Paul as "the fulfilling of the law," the truth of the affirmation in our text is made apparent : and while now abideth faith *with* charity, greater than faith is charity.

Let us pass to consider the second feature in the Apostle's statement.

2. "NOW ABIDETH HOPE."

What we have shown in demonstration of FAITH as inferior to CHARITY, is applicable alike to HOPE. It "abideth now," as part of that law which as a school-master brings us to Christ. It is the great incentive to exertion in the work of our salvation. It is an important element in the entire texture of our present character; and is interwoven as a golden thread with the whole essence of our moral being. It enters into the very substance of our fearfully mysterious life; and operates upon the whole surface of that twofold relationship in which we stand, as connected with this world, and looking on to connection with another. It makes us what we are, and unfolds to us what we shall be. Whether in things earthly and temporal, or in things heavenly and eternal, HOPE is the quickening principle which nerves to energy the heart of man, and leads him forward amidst fear and doubt to tread with a firm step the ascending path of life.

"Now abideth hope." It is the soul's youthful impulse, by which we are cheered and comforted in the vicissitudes and adversities of our present lot; and through which, as seeking a more enduring substance than it yields, we receive accessions of courage and of strength, enabling us to grasp the realities of an immortal portion, and to "press forward toward the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"*Now abideth hope.*" It is the light of human life, which else were cheerless to us. It fulfils a blessed ministry upon the present, whilst accomplishing its higher mission for the future. It comes to us like an envoy from the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in its wings and messages of joy upon its half-opened lips. In the exercise of its ministry as shaped to the circumstances of the fallen, and adapted to the conditions of a world

sitting in darkness and under the shadow of death, it tracks its path with light, and scatters blessings all along its course. Beautiful are its feet upon the mountains, bringing glad tidings of good. The lanes and valleys of life rejoice in its visitation, and the wilderness and the solitary place are glad for it. It comes to us in our days of darkness, which are many, and cheers us with the indications of a bright to-morrow. It finds the sky of life with clouds upon it, and tinges them with radiant hues; and even when the storm is dark, bursts through its gloom, and spans the firmament with its bow of promise. It finds us sinking, and arrests us ere we fall. It finds us cast down, and stretches out its hand to raise us. Never, but at our bidding word, does it leave us or forsake us. It keeps back the invading pressure of terrible Despair; and when the scenery of life which surrounds our present experience is barren of all comfort, and the heart grows sick, it beckons us away to the green pastures where the still waters which reflect them are radiant with the smiles of God. With unfaltering accents it tells us ever of a better portion; and even when the earthly dependence fails us in our time of need, opens new sources of enjoyment with its revealing power—still tells us that the world has pleasant places, and that “it is good for us to be here.” It transfigures the chequered aspects of our life, and makes them one with its own radiant self. Like the Only-begotten who begat it, it seeks the welfare of mankind, and *goes about doing good*. It comes to us when the heart is sick and ready to faint, and enlivens us with friendly words. It invests the spirit of heaviness with the garments of praise. It lifts up the hands that hang down and the feeble knees; and when joy comes not with the morning but heaviness still endures, it “giveth songs in the night.” It transforms itself into Expectation, and inspires us with fresh trust to quietly wait. It invades the domain of disappointment and the chill recesses of deep grief, and peoples them with glad sounds and happy sights. It makes the parched ground to become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. The crooked ways of life are made straight before it, and its rough ways smooth. It “goeth forth to its work” with man, and its voice is to the sons of men.

It solaces and consoles us, when it cannot incite and cheer. Remembering our frame, it adapts the exercises of its mission to what we are, and whispers “a word in season to him that is weary.” It speaks with soothing tones to the ill-fortuned and forsaken brother, shipwrecked and broken hearted in his voyage of life, and encourages him amid “the waves of this troublesome world,” to tempt the adventurous way once more. It renews the face of things, and transmutes to a seeming preciousness the crude rough elements it touches. Oh, it has a charmer’s power. There is a wilderness before it, and a garden of Eden behind: before it is despair, lamentation, and woe: behind is the renewal of joy, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody. NOW ABIDETH HOPE. Well for our present happiness it should: well for our immortal yearnings that it doth. It is the light that halloweth with blessedness our present lot; and when abiding in companionship with FAITH, it guides us to that higher happiness we long for, but which we find not here. NOW ABIDETH FAITH AND HOPE. They walk together, and proceed upon their path hand in hand. Hope leans on faith, and faith on hope—each imparting to the other, as they advance, increase of energy—giving and taking strength reciprocal, and enabling us under their united ministry to maintain our lot in time, and to work out for eternity our souls’ salvation. NOW ABIDETH FAITH WITH HOPE

But, although they enter thus into the present composition of human character, moulding and shaping it in its various conformations, their existent relationship is restrictive and peculiar and limited to the present. For it is only now—in this state as a probation, that these two, “faith and hope abide.” Their nature and their office are temporary and transient. They are as commissioned servants; and “the servant abideth not in the house forever.” Both have their limits, and to each is its allotted period. As FAITH will have at length fulfilled its mission and become merged in knowledge, so HOPE will become absorbed in fruition, and lose itself in the blessedness of experience—even as the Apostle says: “Hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, no longer doth he hope for.” Both, as we have intimated, are only *temporary*, as means to an end; and when they shall have served their purpose, each will cease. In the termi-

nation of His mediatorial work, "the AUTHOR of our faith" will be its "FINISHER," and the Inspirer of our hope that "fulness of joy," toward which it verged and tended. Now they abide, but only in this life.

Strictly speaking, there will be neither faith nor hope in that spiritual condition, which, as the eternal portion of the saved and sealed in Christ, is prepared for them in heaven. As the twilight melts and loses itself in the absorbing and exceeding glory of the day on which it neighbors and which it serves to introduce, so faith and hope will be finally absorbed in the effulgence of Divine love, and lose their finite identity in the infinitude of "His fullness who filleth all in all." "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

Thus much as to what is *transient* and *inferior* in the Apostle's statement. Let us pass now to consider what is *permanent* and *pre-eminent* in his declaration.

3. "NOW ABIDETH CHARITY."

CHARITY, which abideth in this world with FAITH and HOPE, enabling them to fulfil their appointed work, ceases not with the termination of their office; but reaching onward into the world to come, abideth there forever. It is "the greatest of these three," both in its *office* and in its *nature*.

Its asserted superiority is apparent, in the first place, from the fact of its *duration*: for "charity never faileth." While faith and hope abide now and only now, CHARITY abideth both now and forever. It has a twofold relation. It is allied to our present state, and connected with the permanency of the heavenly world. "The greatest of these is charity."

Its asserted pre eminence over faith and hope is apparent, in the second place, from the fact that in its nature it embraces and includes all that is of spiritual essence in both.

In a preceding verse the Apostle affirms, "Charity *believeth* all things." There is FAITH. He adds, "Charity *hopeth* all things." There is HOPE. The exercise of each, you perceive, is assigned to CHARITY, as included among its attributes—the attributes of its present character—or, more strictly speaking, the preliminary accompaniments of its indwelling presence.

Let us examine now with a little more of definiteness, the *nature* of this lasting and pre-eminent grace, as distinctively "the greatest of these three." Wherein does its superior magnitude consist? and what is the substantial basis of its distinction?

4. "THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY"

CHARITY (as every intelligent reader of the New Testament must understand) is but another name for LOVE. It is accordingly one of the attributes of Deity—nay, we might rather say, *the engrossing attribute*: "for God is love; and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." In the abiding of charity, therefore, "the tabernacle of God is with men;" and the indwelling of LOVE is the indwelling of God. "Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us."

It is LOVE which recreates us in the heavenly image, transforms us into the Divine likeness, and moulds us into meetness for an inheritance among the holy. It is the beginner and sustainer of spiritual vitality in man. It is, to our heavenly citizenship, that surrounding atmosphere, which the soul, by the affixed conditions of its renewed life, breathes ever when it lives to God. It is placed by the Apostle in a position of leadership when enumerating "the fruits of the Spirit," because it is "the greatest." It controls the motion of the rest, and holds them in subjection to its imperial sway. It is "the very bond of peace and of all virtues." Without infringement of their identity, but as the greater includes the less, it embraces and comprehends both faith and hope. For "now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three," distinctly and together, severally and jointly.

We must "believe all things;" and we must "hope all things;" and in the strength of that indwelling presence of love whereby they work, we must do all things which the Gospel enjoins as well pleasing in the sight of God. We must "walk by faith;" because faith is led on by love, and is "the substance of things hoped for." We must lean unto hope; because "hope is the anchor of the soul," upon which faith depends; and we must yield ourselves to charity, because "love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." In the broad, full sense in which it is defined and described in the chapter to which our text belongs, we must accord to "that most excellent grace"

the dominion which it claims, and obey the motions of its will : for "the end of the commandment is charity." We must open our hearts to its gracious influence, that it may enter and abide in us. Thus every Christian principle will be ripened into mature development and harmonious action ; all "the fruits of the Spirit," every heavenly grace and virtue, and whatever is requisite to that crowning result which draws to itself our desires and endeavors, "*that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works,*" will be cultivated and live and grow in us, subduing unto itself the indigenous produce of our depraved nature, and covering the surfaces of our life with what is true and honest, what is just and pure, what is lovely and of good report.

"Now abideth charity"—*now*, emphatically. Its home is in the heavenly places, in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens:" but for the accomplishment of its mission upon earth, it dwells amongst us, and its tabernacle is with men.

NOW ABIDETH CHARITY. Let us not lose sight of this central aspect of our subject. Let us remember that *Love*, which is the element of our enjoyment in the future world, hath its commencement first, and to a measurable extent, growth and progression *here*. It enters into the texture of what we are, as the index to what we shall be. Through the agency of faith that worketh by it, having made us the children of God, it ministers to our growth in grace and our procession from strength to strength, renewing us in His image from glory to glory, and advancing us toward that perfection of Divine manhood, "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

It is the sign and mark in man of Divine life : and holds a position of pre-eminence, as the central attribute of our present Christian character, around which, as stars around the source of light, all other gifts and graces of the spiritual life revolve. Dark in themselves, like those lesser lights which deck the material firmament, they shine in their several orbits and make life beautiful, only as Love shines upon them, and as they move in mutual harmony obedient to its supreme control. In divorcement from their subordination to the greater light, and beyond the radiant

circle of its attraction, they are shorn of their reflected glory and pass back into the portion of darkness.

Even FAITH, leaning unto itself, degenerates to superstition, bows to a base servitude, and becomes the minister of sin, "working all uncleanness with greediness." It only operates with an upward tendency, and "adorns the doctrine of God," when it goes forth to its work with charity and becomes "faith that worketh by love."

Nay, even HOPE, in its independent action, dis severed from FAITH and unconstrained by LOVE—like that Son of the morning, who spurned the conditions of his dependent being, and ventured upon the ambitious desire "to have life in himself," and who, from his high place among the children of light, was "brought down to the sides of the pit," and quenched his brightness in "the blackness of darkness forever"—even HOPE, left to itself, reverses the motion of its aspiration to a grovelling preference, and goes on to recklessness under the impulse of its own desires. It only fulfils its office as the light of life and brightener of our being, when it clings to faith and abideth in a living connection with charity. It loses the peerless glory which invests it, when it wanders from its dependent sphere, and "the light that is in it becomes darkness" and a bewildering shadow, "deceiving and being deceived." It is "the anchor of the soul," sure and steadfast when it clings to the Rock of Ages, and imbeds itself in those promises of God which are YEA and AMEN in Christ. But, loosing itself from the constraint of LOVE, and relaxing its hold upon the one Object of FAITH, it mocks the anxious eye of the voyager, and "the earnest expectation of the creature," which it draws to itself in the manifestation of a great deliverance, and sinks as lead in the mighty waters.

"Now," therefore, as of moral necessity, it must—NOW, as of spiritual necessity, it does—"ABIDETH CHARITY." Without it, all other gifts and graces are vain and nothing worth, and stand in the religious account only as dross and tin.

This is a most important consideration; and there grows out of it a wholesome lesson for the present time to learn.

What we need for a harmonious religious development, is less

talk and more action—less ritualism and more earnestness—less “church” and more Gospel—less theology and more LOVE. The prevalent faith of the age, unsettled, wavering, desultory and distracted, is *as it is*, because its reigning spirit has ejected charity. And the only adequate remedy for the existing religious ailment—the only remedy, which, penetrating beyond the superficial symptoms of its aspect, can reach to the inner source of the disease, and restore blooming health and warm-gushing life to the disordered system, is an infusion of that heavenly element of CHARITY which it so sadly lacks. The life of God in the soul of man depends, both for its energies and for its being, upon this supply. It can never thrive upon the dry husks of abstract orthodoxy and theological refinement and religious emotion and ecclesiastical conceit, which have been for long its allotted rations: It must have its meat in due season out of the fulness of God. And that fulness is CHARITY: For “God is LOVE.” Without this, it becomes weak and sick. Without this, it must pine and die.

The practical application which attaches itself to this feature of the subject, has cropped out here and there already in our passing review, and for the most part is apparent to observation. For the remainder, as lying now upon the surface with the conclusion of the whole matter, it suggests itself at once; and the lesson which it teaches is direct and plain. We gather it in a brief survey of that aspect of our text which exhibits “faith, hope, charity, these three” as abiding now *conjunctively*. For thus dwelling together in the bond of a mutual relation and operating their effects in a confluent action, they exemplify an obtaining principle which underlies all other gifts and graces of the Divine life, and upon which the effectual working of each depends. It is in this living coördinate union of the several parts of the religious system, and in their conjunctive action, that the great secret of spiritual growth is bound up. Both the individual believer and the church which is His body, “grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ,” in proportion as their religious history is an exemplification of this fact and an illustration of this principle.

By the same Apostle who hints it in our text, the whole matter

is elsewhere distinctly stated, as entering into the conditions of our growth in grace and in the knowledge of God, till we come unto the measure of the stature of THE PERFECT MAN:—"From whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in LOVE."

This, then, let us remember, and remember again: for we are likely to forget it. In discussing religious matters and defining Christian doctrines, we naturally fall into the scholastic lines; and in the adoption of a peculiar dialect, we are very apt to make use of terms and distinctions which serve to disintegrate and exhibit *apart* what the Revelation of Divine Truth clearly presents in a systematic combination and united shape. Under such a regimen theologies have grown and thriven: but Christianity itself has been dwarfed and starved. Divisions in the system of Christian *doctrine* produce and perpetuate divisions in "the household of faith."

In times when LOVE has waxed cold, and as a consequence upon this, dissensions abound, many, warmed with dogmatic zeal and theological conceit, run up and down and to and fro in quest of orthodoxy. And the zeal of the house eats it up. In an engrossing predilection for *certain parts* of the Christian system, whether catholic or peculiar, the remainder of "the faith once delivered to the saints" is practically discarded and ignored; and in this overmuch attachment to certain *features* of the faith or certain *notions* of the Gospel, the *entireness* of "the truth as it is in Jesus," which is the Gospel *itself*, is "passed by on the other side." The unity of the faith is set at nought, and charity seeks in vain for that in which it rejoiceth. The bond of peace is broken, and controversy comes in 'with his rough voice and unmeek aspect,' and divides the Christian household into rival sections and distinctive classes. Each selects, as the all-in-all for importance, some favorite and peculiar doctrine; invests it, as the theological pet, "with a coat of many colors;" makes a catchword even of its name; and enshrining it in a peculiar dialect, rejoices in that, as the shibboleth of Christianity.

To counterwork this prevalent tendency, which, in a polemical and faithless age, many have realized and more are realizing to their spiritual damage and Christian loss, let us cease from Religionism and cleave to what is of Faith: Let us turn aside from "vain jangling," and "follow after charity which is the bond of perfectness"—in which, as it "now abideth," all that is true and essential and important in opinion and doctrine and practice meets and centres and abides. Under the dominion of LOVE, "the foundation of our faith standeth sure," and the impulses of our hope point in the heavenly direction. The exercises of LOVE constitute a basis of unity in the bond of peace, which is always safe to rest upon; and if we prefer one gift or grace above the others, remembering that "LOVE is of God," let it be always CHARITY, because it is Divine, the greatest and the best. We shall thus be established upon *the Gospel* as a platform; cut loose from an overweening attachment to particular *members* of the body, and fall back upon the body of Christianity ITSELF.

In giving free course to the exercises of this greatest grace, this spirit of the Gospel and of its Author, we shall learn to look rather upon the full-face of Christianity as presented in the Bible, than upon its shifting profile as exhibited in the schools; to sink those minor questions which are not essential to religion, and which a healthful and vigorous action of the Christian life absorbs into itself; to think neither of Paul nor of Apollos, but of THE GOSPEL, which one may have planted and the other watered, but of which only God pours into the heart where love abides and upon the life in which charity abounds, the blessed increase.

While, on the one hand, we see *faith* unduly magnified and the graces and virtues of a holy life, and "the doctrine which is according to godliness," thrust comparatively into the background—as if the body were all eye—or while, on the other hand, we hear the necessity of *good works* enforced, without a corresponding emphasis upon the indispensableness of *faith*—as if the body were all ear—let us side neither to the one nor to the other. In a separate view each is wide of the mark, and disjunctively both are wrong. They are the two scholastic extremes of the time; and, like the poles of the earth, *always cold*.

Let us turn away from each, to those tropical regions of the Gospel which are sunned by the genial influences of the Light of Light, and rest upon CHARITY, in which the two jarring notes of the age are melted and mingled and flow together in harmony; in which faith is the abiding principle and a life that is according to godliness the standing evidence of a state of grace; and without which, in their joint abiding, under the sway of charity, all religious profession is as sounding brass, and all seeming righteousness but a fond conceit and an empty show.

Finally, if we understand the nature of CHARITY; if we appreciate its excellence, and admit the asserted fact of its practical abiding now, we cannot regard with passive indifference, nor in any way apologize for those reigning divisions and dissensions which sear the present religious aspect and so sadly retard the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Christianity, let us remember, is an abiding unity. There is one *Faith*, even as there is one *Lord*. And we know His will who is its Author, that all who profess it should be one. It is the manifest object of CHARITY as it abideth now, to consolidate the Christian elements and make us one. For this, it plies us with its gentle ministry, embracing every doctrine, receiving every truth, practising every virtue, and living and moving and rejoicing in the culture and growth and increase of every grace; adorning the doctrine of God the Saviour in all things; stamping the impress of its influence upon every separate act of life; infusing more and more of its heavenly spirit into ours; moulding into a Divine likeness the elements of human character to hallow it with loveliness; and fulfilling the remainder of its mission in "endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

FINIS.

After the Sermon, the choir sang the following

H Y M N .

Tune—LENOX.

Ye tribes of Adam, join,
 With Heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine,
 To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng		In worlds of light,
Of angels bright,		Begin the song.

The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move,
 By His supreme command.

He spake the word,		From nothing came,
And all their frame		To praise the Lord.

He moved their mighty wheels,
 In unknown ages past ;
 And each his word fulfills,
 While time and nature last.

In different ways,		His wondrous name,
His works proclaim		And speak his praise.

Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above ;
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love.

While earth and sky		His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise,		His honors high.

Then followed a speech from Rev. Anson S. Atwood, of Mansfield Center, Conn., a native of Woodbury, in reply to the sentiment, "The Early Clergy of Ancient Woodbury," nearly as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN :—I am called upon to occupy the place of another, who has disappointed us—not to fill the gap, *that* I cannot do. I stand here at a short notice, and with no other claim than that I was born in this town, my ancestors sleep here, and I represent in person a *permanent ministry* of forty years, and I come to speak a few words on the ground of a *permanent ministry* in this homestead of our Fathers.

The sentiment to which I am to respond is, "The early clergy of

ancient Woodbury." A noble theme—a rich text, and should the exegesis, the commentary on it, entirely fail, you and I shall have the mutual satisfaction left us, that the *text* remains still in all its beauty and loveliness in the character and lives of the departed. Hold fast the sacred, the precious treasure. It belongs to you and yours as the rightful possessors, to be read, studied and loved in all coming time.

Zechariah Walker was the first Pastor of Ancient Woodbury. It is a good name—*Zechariah*—it is a Bible name, and he was a Bible man. The church was organized in 1670, and he assumed the pastorate. And if tradition tells the truth, and the little of history that has come down to us, may be credited, he is not to be numbered among the *minor* prophets of his day and placed on the last leaves of the Bible. He was not an ordinary man, but made of sterner stuff—a man for the times and the work Providence had for him to do; every way worthy to be the minister of that little adventurous band, who came from Stratford to explore and seek a home in the wilderness of Pomperaug; and when they reached the elevation of that western summit, and had gazed and gazed again upon the valley, the object of their search, reposing at their feet in all its primitive beauty and loveliness, they fell on their knees in gratitude to return thanks to God, and John Minor offered that memorable prayer, which your own historian has recorded—a prayer for a divine blessing on their enterprise, and that they might have an upright and godly posterity in all coming generations. A prayer that has proved well nigh prophetic for ten generations of the descendants of some of these pioneers.

Yes, Zechariah Walker was fitted for such an enterprise, casting in his lot with theirs, comforting and cheering them on in their toils, labors, sacrifices and perils in the wilderness, in laying the foundation of a new order of things.

For a few of the first years of his ministry, the place of worship in the winter was the log cabins of his parishioners; in the summer, the *Bethel* rock was his sanctuary and altar, the beat of the drum his bell, the heavens his sound-board, his chorister unknown, but perched on a rocky eminence might be seen the sentinel watching the approach of danger, while they bowed the knee of devotion before God. There, in the solitude of the forest, the glad tidings of the gospel were heard by attentive ears, and the songs of Zion were sung by strong and joyful hearts.

History says of him, that he had a sound mind, was a powerful and pungent preacher, that he lived in harmony with his people

thirty years, died beloved, and sleeps in death with those to whom he ministered.

Anthony Stoddard followed in the pastorate in 1702. A part of his name *Roman*, but all the rest of him was *Stoddard*, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; and he had a brave, strong, Christian heart, that beat full and clear, as it sent out its pulsations through all the channels of the duties of his sacred office. Who was his father? Whence came he? We have the answer. He had an enviable descent, from one of the ablest divines New England had raised on her soil. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, Mass., was that father, who had few equals, if any superior, in the ministry of that day. He was of a liberal heart, and he gave to the cause of Christ some *large donations*. He had a daughter, Esther, much beloved, and he gave her away to be the wife of the Rev. Timothy Edwards, of East Windsor, Conn., and the mother of the immortal Jonathan Edwards. He had a son, Anthony, equally beloved, and he gave him to Ancient Woodbury.

This son honored his parentage. His intellect and furniture of mind were of a high order; and one would think from the amount of labor he performed, his mind must have been kept from rusting. He must have had almost a giant's strength, to have, in no unimportant sense, discharged the duties of *three* professions: that of a pastor, a physician, and a councillor or judge, while, it is said, he neglected no part of the duties of the ministry. It was from a necessity of the times that all these labors devolved upon him. It must be remembered, that education was almost entirely with and in the hands of ministers in the early infancy of our colonial State. Hence, they had to do many things that belong to other professions. To teach school-masters, and fit them for their work, draw deeds, wills, keep records, and even be judges, in some cases, of probate. Many of these burdensome duties pressed upon Stoddard, but he met them cheerfully, manfully devoting soul and body and every energy of his being to the advancement of the best interests of his flock, temporal and eternal, and not without blessed results. A long, prosperous and happy ministry of sixty years crowned his labors. The divine approbation set its seal to his ministry, in permitting him to see almost constant additions to the church through the whole period of his ministry, numbering in all four hundred and seventy-four persons.

At an advanced age, having served his generation faithfully, he came to the grave, "as a shock of corn fully ripe," and his record is on high.

Noah Benedict, the third pastor of Ancient Woodbury, was ordained October 22, 1760. We now come within the recollection of living witnesses, to speak of a man whose name is hallowed in the memories of many who have gone before me. You remember him well—remember him as you remember no other minister you ever knew, and loved him as you never loved any other man. Nor can I think you wrong in it. My earliest years were impressed with the godliness, purity and excellency of his character, as I heard it from parental lips with so much adoration and veneration, that I came to feel, long before I knew him, that he was something more than a man. And I am not alone in this impression. I have heard grave and venerable men, in the profession and out of it, say of him, that “he was born a minister, lived a minister, died a minister; and could not, if he would, have been anything else but a minister;” a minister at all times, in all circumstances, in the pulpit and out of the pulpit—a *noble* minister—a Nathaniel indeed, in whom there was no guile.

There are three men, of the good and the great that I have known, that I would like much to hear pray again, of all men I ever heard pray, if they might come back to the world for a brief space. Noah Benedict, his Deacon, Matthew Minor, and Azel Backus. They are better employed. I recall my impertinent wish.

The venerated pastor of whom I am speaking, and Benjamin Wildman of Southbury, were near neighbors, and long tried and intimate friends; very different were they in natural temperament and ministerial gifts and graces. I remember an anecdote I heard in my youth, illustrative of the two men. Said one of their brethren, who well knew them both and their different gifts, in a circle of Christian friends on a certain occasion, “Give me Benedict to pray, Wildman to preach, and I get as near to God and Heaven as I ever expect to while in the body.”

Amiable, dignified, prudent, godly, a sound divine, a solemn preacher, a wise counselor, he stood high in the esteem of all that knew him. His, too, was a long and useful life. It closed in peace after a pastorate of fifty-three years, and having gathered into the communion of the church 272 members. Good men carried him to his burial and wept on his grave.

And who is it that I see in this chair? My worthy and much esteemed friend and class-mate, Nathaniel Benedict Smith. I remember he is the son of honorable parentage. On the one hand, descended from a father that dignified the bench of justice in our State with

singular ability and grace ; on the other hand, that he is the grandson of Noah Benedict, whose blood flows warm in his veins to-day. I behold in you, sir, *Church* and *State* happily united. Whatever honors may have alighted on your head, and whatever may come after, this is a proud day in the history of your life. It has honor enough for one day.

The sentiment, "The clergy of Ancient Woodbury," is not exhausted, but time fails me. The rest of the list of these worthies, I must hastily group together, with only a passing notice. Of these, may be named, John R. Marshall, John Graham, Thos. Canfield, Reuben Judd, Daniel Brinsmade, Jeremiah Day, the father of a son of the same name, the ex-President of Yale College, whom a thousand pupils in the land rise up to-day to call blessed, were settled over churches within the limits of Woodbury. Of them it may be said, they did a good work for Christ.

Last, but not *least*, were the two first pastors of Bethlehem, Joseph Bellamy and Azel Backus. Both living lights in their day. Dr. Bellamy was truly a great man in the pulpit and out of it. His person and his eloquence were attractive and commanding, and when warmed up by his subject, he carried his audience whither he would, and such a torrent of truth would at times burst forth, that it seemed as if "the foundations of the great deep had broken up."

At the age of *thirty*, only a few years after the "Great Awakening" of 1740, in which he labored abundantly wherever there was an opportunity, he produced that masterly work, "True Religion Delineated," that gained him celebrity on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the best books in the English language *on that subject* ever written. His works and his ability to defend the truth and demolish the error, have never been doubted, and his name will live in all coming time, while God's Law is honored on earth and a free and full salvation is preached to men.

No wonder his successor in the pastorate of the church of Bethlehem should feel a deep anxiety for the approval and success of his ministry, as indeed he did. His inquiry of the colored man of the parish, how his ministry was received, showed this. The answer was, "Master Backus, be very good man—preach very well, but no make God half so great as Dr. Bellamy." The colored man showed his training and improvement under the Greater Master in Israel. But had he lived a few years longer, he might have seen that the mantle of Elijah had fallen on Elisha.

What a record this, to embalm in our memories and in our gratitude for our homestead and our mother, of a history of 143 years of a successful, permanent, and happy ministry, crowned with the blessing of God. Ps. xlviii. 12, 14.

Let God and not man have all the glory. These all died in faith, and have received the reward of, "*Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of your Lord.*"

Then followed a volunteer speech from Rev. Thomas L. Shipman, of Jewett City, Conn., on "THE DEPARTED CLERGY OF THE PRESENT GENERATION," as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: I must occupy your attention but a moment at this hour. Give me a fair field and I am a match for my predecessor in the gift of continuance. Let me tell a story. Good Brother Brown, of Oxford, now gone to his rest, came up to my house once, on his way to "Ministers' Meeting," early Monday evening. We talked till twelve, and then I held the candle for him an hour. Our conversation was interrupted by "Ministers' Meeting," on Tuesday and Wednesday. We returned Wednesday evening, so late that he concluded to pass the night. Thursday morning, after breakfast, we resumed conversation, till the family began to set the table for dinner. "Upon my word," said he, "is it noon? I intended to have gone home." "You won't go now till after dinner." After dinner we resumed conversation till four o'clock; he suddenly started. "I must go, for I have a meeting this evening." "If you must go, I will get your horse." I led the horse to the door. He stood with his foot on the step of his carriage a moment, when he spoke: "I must go, but Brother Shipman, *I want to come up and have some conversation with you.*"

Having spent the best part of my life within the limits of ancient Woodbury, I esteem it a very kind Providence that I am permitted to be an eye and ear witness of civic and sacred services so full of interest to all the sons of Woodbury, both native and adopted. The grateful privilege is given me of recalling the names of some of the departed clergy of the present generation, who fulfilled their ministry mainly, if not wholly, within the bounds of Litchfield South Association. There is *Hart*, with his keen and piercing eye, his ready wit, and severe logic; there is *Griswold*,

with his commanding form and sonorous voice, ever prepared to insinuate Hart's logic with the witchery of his eloquence. *Harrison*, so gifted by nature that he needed not the adventitious aid of a college diploma. *Andrew*, to whom might be extended what was said of Roger Sherman, "A man that never spoke a foolish word," one of the purest spirits that earth ever gave to heaven. *Brownell*, of different natural temperament, but equally an earnest preacher and faithful pastor, though "dead, he yet speaketh." *Gelston*, having his conversation in the world in simplicity and godly sincerity, and keeping the "even tenor of his way," to a good old age. *Butterfield*, his name is as ointment poured forth, and to mention no more, *Smith*, my nearest neighbor, I seem to feel the beatings of his warm heart while I speak; his sun went down while it was yet day, but it went down to him in brighter heavens. Precious men of God. We enjoyed their friendship while living, we will cherish the memory of their virtues now that they are dead. I met Mr. Boardman, of New Preston, several years after he had left the country. I said to him, "Mr. Boardman, have you found another Litchfield South?" "No, and no other man ever found but one Litchfield South." I partly believe it, wholly this side of the river. The people of this region, "to the manor born"—descendants of the old Puritan stock, give strangers, whether clerical or laical, their confidence cautiously, but when they have given it, they grapple you with "hooks of steel." But I must not detain you. The old Spartans were brief in speech, men of deeds rather than words. Hence, our word laconic, from their Laconia, a word which I greatly fear will have in the next edition of Goodrich's Webster, appended to it, *obsolete*, unless one of those "inconsistent"* Atwoods saves it at the death. That *I* may honor this Spartan virtue, I will close, simply expressing my gratitude for the past history of Woodbury, and as the best wish of my heart, that her sons in all future time may prove worthy of their ancient sires.

The exercises of the forenoon were closed by the following Address delivered in behalf of the Old Pioneer Church, by Deacon Truman Minor, of Woodbury.

"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."—*Luke 16 : 8.*

BRETHREN: We live in an era which is peculiar for eulogies and praises bestowed on almost every service done to our State and coun-

* In allusion to Mr. Bacon's portraiture of the Atwoods.

try. Every gift and talent thus employed is cheered in trumpet tones from the capital of our confederacy to the extremity of our territories, proclaiming the deeds of those that have lived and now live. Assemblies are convened, resolutions are passed, monuments erected; they are seen on Groton Heights and Bunker Hill, and on Roxbury slopes; they are designed as so many sparkling stars to proclaim the daring deeds of American heroes. Sculpture now comes forward to the rescue, and carves in solid marble the forms and features of those that have been honored and applauded by the men of the world. Atheneums are built, the relics of antiquity are gathered and stored. The camp-chair of him, once the terror of all Europe, is sought and obtained. Bricks from Nineveh are transported. Hartford oaks are immortalized, and fragments of it introduced into the parlors of the fashionable and great, all for the purpose of handing down to posterity the names and deeds of men, not more exemplary in their lives than were the Twelve Apostles, nor more benevolent in their deeds, or patient in suffering, or forbearing an insult, or more inclined to bridle their tongues for fear of giving offence; and yet they are more often quoted and boasted of as the wonder of the world, and so many radiating points that should attract every mortal eye and claim an adoring prayer from every one that passes by, exclaiming: "These be thy gods, O Israel! that brought thee up out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage." And yet, brethren, these are all proper in their place; they have their respective claims, and, so far as we should, we are ready to pay them our respect and sincere homage; we honor those men, we admire their philanthropy, we mark the patriotism which characterize their lives. Brethren, there is still a set of objects and men that have more attracted our attention, nearly eclipsed our vision—men and objects for which we have the highest personal respect, whose memory and moral worth should be embalmed in the heart and practiced in the life of each member of the old honored Pioneer Church forever. Men that entered into covenant with God and one another, and took their lives in their hands and left Egypt and came up into this once wide howling wilderness to plant a Church, surrounded with beasts and savages more wild and ferocious than the lions and Hotentots of Africa. Here in this pleasant valley and mountain fastnesses, they commended themselves and their cause to God; they came here under the guide and direction of the Divine hand, in the possession of the promise: "Lo, I am with you alway even unto the end." They came with a charge superior to that given

by the Elders of Israel to Boaz and Ruth saying, "Be fruitful and multiply, and let your seed possess the gates of their enemies." They have been fruitful and obedient, they have driven out the heathen, their enemies, and have taken possession of the land which the Lord their God gave them. Their children have multiplied. Lift up your eyes, my brethren, and see what mean these hallowed domes, these public altars on which the fires of devotion have for generations burnt. A little one has, under the blessing of God, almost become a nation. Go with me up and down these valleys, and over these hills, and behold these their covenant children, the legitimate offspring of a covenant wedlock. These ecclesiastical societies, these orthodox churches, are the fruits which the *Old Pioneer* has borne. The Second Congregational Church in this town is but the other half of ourselves. The Episcopal Church here is one of our junior brethren. The Methodist Church is one of our younger, tender sisters; the Church in Southbury is Reuben, the first born, the beginning of strength. The Church of Bethlem is a son of the royal family; the Churches of Washington and South Farms are of kindred blood; the Churches of Watertown, Middlebury, Roxbury, South Britain and a part of Oxford, are the spiritual children of the sacramental pair.

Mr. President, and Brethren, I said in my commencement that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light;" this ought not so to be. It is time for the Church to assert her right to her own sons, and exercise her power. Her worldly competitors should not pluck the laurels from her brow and bear them away in triumph! What if we cannot, as do they, boast an uncouth Putnam, or an Ethan Allen, who demanded the surrender of a fort commanded and defended by British foes, with a roughness and profanity that would chill the blood in the veins of the Puritan Fathers, and make the cheek of modesty turn pale:—yet we *can* speak of important service done by the sons of the church to our country. We can boast of their demanding the surrender of a fort in this once wilderness, commanded by old Apollyon and garrisoned by fallen angels, where, in the midst of their fiendish games and their revelry, were heard ever and anon the yell, the savage cry, and the war-whoop. A demand, not like Allen's, made in the name of a Continental Congress, but from higher authority, in the name of Heaven's Imperial King, did those dauntless soldiers of the cross press, till these sons of perdition were compelled to come out of their wretched dens, and, like the regulars of old, harmlessly gnash their teeth on their victors, and as they retired, break up their arms on the

stumps and stones in their way. Had I the strength and the power, I would raise my voice to thunder-tones, and from pole to pole proclaim these men and their deeds immortal. We stand here to-day, my brethren, in these mountain gorges, the representatives of a church and a race of men of whom the world was not worthy. What if they did wander about a while in sheeps' skins and goats' skins, afflicted, tormented? They bore the marks of Heaven's high approval; they held in their hands a bond for a deed of the land of Canaan. All along the banks of the river of life these men made fast to the rock of ages by the everlasting couplings of a Heaven-imparted faith, secured thereto by the Omnipotent strength of a God-sustaining covenant. They outrode the storms and changes of mortal years, and are now safely gathered in the Paradise above.

But I forbear. The current of my feelings has drawn me out into deep water, beyond the seaworthiness of my boat. I will now return to those families as they came up from Stratford, or "Egypt," as I have called it. Those families brought up the ark, the tabernacle, and the testimony. It was of Divine direction that some order be preserved in the moving, the setting up, and the taking down of the tabernacle; its boards, tenons and furniture. To effect this it was necessary to make a selection from those families. This was done, and the family of the MINORS was taken. Some name by lot must be chosen, and the name of JOHN was taken. And now, Mr. President, and Brethren, we can with truth say of this man, he was faithful in all his house; he was faithful to the trusts committed to his charge; he was a man of faith and of prayer; he trusted in the covenant mercy of a covenant-keeping God, who has said: "I will be a God to thee, and thy seed after thee." That promise has not yet failed. God has not left him without a man of his own name and blood, for one hundred and ninety years, to serve at the table and tabernacle of his and their covenant Lord. Here is the furniture* which he and they have kept and handled. In these did he bear to their brethren and sisters the emblems of the body and blood of their common Redeemer. From these have they communed with God and one another. Hallowed remembrances! Glorious keepsakes! Let them linger around our memories; let them be bound to our hearts forever; let them, and the elements they bear, serve as a golden chain to bind us to God and each other; and had not God, in his inscrutable providence, moved our respected and learned *Historian* †

* The furniture presented to view.

† W. Cothren, Historian of Woodbury.

to take up the wondrous tale of these and the old Pioneer Church history, it would doubtless have remained in darkness and forgetfulness forever. I might speak of the succession of officers in this Church, bearing the name of MINOR; I might tell you of SAMUEL, of JEHU, of JONAH, of CLEMENT, of JOSIAH, of MATTHEW, of SETH; these men were renowned for their piety, some of them peculiarly so for their heavenly mindedness, their self-denial, their watchfulness and prayerfulness, their strictness in conversation on the Sabbath, their entire reservedness in word and action on that holy day; their punctuality in the house of God, and their attendance on all the means of grace; their reading and their familiarity with the Scriptures; their strict honesty between man and man; their law-abiding reverence of those set in authority over them; the utter impossibility of bribing them to do evil; their absolute hatred of all that was wrong; their readiness to give and receive of the things that were good; their tenderness and teachableness; in a word, for all that makes up the Christian character in fallen man. Among these mighty men in the Scriptures, perhaps none were more so than the late Dea. MATTHEW MINOR—he had read the Scriptures through by course *sixty times*! He was as familiar with them as the scholar is with his nouns and pronouns; the Bible was his constant companion—he carried it into the field; its sacred pages were his delight. He would often exclaim, “Oh, how love I thy law! it is daily my delight: I esteem thy precepts more than my necessary food.” Brethren, although the mighty have fallen, the weapons of their warfare have not perished—they are still mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds. Shall the mantle of such men fall to the ground? Will we not emulate these men? Shall the glory depart? Shall *Ichabod* be written upon us? Shall the house of Eli be cut off here? God forbid! Let us feel to-day, my brethren, that we are covenant children. We are the circumcised of the Lord, the promises are ours, they were made to our fathers and their children. We are a peculiar people—a royal priesthood—a holy nation; and we do to-day acknowledge God before this assembly as the Author of our adoption; we here avouch the Lord Jehovah to be our God, as he has been the God of our fathers. He has shown himself a covenant-keeping God. He gave our fathers and us faithful teachers, godly pastors, holy men, who wrestled like Jacob and prevailed like Israel; they were the anointed of the Lord; the holy anointing oil was upon them; like Aaron, the priest, they wore the breastplate of righteousness before the Lord, on which was engraven the names of the twelve covenant

sons of Jacob—a Heaven-appointed token of mercy to us and our children. Those men have stood between the living and the dead; they have turned away wrath from the people; they have been faithful watchmen, trumpets of a certain sound, that men might prepare themselves for the battle! they were instant in season and out of season; they shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God, whether men would hear or forbear. Among the worthies that have prevailed to turn away wrath from our fathers and us, as a covenant people, are the Reverend names of WALKER, of STODDARD, of BENEDICT—of whom it was said, as of the prophet Jeremiah, that he was born holy; of STRONG, his successor, I shall say but little. His ministry was short. He thought to teach the inhabitants of the old town a new theology, which consisted in the amalgamation of sheep, and fowls, and swine—a mixture of warp and woof, all contrary to the law and the commandment, which says: “Thou shalt not sow thy fields with divers kinds of seed.” The other men in the pastoral office have been worthy of their predecessors, of whom was the Rev. Mr. ANDREW, Rev. Mr. CURTIS, and Rev. Mr. WILLIAMS, our present beloved and esteemed pastor. Such have been the fathers’ and the children’s pastors and teachers. We have, my brethren, been dandled in the lap of piety; we have been trained in the school of the prophets; we have been brought up, like Paul, at the feet of Gamaliel;—may we show ourselves worthy of our noble sires and our holy training.

One word more, Mr. President, in relation to the MINOR family, and I have done. It has been tauntingly said that nothing could be *scored* or hewed from that name but *Deacon* timber. Sir, I glory in the reproach, yet I deny the charge. There have been men of this name and race that have filled important offices in the land; one has received the highest gift of the people of this State—he has filled the Executive chair for two successive years, and filled it honorably; the taunt is therefore groundless.

But I am admonished that it is time, high time, for me to close. I will do so, in one word. And now, sir, let mine be the shame, and let it be the shame of my children, if shame it be, that they and I have lived and died the God-appointed, God-accepted, man-approved DEACONS of the OLD PIONEER CHURCH.

After another re-union at the refreshment tents, the booming cannon, and the music of the Band, again called the delighted multitude to the Speakers’ tent, where the exercises of the last afternoon were

opened, on the part of the choir, by singing with hearty joy, the following

O D E.

BY WILLIAM COTHREN.

Air—"Sweet Home."

Thrice welcome the day which now brings to the mind,
The deeds of our fathers, so noble and kind;
An incense of sweetness breathes out on the air,
The incense of welcome, the incense of prayer.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
No place like our firesides,
No place like our homes.

The earth has grown old for full many a year,
Since the people of God came to worship Him here;
And the graves are moss-grown of the sturdy old stock,
Who prayed in their Bethel, the shade of the Rock.
Home, &c.

Oh! shades of the mighty, most faithful of men,
Will the meed of your virtues e'er greet us again?
A halo of glory surrounds each fair brow,
Which shall shine in yon Heaven forever as now.
Home, &c.

Then followed a speech in reply to the Sentiment, "THE EARLY LAWYERS OF ANCIENT WOODBURY," by Hon. Seth P. Beers, of Litchfield, Conn., a native of Woodbury, which is as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—In the order of exercises arranged for this afternoon, we were to have been favored with an address by John Lorimer Graham, Esq., of New York, on "THE EARLY LAWYERS OF ANCIENT WOODBURY." In the absence of Mr. Graham, I am kindly requested to occupy the time assigned to him in such remarks as I may deem appropriate to the occasion.

In meeting the call thus made upon me, it cannot be expected that I should occupy *the ground* allotted to him, for the subject matter requires some previous preparation. Nevertheless, while expressing my regret that this interesting feature of our commemoration should be passed by without that proper notice which your Committee contemplated, I will so far step into the gap, as to notice and relate an anecdote of the *earliest Lawyer in Woodbury*. Till about a century ago—whether there were occasion for it before, I cannot say—the

ancient town was not *blessed* with the services of a resident Lawyer. Its first legal practitioner was *Hezekiah Thompson, Esq.*, who came here about 1757, and built a house in the south part of the town, which he occupied till his death. This house is still owned by his descendants.

He was a sound lawyer, an able advocate, and withal a man of strict integrity, and a peace-maker. He was distinguished also in his time as a man of wit and humor. The anecdote I propose to relate, will show this.

A person from abroad called on Mr. T., introducing himself as a *relative*. After canvassing the genealogy, the relationship was found to be very remote, and Mr. T. was quite disposed to turn a cold shoulder upon his country cousin. The visitor continued his stay, accompanying his host wherever he went, whether invited or not, till his presence became irksome, and the good lawyer determined to shake him off. Meeting one of his neighbors, he introduced his visitor as a relative. The neighbor inquired whether he was brother, or uncle, or nephew, or cousin. "Nearer than that," replied the squire. "From the best information I can gather from him, I find that my grandfather mended a side-saddle for his grandmother." This indefinite hint was definitely taken, and the country cousin made a speedy exit.

Recurring now, Mr. President, to the broad provisions of your invitation, I hardly know what to begin with. Almost every topic appropriate to the occasion has been anticipated and exhausted in the very interesting and elaborate historical address to which we listened yesterday. I am left, therefore, to glean in a very limited and exhausted field, or to seek in some private nook of it which may have escaped the vigilance of those who have preceded me, materials for the few remarks which are asked from me.

Though we have been invited here to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the exploration of "Ancient Woodbury," I presume we are not expected to roam over the whole of that inclusive period, but may be allowed to confine ourselves to events within a much shorter space of time. I must presume upon it, that so long as what I may have to say has a *historical* reference, I am free to select my ground, and occupy it pretty much as I choose.

Under this impression, in the few plain remarks which I propose to submit, I shall confine myself to a term of time *within the memory of men now living*—a period which embraces events as important as any which have accrued within these two centuries.

I go back to *seventy-eight years ago* ; and from that stand-point glance over the succeeding time.

What great and notable events have occurred in our country within this space of a man's life ! It has witnessed the organization of our American Republic, and its happy settlement under the architect of its Independence. It has seen that greatest among great men, the illustrious WASHINGTON, with his successors in the Presidency, ADAMS, JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, and others highly distinguished, who have come in their places, gathered to their fathers. It has seen the brilliant career of such eminent men as Jay, Franklin, Marshall, Clay, Webster, and many other distinguished men of whom this nation has reason to be proud, begun and ended. It has seen the progress of our country from feebleness to strength, and from comparative insignificance to importance among the nations. It has seen villages grown into cities, and territories ripened into States—our western wilderness subdued by the enterprise of industry, and become the granary of the world. It has witnessed an era in the annals of popular education unparalleled in the history of the world. *What has it not seen ?*

Within this period of seventy-eight years there have come into use *Canals, Steam Engines, Railroads, Telegraphs*, and (almost) *a trans-Atlantic Cable*. This space of seventy-eight years has been fruitful of great events—of events more important to the welfare of this nation, than any which have occurred since the landing of our forefathers upon this continent.

And yet on the 1st day of July, 1781—or, (if I may be allowed the three days of grace to which the most simple mercantile instrument is entitled,) I will say seventy-eight years ago on the *fourth* of July, an event occurred, *more important to him who now addresses you*, than any other which has taken place during the whole period.

WHAT WAS IT ?

In yonder mansion, late the residence of the much lamented and Hon. Charles B. Phelps, on the first *fourth* day of July, 1781, was found *puling in its nurse's arms, a CHILD*—now, the humble individual who addresses a generation that knew not Joseph. Such is the record in his grandmother's Bible, and who claims to question the authenticity of such documentary evidence, whether in the text or notes ? In the text of that sacred book you will find from whence (through his grandfather, *Seth Preston*,) that child derived his christian name ; and although the original possessor of the name lived

nine hundred and twelve of what was then called years, and though some of my good friends suppose that I have a perpetual lease of life,—I assure them that my lease has already expired, and I am now only an occupant upon sufferance.

My coming hither to-day, seems a completion of the circle of my life. It brings me round to the point whence I started, and connects the termination of the line with its beginning; amid the scenery of my early days the experiences of my early life come back to me.

And now while here, a *reminiscent*, with the aid of objects around me, which call to mind the early events of a life which must soon terminate, and of which the present generation possesses little if any knowledge, my thoughts naturally linger upon that early portion of my life, which was passed in this my birth-place.

Whatever opinions may be entertained by others on this subject, so far as it respects myself, there is no part of my life to which I recur with greater satisfaction, or of which I am more proud, than the first chapter of my history. It would deface the rest, if that were obliterated from the account. Some person has said, (I don't remember who—but am willing to stand sponsor to the sentiment,) "*the best and most important section of every man's life is its first.*" I go back, therefore, to my *best*, and begin with the beginning.

I can say of myself, that I am "native and to the manor born;" and if I am entitled to indulgence anywhere, for lingering upon personal details, I may fairly claim it here. As no person will be likely to undertake my biography, I may as well, perhaps, do it myself. The first twenty years of my life were passed in this, my birth-place; and I shall only sketch this quarter of it, as belonging to the town.

My father, in right of my mother, possessed what was considered a handsome estate, in those early days. When I was yet a boy, by losses on Continental bills and mercantile misfortunes, he became what might be fairly called a *poor man*. I may say, therefore, that *self-reliance* was my birth-right. It has often been my boast, that I am descended from *a long line of illustrious tailors*; and in my early career in this latitude, I so far followed in the footsteps of my illustrious ancestry as to attain some knowledge in the mystery and craft of needle and thread—an acquaintance which has been of great service to me through life, especially in those twenty-five years of it which were devoted to the service of the State in travelling through New England and the West. And had a certain distinguished functionary in a sister State possessed the early advantages which I enjoyed

in this respect, his government would probably have never been saddled with that notable charge of *fifty cents for mending his inexpressibles*.

I remember also to have served a temporary apprenticeship with a silversmith, whose shop stood just north of the Episcopal Church. It is not unlikely that I should have gone on to eminence in this sterling trade had I persevered in it; but a mishap turned the current of my life. In an evil hour, as I was pouring some molten brass into a wet mould, my eyes became thoroughly closed for several months—and ever after, upon that avocation.

Like all New England boys, who are bred to face the world, I learned the several mysteries of farming, gardening, store keeping, and “doing chores,” and I think I may say it, without boasting, I acquitted myself in all with honor, if not distinction.

When I look on those rocks and mountains at the East, and upon Bare-Hill in the West, they stand associated with recollections of my boyhood in Woodbury—I remember with the vividness as of yesterday, when, in the autumn and winter, with my box traps, I caught two or three rabbits a night, and when, at the close of the trapping season, I marched proudly with my furs to John Clarke, the Hatter. And even in the height of his prosperity, John Jacob Astor never returned from Columbia river to the New York market with his cargo of furs, more elated with success, than I, with my cargo under my arm, to the Pomperaug market.

In gazing upon these mountains and wooded hills, (about the only things around me which continue as they were,) I remember, and it is a pleasant recollection—of having cut and drawn home upon my hand-sled, both from the East Rock, and from Bare-Hill, numerous loads of fire-wood. Thus industrious habits and an active life, coupled with that self-dependence which I learned as an early lesson, enabled me to face my destiny, and to work my way in the world with a fair measure of success.

With the aid and instruction of the best of mothers, and with such educational facilities as the neighborhood afforded, at an early period I entered a COLLEGE, where in a few short years. I was prepared for my future life, and *graduated with due honors*.

Do you inquire, what was the name of this College—where it was located—and who was its President? Its catalogue, I believe, was never published—or if published, it was like other things of that sort, *in an unknown tongue*. When translated into our modern phrase, it would be called THE PEOPLE’S COLLEGE. Its President in my day was Lemuel Reed. The College edifice, which was about

fifteen feet square, more or less, (probably the latter,) was located on the side of the street below us, nearly in front of your historian's residence. After finishing my course at a "Select School" for a short time, I entered the family of Hon. Nathan Preston, where I remained for five years; and your town and Probate records from 1796 to 1801 will furnish you some standing testimonies in black and white, that I rendered the town and its officers some service before I left it.

While in the family of Judge Preston, I read law under Noah B. Benedict, Esq., for about a year, when I emigrated to Litchfield, and there, in the office of Ephraim Kirby, Esq., and of Judge Reeve, completed my legal studies, and was admitted to the Bar in 1805.

As to the subsequent lines of my history, and the record of some things that I have *done*—but not of much that I have *said*, (for I have, especially in modern times, been more of an *acting* than a *talk-ing* man,) behold they are written in the book of *Cothren*, your Historian.

Thus at the risk of worrying your patience, and of incurring the charge of egotism, I have run over that portion of my history which, including the first twenty years of my life, was passed in this my native town, and properly belongs to it.

And now after the lapse of nearly threescore years since my emigration, I return to the home of my youth, and find myself for the most part, a stranger among strangers. I can recognize only here and there a familiar countenance in this spacious sea of faces; and there are very few in this multitude of the sons and daughters of Woodbury, who recognize me.

And now in conclusion, permit me to inquire:

Where are my cotemporaries?

Where are my class-mates of the Pomperaug College?

Where are the twenty-two students of that sister College, which stood at the base of Masonic-Hall-Rock, in which I was preferred to a tutorship in 1798? Your worthy President is the only one now present.

Where are the thirteen young lads, of whom I was one, who in 1796 planted a liberty-pole on that same rock, and celebrated the twentieth anniversary of our National Independence? Here is the original list of their names in my hand, with the bill of expenses amounting to 5s. 2d., sterling.

Where are the eighteen young ladies, who, with those young men on the evening of that day, more than sixty years ago, attended the

Ball at Cunningham's Hall? From the original list before me, not one appears to be present.

Where are the many friends and acquaintances whom I left here in 1801?

With the exception of the *Minors*, *Judsons*, and *Atwoods*, who are stereotyped in the town's accounts, where are the ancient families of Ancient Woodbury?

I can answer as to my own family, who were all here in force when I emigrated, that the name of BEERS has become extinct in the town; and all that now remains here of the Beers blood has flowed back into a branch of my mother's family, and the name is lost in that of PRESTON.

The annals of my father's family are for the most part to be found upon the monuments in yonder grave-yard. With the exception of myself, the solitary remainder of a generation that has passed away, and a few descendants of my sister, all are gone. Having reached that extreme point in human life which is close upon fourscore years, though still in the enjoyment of health and strength, and hardly feeling in its full weight the burden of my years—for which I bless God, and am thankful,—I cannot but feel that my coming hither on this occasion is as a bringing together the two ends of the line, and a making up of the circle of my history.

FAREWELL.

“THE EARLY PHYSICIANS OF ANCIENT WOODBURY,” by David B. W. Hard, M. D., of Bethlem, Conn.

It is a very pleasant thing to pass in review, a succession of kind and benevolent deeds. And if the aspect of human suffering is not agreeable to look upon; yet the efforts made by the benevolent, the kind hearted, and the capable, to mitigate and relieve it, draw involuntarily from the human heart, the aspiration, God bless you!

Such has always been the mission of the physician in ancient times, as well as at the present. But the matter uppermost in our minds to-day is, those ancient men who first peopled this pleasant valley, and who, by degrees, pushed their homes as so many out-posts, among these loveliest of New England hills.

“The early physicians of Ancient Woodbury,” is the sentiment just announced in our hearing, and I now purpose making a few observations respecting them.

And I will remark here, that it is to be regretted that there is so little of their particular and individual history left remaining to us.

I have lately made some search in this direction, but without much result. The printed page of their history is brief and general, and oral tradition, which was so rich a store, has within the last ten or twelve years, been almost wholly lost, owing to the successive removal from among us of those old men who had it in their keeping. The current of time has swept it away from us ; but like as other currents that once existed in the natural world, in a former age, long since past, have left behind them their history sculptured in the bosom of the living rock ; so with these men, their history as it has been passing from among us, has worn for itself channels in our memories, which will not be easily effaced. If their particular and individual history is somewhat obscure, their general history remains, and it is of this I shall speak.

Intimately associated with my earliest remembrance, are certain names, which when spoken in my hearing, always at that time impressed me with the profoundest degree of veneration and respect. These were the names of certain physicians, who once lived within the ancient limits of this town ; and truly may it be said of them, " that a man's works follow him ;" for such is the repute they have left behind them, it would clearly indicate that one of two things must be true, either that they were greatly over-rated, or they were truly men of enlarged and elevated attainments in their profession.

If we concede it to be a fact, that the cotemporaries of these men were their best judges, and that that judgment has been expressed in the traditionary history that has come down to us, then we have unqualified assurance, that as physicians, these men ranked in their profession among the first and chiefest men in the Colony or State.

In reviewing their history, we find them prominently employed in the public offices of the town ; forward and public spirited during the revolutionary struggle ; elected to the office of surgeon in the army, and discharging the duties of this office with untiring fidelity, to a degree that attracted the attention of the commander-in-chief, so that on some of them, Washington bestowed tokens of his special approbation ; and in their public, as well as their private calling, these men seem to have filled to the full, the measure of their useful lives.

From the best sources of information extant, it would appear that no physician accompanied the first settlers in the valley of the Pomperaug, and how soon one may have arrived afterward, does not appear. The earliest date of such physician's residence here, set down in Cothren's History of Woodbury, is 1701. And it would appear from

whatever information I can gather, touching this matter, that the first settlers resided here without a competent medical adviser, for a period of about twenty years. And it is probable that the early pioneers depended more for their physical well being, upon good constitutions and temperate living, than upon that cunning subtlety of man's invention, known as the science of medicine.

But luxury has ever crept into the most simple and primitive of all civilized communities ; and so in this instance, we find it a matter of history, that in 1701, the settlement in Woodbury were indulging in the luxury of a resident physician.

From this time onward, I find an unbroken succession of intelligent, distinguished, and worthy men, regularly trained and inducted into their profession, according to the custom of those times, residing not only in Woodbury, but in Bethlem, Judea, Roxbury and Southbury.

I said they were trained and inducted into their profession according to the custom of those times. Those splendid universities of medical learning at Edinburgh, at London, and at Paris, which, like planets of the first magnitude, shed their light over the civilized world, were too remote, and too expensive, for the poor student of this western wilderness. But their healing streams reached him, and he drank deep from their fountains of wisdom.

The mode pursued at that time to acquire the knowledge and the qualifications, which made the physician, was this: the candidate entered the office of some one already high and distinguished in the profession ; an ample library furnished the knowledge ; and the student learned to apply that knowledge by accompanying his preceptor when he visited the sick. And in this mode acquiring such a knowledge of the profession, and such degrees of excellence and attainment were often reached in the end, that it frequently occurred that the savans of our own Yale College spontaneously conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor in Medicine.

We see then that the standard of learning among the physicians of Ancient Woodbury was not low, but that here in the wilderness, medical learning took root, grew, and flourished like the gigantic oaks it dwelt among.

It was among such men as these, that our Connecticut Medical Society had its origin ; and this medical society, from its first inception, moved steadily onward, and did not tire, till they had instituted and founded the medical institution of Yale College.

These men felt an inexpressible contempt for that impudent and

vulgar pretence, which characterizes the quack, who is too lazy to work, too ignorant to be employed in any of the occupations of mind, but feels within himself a peculiar talent to fatten on the credulity of that portion of the community, whose love of the *wonderful* and the *marvelous*, eclipses their understanding, and obscures their common sense.

I have hitherto spoken of these men collectively, and I feel an unwillingness to individualize them, making distinctions among them, pointing to the excellences of some, and the defects of others. My desire is to pay that tribute to them *all* which is their due. And yet it is difficult to pass silently by such names as Perry in Woodbury, Hawley and Meigs in Bethlem, Fowler in Judea, Eastman in Roxbury, and Graham in Southbury. We have inherited these names, among the cherished traditions that have come down to us from our ancestors. These men were highly appreciated by the cotemporary inhabitants among whom they dwelt. They were all of them men who "went about doing good," sympathizing with the afflicted and the suffering. And their sympathy was of that kind which takes to itself form and action, and which manifests itself in benevolent deeds.

We read in a history of the highest authority, that a man living in an eastern country, started to go to the town of Jericho, that he fell among thieves, was beaten, and left for dead. Sundry persons, one of whom was a priest, even, saw him lying there, bleeding and dying, but they all passed by on the other side. At length a certain Samaritan passed that way, saw him, and had compassion on him, dressed his wounds, sat him on his own beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

A thousand generations since then, have lived and passed away, and the act in the scene just described, has touched the hearts of all; and all have united in bestowing upon him the surname of the "Good Samaritan."

I have alluded to this scene in sacred history, that it might assist us here to-day, to realize the character and practical lives of those, in behalf of whose memory I am endeavoring to gain a hearing. I would draw back the curtain that has fallen between them and ourselves, that we may once more gain a few transient glimpses of these practical Good Samaritans.

Stricken down by disease, or crushed to the earth by accident, man feels in his heart, "alas, what is to become of me!" And while the community at large, engrossed in their own pursuits, pass by on the

other side, these good samaritans, the physicians of Ancient Woodbury, did up their wounds, and took care of them.

Did I hear some one say they were paid for it? True, my friend, compensation sometimes followed; but appeals to their charitable offices were unremitted, almost every day in the year, and like good Samaritans, they responded to those appeals. And if they were so well paid, where are those ample estates left behind them after their own decease? Echo answers—where! Let us honor these men, and do justice to their memories; for in doing so, we do honor to our own human nature.

In those days of practical good sense, almost every household had their family physician. Once chosen to be physician of the family, he usually remained so until his own decease occurred. This resulted in an incalculable amount of good, for the physician felt a permanent, a continued, an abiding interest in the family. And he gained an accurate knowledge of those varied peculiarities, which have so much to do in modifying disease. And from the opportunity that was allowed him, these varied peculiarities which will assume different forms in different families, became to him subjects of study and scrutiny; and in consequence of his knowledge thus gained, he would often relieve their sickness as if it had been done by a power of magic.

The confidence between physician and family, was mutual, and the kind feelings reciprocal. Wherever he was called, he felt himself at home; and, in turn, was regarded almost as one of the family.

And in those desperate struggles with acute disease, where all the resources within him were called forth, he felt as much joy in his own success, as the parent did in the recovery of his child. But when disease gained the mastery, and the patient succumbed under it, it was a way this people had, to take an early opportunity to manifest to him that they appreciated the exertion he had put forth, and that their confidence and friendship remained unimpaired. They knew that it was appointed unto man once to die, and that a last sickness must come to each one of them.

The physical features of a country, the climate, and surrounding scenery, have much to do in forming national and individual character. Effeminacy, slothfulness, ease, and luxury, are in a great degree characteristic of the people living between the tropics.

And this is especially the case, in those delightful islands, and Eden-like gardens of the continents, where nature provides spontaneously for the physical wants of man.

Ancient Woodbury, however, did not lie between the tropics ; there was no effeminacy here, save that which sat with the most winning gracefulness, upon the persons of our then young and matronly grandmothers.

Neither was there ease here ; except that necessary rest and repose which alternated with diligent labor. And their greatest luxury was a good appetite, which enabled them to take that sustenance which sustained them in their unremitted employments.

Ancient Woodbury was then studded, and canopied, with the primeval forest ; there was a dignity in its stateliness, and a solemn grandeur in the deep-toned music which accompanied the swaying movement of its waving branches. The streamlets, the rivulets, and the rivers, flowed then with fuller banks in their shaded channels, than they do now, exposed to the direct glare of the solar rays ; and their rushing, murmuring echoes, mingled in unison with the woodland music. The Pomperaug flowed then, as now, through this pleasant valley ; and as they looked beyond it, on either hand, bold and rugged outlines were elevated to the view. Near at hand, were abrupt and perpendicular cliffs, and where the eye could extend beyond these, more distant summits overtopped the nearer hills.

All this was in unison with the stout hearts that first made themselves a home in this valley ; and it was among this people, and among these scenes, that the physician of Ancient Woodbury imbibed those elevated qualities that were so conspicuous in his career. He could not help but *feel* and *think* ; and those feelings and those thoughts took their mould and form from the magnitude of the objects which surrounded him. Among an inferior people, and tamer scenery, these physicians would have been inferior in their profession, and inferior as men ; for the thoughts and actions of every living man take color and form from their associations, and their surroundings.

But both physician and patient filled here the full measure of their allotted time, and both have passed onward, on the eternal journey. And it would be to us to-day, a matter of interesting speculation, (having in view the signs of the times,) whether it is probable, that after another two hundred years have passed, the descendants of those who now people the territory of Ancient Woodbury, assembled here, perhaps, to celebrate, as we do to-day, will point to us, in our varied callings, and invoke an honor and a blessing on our memories ; or, whether they will go beyond where we go to-day, for merit to applaud, and deeds to commend.

Now, perhaps, some will inquire of me, What kind of doctors were these physicians of Ancient Woodbury? Were they steam and Lobelia doctors? Were they Homœopathic, infinitesimal doctors? Were they "Ingin" doctors? Were they Eclectic doctors? Were they Root doctors? Were they Stick doctors? Were they Hygeian doctors? Were they Graffenberg doctors? Were they Mineral doctors? Were they "Apotacary" doctors? Were they Cancer doctors? And did they know how to set bones? And when they cured any body, did not they always do it with Brandreth's pills?

I will endeavor to make answer to these interrogatories, by replying:

That 2320 years ago, a man-child was born in the Island of Cos, whose name was Hippocrates. Eighteen of his ancestors, counting backward in an unbroken line, had been famous in curing disease. At the head of this line of eighteen, stood Æsculapius, his great ancestor, whom the ancients called the Father of Physic. On his mother's side, he was said to have been descended from Hercules. Occupying this advantageous position, and inheriting the hereditary talent of his family, he applied himself with great assiduity, to the observation and study of disease. His efforts were attended with the most marvelous results. Truth seems to have led him by the hand, while he extorted from nature her hidden laws. Previous to his time, what was known of the art of healing, existed in a state of chaos. He brought *order* out of this confusion, and forever established system and method, and for more than six hundred years, the ancient civilized world were cured of their infirmities after the manner taught by Hippocrates. And so deeply sensible were they, of the benefit he had conferred upon mankind, that, after the manner of those times, they exalted him into a Deity, and erected to his honor and his worship, temples, and statues, and altars smoking with incense. And if Æsculapius was the father, Hippocrates was the great founder of the healing art. His was the great nucleus around which, each later century has contributed and garnered a rich harvest of truth; until now, at the present time, the science of medicine comprehends within its boundaries, a knowledge of the natural sciences, unknown to any other calling in civilized life. On every part of this globe, wherever we meet with civilized man, whatever be his nation, or his language, it is by this same science of medicine, that the sick is treated for his disease.

It was, then, to this school of medicine, that the physicians of Ancient Woodbury belonged. They were trained disciples in the

school of Hippocrates. This will answer the question, "what sort of doctors they were?" And you will permit me here to remark, that the divers other sorts of doctors are the *mushrooms* and the *toadstools*, growing upon the outside borders of the healing art.

And now, may the mantle of the physicians of Ancient Woodbury descend upon the physicians of modern Woodbury, who, in practical attainment, I hope, if possible, may eclipse even their lustre. May the sympathy uniting them with the people among whom they dwell, be like that which existed in olden time. May Atwood, the Woodbury physician of 1859, remember he is descended from Atwood the Woodbury physician of 1701. And may the Web* of attainment among them all, both practical and scientific, always Shove* forth their curing and healing instincts; and may the usefulness and professional success of each, mark him as a Fairchild* and lineal descendant of their great ancestor, Hippocrates.

"THE FOUNDERS OF ANCIENT WOODBURY," by Hon. WILLIAM T. MINOR, of Stamford, a grandson of Woodbury.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It has given me great pleasure that I have been able to accept the invitation of your committee and be present with you to join in these commemorative services. Since my arrival here last Saturday afternoon, from what I have seen and heard, I have been somewhat disposed to doubt my own identity. I am inclined to the opinion that I ought to have been "Deacon Minor." I rather think I ought to have been. I am certain that if I had been, and discharged faithfully the duties appertaining to that office, I should have been a much better man than at present; but as I am, it has long been a cherished wish of my heart, to visit the home of my ancestors; to look at the spot which gave them birth, at the playgrounds of their childhood, at the old school-houses in which their education was commenced, and in many instances, finished, at the fields cultivated in their middle age, at the houses which sheltered their old age, at the churches where they ever worshipped, and at the grave-yards where now rest all of their mortal remains. Until now the active business of life has prevented the accomplishment of that wish. I only regret now, as I look upon your beautiful hills and valleys, and partake of your generous hospitality, that duty has been so long neglected. One of the most obvious reflections forcing itself upon the mind, as the eye passes over the immense concourse here assembled, is, what numbers

* Names of the physicians at present residing and practicing in Woodbury.

of the descendants of ancient Woodbury, have come together here, from all parts of our common country; the merchant from his counting room, the mechanic from his work-shop, the farmer from his field, the professional man from his office, the authoress from her study, bringing with her poetical garlands all green and fresh—all leaving behind the active stirring scenes of life, some to clasp the hand of living friends, fondly welcoming them; others, to drop a tear over the graves of departed ones—all to commemorate the virtues of the founders of Woodbury.

Although I mingle with you but as a grandchild, of this good old town, yet I doubt not my appreciation of its growth and prosperity will be as true, and my relish for these exercises as keen and hearty, as of the children and immediate heirs; from all of us a tribute of admiration and respect is equally due to the virtues, the true nobility and the undying energy of its founders.

We shall fail properly to appreciate the character of the founders of ancient Woodbury, unless we look at the circumstances under which they were educated and prepared to become pioneers in the settlement of the new world. In the early part of the seventeenth century, the English throne was filled by James I. Under his reign religious persecution was carried to such an extent, that very many of the best citizens of England, to avoid stripes, imprisonment and even death, were driven into exile. At first their attention was turned to Holland, where they went in 1608, and remained until 1620, from whence they sailed, and in the latter part of that year landed "upon the stern and rock-bound coast" of Plymouth. James I. was succeeded by his son, Charles I. Under the latter, the same persecutions which had characterized the reign of the former, were continued in a more aggravated form. Tyranny and oppression were used not only to destroy religious freedom but also to blot out from the English constitution, all the guarantees furnished by that instrument to the citizen for the enjoyment of personal liberty and the rights of property. For twelve years, from 1628 to 1640, the sovereign will of Charles I., despotically exercised without a parliament, ruled the kingdom. In 1640, just about the time when that parliament was assembling, between which and Charles I., civil and religious liberty on one side, and despotism on the other, that mighty contest was waged, which terminated in the trial and execution of the monarch. Another band of exiles from England, fleeing from persecution, landed in Massachusetts and joining with some of the old Plymouth pilgrims, turned their faces westward and settled at

Stratford. Here all remained until religious dissensions springing up among them, the smaller number desirous of peace, in 1659, started out into the wilderness to look out new homes. This exploration brought them to Woodbury, and thus, in a short time afterwards, was the settlement of ancient Woodbury effected.

From what I know of their descendants of the present day, I am inclined to think, that in this respect, we differ essentially from our ancestors. I have no doubt, that although very peaceable when not quarreling, we should have remained at the old place, and fought it out, hoping in time to become the majority.

Let us for a moment pause and contemplate the settlers as they took up their march into the wilderness, yet untrodden by the foot of Christian man. They had assisted in the formation of one settlement, by the waters of Long Island Sound. Here they had planted their Church, erected their school-houses, and built the rude log-hut for the protection of themselves and their little ones. A difference of opinion upon some matter of religious doctrine, was about separating them; the small party conceiving that their mission had not been accomplished; feeling that entire freedom of opinion in all matters of conscience were the great aim of their lives; wishing themselves to enjoy that freedom unalloyed by the harsh and discordant jarrings of dissent and disagreement, and willing that all others should enjoy the same freedom unrestricted by any, save the commands of their great Creator. See them starting out to explore the trackless forest! They had been well fitted in the school of persecution, to become the pioneers of settlement; all those traits of character, both mental and physical, so necessary to endure the hardships of frontier life, had been largely developed by the circumstances surrounding their childhood and middle life; some of them fresh from the persecutions which were so rapidly driving their native country into bloodshed, revolution and liberalism; others, among the first settlers at Plymouth, altogether stalwart, stern, high minded, God fearing men and women; they possessed a sturdy independence of character, which caused them ever to hate oppression, an undying energy which prompted them to enter upon the trackless forest, and a faith true and steadfast, that their Almighty Father would lead them by safe paths to their homes afar off in the wilderness. Follow them in their journey, until at last, about thirty miles from their homes on the top of Good Hill, the hardy band first catch a view of the beautiful valley now enriched by the taste and wealth of their de-

scendants. Then first since creation's morn, did the primeval old forests resound with hymns of praise and thanksgiving to the true *God*. Never before had their quiet been disturbed, save by the howling of wild beasts and the song of the ruthless savage, now fiercely exciting passions by their discordant war whoop, again chanting the death-song of some great brave who had gone to the hunting ground of the great unknown. Here then, our ancestors, after a careful examination of the advantages of the country, settled. Their first care, after rudely providing for the safety and protection of their families, was to provide a place for the worship of God. Their first house was a temple not built with hands, whose floor was the broad earth, whose canopy was heaven's high vault, whose altar and pulpit was Bethel rock. Here, until they were enabled to provide another, for Sunday after Sunday, they assembled for worship, carrying in their hearts a certain faith, that their great Father would protect them from all harm, and in their hands the trusty musket, lest perchance, the cunning Indian might attack them. They were the men from whom Cromwell might at any time have recruited his famous regiment of Ironsides; they ever trusted in God and kept their powder dry. Here upon principles drawn from the Great Creator, given by inspiration from God to man, did the founders of Woodbury establish a government for themselves, making provision also for the education of their posterity. Neither could their own consciences accuse them of having violated the rights of others in making their location and settlement for whatever of right or title the primitive Indian might have possessed to the soil, every portion of that right and title was fairly and honorably extinguished. Oh that some of the same stern hatred of wrong and oppression, and love of right that characterized the early settlers of this good old town, might be infused into the men of the present day, and that the latter would learn and understand, that the great principles of right and justice of that great charter upon which was founded the government of our ancestors, can not be departed from and violated any more by nations than individuals, with safety to themselves and their interests. Long since have the founders of Woodbury gone to their rest. One after another have they obeyed the summons brought by the celestial messenger from the heavenly city, and with them have gone too many of their stern traits of character.

In the historical address given yesterday, your honored historian alludes to a certain social custom with reference to marrying and giving in marriage in the instance of John Minor, Jr., the son of John

the settler, an ancestor of mine. Upon this point I can speak with confidence, from experience, and say that no such custom prevails among his descendants at the present day. If you are disposed to doubt, ask a certain lady who accompanied me here, and I have no doubt that she will inform you that an example established more than five thousand years ago by Jacob, who served fourteen years for Rachel, furnished a rule by which a service any where up to fourteen years was required before the hoped-for yes was spoken. But when asking the question, I beg you for all the world not to hint that I have alluded to the matter, lest another term of service should be required.

Let us now look at some of the results of the principles so early established by them.

I doubt if, when the first settlement was made at Woodbury, or at any of the first settlements of New England, the settlers contemplated a separation between themselves and the mother country, and that they were to be the founders, in the new world, of a mighty republican empire. Yet, when from the stand point of the present, we carefully contemplate these men establishing government upon principles of religious toleration, and making provision for common education, exacting in the enforcement of right, stern in the punishment of vice and the putting down of tyranny and oppression, laying the foundations broad and deep of civil and religious liberty. We feel that the American revolution and the establishment of this government, were but the culmination of their principles. Religious toleration, common education, and as a necessary result of these, a free press, are the three main pillars of republicanism. All the acts of the pilgrim settlers of New England were tending to these results, a thousand causes were all along silently at work, so that they can hardly be traced, except in their grand result, a republican empire. If the spirits of those good old men, who, one hundred years ago, stood on Good Hill, surveying the prospect before and about them, could be brought back to-day, and placed upon the exact spot where first they looked upon the valley of Woodbury: if they could look upon these side hills, all luxuriant with vegetation, these valleys all dotted over with beautiful residences; if they could hear the hum of industry from mountain top and valley, and above all, could they look upon this immense concourse of their descendants, prosperous, happy and contented; if their view could be extended over the thirty-three States of this confederacy, teeming with a population everywhere busy and active, just now engaged in commemorating the birth-day of the government whose protecting power guarantees to all its citizens life, lib-

erty, and the pursuit of happiness, they would feel that their first prayer offered up in this then wilderness, had become prophecy, and that their great faith had been more than realized in its results. Such were our ancestors, the founders of Woodbury; they did well the work allotted for them to do, each in his own sphere. Ereet for them the monumental stone! Cherish well their memory in your hearts; above all, guard with fidelity their principles which you have inherited, that on our government may be inscribed "*Esto perpetua.*"

A word more, and I have done. It is said that communities, as individuals, when they commence to exist, commence to die. With reference to this, I will close with offering the sentiment—

WOODBURY.—Its head-stones in 1659, may its foot-stones be in eternity.

The whole audience then united in singing, with great enthusiasm, the following

O D E .

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Time—" *America.*"

All hail our brothers, friends!
Each heart a welcome sends—
Come neighbors, come!

Meet where your fathers dwelt;
Kneel where our mothers knelt;
Think how they toil'd and felt,
In the old home.

Two hundred years ago,
Old men, with heads of snow,
Bared to the breeze,
'Mid a wild Indian band—
By the red council brand—
Grasped the proud chieftain's hand,
Under the trees.

Soon the log cabin stood,
Deep in the hemlock wood,
Hid by its green;
Sons rose to aid the sire,
Red shone the "fallow fire,"
Up rose the rustic spire,
Peaceful, serene.

As forest leaves are shed,
 All round a silent bed,
 Under the sod ;
 There follow'd sire and son,
 Each when his race was run,
 And all his work was done,
 Going to God.

If angels wander by,
 When hearts beat warm and high,
 Our sires are here ;
 Thankful that liberty
 Has set their children free—
 Smiling with sympathy,
 Gladness and cheer.

Sons of that pilgrim few !
 Souls that are firm and true !
 Hail ye the day !
 Our union is glorious,
 Our strength all victorious,
 God reigneth over us,
 Praise Him alway !

SPEECH.—“THE EARLY SCHOOLS OF ANCIENT WOODBURY,” by
 Thomas Meritt Thompson, A. M., of Woodbury.

Mr. Thompson, on being called, appeared upon the edge of the stage, with a small piece of manuscript in his hand, which he rapidly tore up, saying, if he had a written speech, such should be its fate at the outset ; then, turning to the chair, he said :

MR. PRESIDENT:—Three or four days ago there appeared on this ground a tent, and arrangements for public speaking. At about the same time a programme was put into my hands, in which I found, to my dismay, that I was put down for a speech. I know this tent. It is the Yale College tent. Its associations seemed to seal my mouth, and impose on me silence. I have for years been a regular pilgrim to the shadows of this tent. As a devout worshiper at the shrine of my Alma Mater, under it I have long been accustomed to *listen* to words of wisdom as dispensed by wiser, better, older men, in whose presence I know only to be silent. I seem to see, near the pole in the center, the venerable and venerated form of President Day ; and as if to keep up the illusion, I see before me, on the stage, Professors Knight and Dutton. Under these circumstances, sir, I came up here this afternoon, feeling hopelessly bankrupt for a speech.

But, Sir, our very recklessness sometimes serves us. It is so with me to-day. I think I know why I am wanted here. As my good luck will have it, you want just at this period, a man who can make a speech inside of ten minutes. [Applause.] I am, then, the man for the occasion. I am going to show you how the thing is done, so that at future centennials all may know how to make ten minutes' speeches. [Laughter and applause.] I will not, however, be too boastful. I am still, in more senses than one, overshadowed by this College tent. I observe that it is rent; (pointing to a large *rent* in the canvass.) It is unlike my speech—in that you will find no holes, for it has never been stitched together.

Mr. President; I am not a native of Woodbury. I feel as if I was a trespasser; yet I heartily thank the Committee for assigning me a part here. I am ingrafted stock, but I have taken some root, and once before, I believe, I took occasion to say, that on this very ground I had made a mark that nothing but an earthquake can efface. I am not a native; but like the Irish gentleman who told the elder Adams he liked the country so well he was going to become a native! So I, whatever may have been my previous hesitation, beg to say that I like the looks of the people assembled here to-day, and am going hereafter to be a native. Put me down for a native! Henceforth, my energies, heart and soul, are with the Woodbury people.

I remember the first Woodbury man I ever saw. I shall show him to you before I am through. You will not wonder why I chose Woodbury as a place of settlement when I tell you I took *him* for a sample of the people. He is the man who honors and adorns our noble festival, our glorious centennial as its presiding officer. May I be permitted to say, if I have put forth any diligence that entitles me to stand here to-day in the presence of princes, yea, of kings and more than kings, I owe it to words of encouragement graciously spoken by him long years ago—"Beardsley, what a smart boy you have got!"

Mr. President, it is to me the central point of interest in the whole occasion, to meet you here. I am filled with emotion. The date of the time I allude to scares me. My memory is tenacious of dates, and I will give it. It was in the fall of 1828. Oh! the record of thirty years on me and on you! It has carried me along from the boy of scarce ten summers, to the meridian of life. It has carried you along from the dark hair and bloom of the man of thirty, to the twilight gray of life's evening. God grant that this evening may be

as long, as calm, as happy, as your life has been exemplary, beautiful, and useful. [Amen! from all the elderly gentlemen upon the stage.]

But, sir, it was assigned as my part to respond to "The Early Schools of Ancient Woodbury."—Here, sir, at the outset, I take grounds of open rebellion against the Committee who imposed this part on me—I will not make a speech upon it. To speak of the schools of Ancient Woodbury, is to speak of the Puritan schools, a subject, I take it, needing no illustration from me. The Puritan schools have long since gained the acknowledgment of being the main human agency in the immense moral force exhibited by New England throughout her whole past history. Their influence has gone forth like streams in the desert, to make glad, and bless humanity. The noble men and women in all the higher walks of humanity, for long generations, have been a standing comment upon the early schools. Though I decline to go into this question at large, I will add, as a casual remark, that the early schools had vastly the advantage over those of our day. Then they had *few* books, and learned them *well*. The result was a thoughtful, sedate, prudent race of men. In our time, in the huge multitude of school-books, and in our eagerness to learn everything in the shortest time, we learn *nothing* well. The result is, our people are rattle-brained, empty-headed, inconsiderate. [Applause and laughter.] It is time for us to consider, whether as a people we are not woefully the losers, when for the material activity which characterizes our age, we so freely barter intellectual vigor, and moral force.

But, Mr. President, if the Committee did show a weakness in appointing me to speak on the subject assigned me, they have more than compensated for it in the precautions they have taken to guard the audience from the infliction upon them by me, of a dull, prosy speech. This, they have most effectively done. To make all sure on this point, and to have the stage promptly cleared, they have placed behind me, (pointing to Hon. Chas. Chapman,) the *sharpest* man in Connecticut; a warning I shall take good care to heed; for as I came on the stage with a sort of *crawling* sensation, in view of the many reasons why I should not speak, so I already feel a pricking sensation, and hurry off the stage, lest I should be actually *impaled*! [Makes a hasty exit, amidst roars, shouts, and explosions of laughter.]

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES CHAPMAN, OF HARTFORD, A GRANDSON
OF WOODBURY.

Mr. Chapman next responded to the sentiment, "THE GRAND-CHILDREN OF ANCIENT WOODBURY," substantially as follows:

Having been called to respond to the toast last announced, I ought perhaps to imitate the example of the politicians, and "define my position." The nearer we can approach to the common grandmother, on this occasion, the better pleased we are; but, truth to tell, I am but a great-grandson of "Ancient Woodbury." The difference, however, may be of *minor* importance, (if the Governor will excuse the use of the word in that sense,) inasmuch as all the grandchildren are *great* grandchildren to-day.

There is in the human heart an instinctive love for the place of one's nativity. The youth who leaves the paternal roof to seek his fortune elsewhere, keeps the old homestead in view, toils on to acquire a competency, and when he has achieved the end for which he has labored many years, returns to the place of his birth, re-purchases the paternal acres, which have passed into other hands, and rears a more expensive edifice upon the spot where the old mansion stood. He adorns and beautifies the old farm, enriches the old fields, plants hedges where the old walls stood, and calls the place by a fancy name.

Of a kindred character is the regard which one feels for the home of his more remote ancestors, the spot where the family took root in the then new world. This sentiment will show itself in various ways. It "crops out," (in the language of the miners, I mean the *miners* in metals,) from time to time, and on this occasion may be observed upon every hand. The remote descendants of the early settlers in this lovely valley are here in great numbers, and others residing in distant regions have sent their contributions to this festival in letters, relics, and touching sentiments.

I have been commissioned by one of these descendants to present to the town of Woodbury some tokens of his regard, which I trust you will carefully preserve in the archives of the town. I will read to you my "Power of Attorney," (excuse the language of the profession,) and when you hear that, and the name of the man from whom it comes, you will regret with me, that he can not be heard from this stand, upon an occasion so well suited to his tastes as this is. You will recognize in him the historian of Hartford, the author

of the life and times of the elder Governor Trumbull, who was the "Brother Jonathan" of Revolutionary memory, and the author of the life of Nathan Hale. An accomplished scholar, an industrious antiquarian, and an orator of surpassing ability, he would have added another charm to these festivities,

HARTFORD, JULY 1ST, 1859.

HON. CHARLES CHAPMAN:

DEAR SIR—In compliance with your solicitation, I take pleasure in sending, through you, some memorials for the forthcoming celebration of the settlement of Ancient Woodbury. They are, a piece of the wood of the far-famed Charter Oak, a view of this Monarch Tree as it looked in life, and a view of it as it looked in death, the morning after it fell. It was within the period of the birth of Woodbury—but a few years only after the Stileses, and Curtises, and Skinners, and Judsons, and Minors, first settled there—that Sir Edmund Andros made his impotent attempt to seize and invalidate that noble Charter under whose folds Samuel Sherman and his associates obtained liberty from the General Court "to erect a plantation at Pomperauge"—and those, the early dwellers there—in common with the Colonists of Connecticut at large—rejoiced, then in the olden time, in that gnarled old Oak, which protected their Constitution of government, and saved their liberties—liberties which have never since been overthrown—but which—consecrated by the sacrifices and services of her sons in the councils and on the battle-fields of the Union—are now, thank Heaven, "imperishable and impregnable."

Pleasant, therefore, I have thought it would be to the descendants of the first settlers of Woodbury, to receive the particular memorials which I commit to your charge. A thousand interesting historic associations cluster around them. They vividly renew the Past. They point to an heroic age for Connecticut. They should incite patriotic emotion. They should teach us all to love and honor our State as it has loved and honored us.

I am myself, Sir, a descendant, in the fourth generation, of that worthy and distinguished divine, who, for nearly sixty years, ministered in Ancient Woodbury—the Rev. Anthony Stoddard—and I therefore feel a special gratification in the fact that the birth of this town is to be duly celebrated, and that you Sir—one of its grandsons—are to mingle, actively, in the "high festival." Few municipalities in Connecticut can point to a more historic past than Wood-

bury. Its Indian, civil, ecclesiastical, and Revolutionary life—so admirably portrayed by its historian, Wm. Cothren, Esquire—place it among the first of our towns, and justify its good repute. That the celebration in which its citizens propose to indulge, may prove gratifying to themselves—may call up gladdening memories—may glow with the spirit of patriotism—and augment their love for their venerable and happy home, is the hearty wish of,

Yours truly,

I. W. STUART.

[Then Mr. Chapman exhibited the block from the Charter Oak—the picture of the tree as it appeared when standing, and after it was prostrated by the storm.]

There are others, and many others, who are neither inhabitants of Woodbury, nor descendants of those who were, who feel a deep interest in its history, and in these festivities, which mark the two hundredth anniversary of the exploration of this valley. Your industrious and talented fellow-citizen, William Cothren, Esq., has done much to create and foster this interest, by his carefully prepared work—a work that does honor to him and to you, and which is a most valuable contribution to the history of our State.

Our own poetess, who is *the* poetess of Connecticut, *par excellence*, has committed to my hands a little “gem of purest ray serene” from her casket of jewels, which she has authorized me to present to you on this occasion. She rejoices in your history, as you do in her well-earned fame. Like another eminent lady who went from among you in her youth, (*Mrs. Ann S. Stephens*,) and who has contributed to this Festival by her presence and by her pen, she has risen to her enviable position in the world of letters by her own merit. Long may she live to entertain us by her works, and teach us by her example.

RETURN TO WOODBURY.

Back to the hills by summer-breezes courted,
Back to the ancient roof, the shaded plain,—
Back to the play-ground where their fathers sported,
The sunnion'd children turn their course again.

And as the Fountain loves the tuneful voices
Of her far streamlets, whereso'er they tend,
And at the echo of their fame rejoices
When nobly with the ocean-tide they blend,—

So this fair Region,—rich in vales and waters,
 Swells with maternal pride her flowery zone
 At this re-union of her sons and daughters,—
 And in their well-earned honor finds her own.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hartford, June 28th, 1859.

There is another of the other sex, who is bound to you by no tie, but who has yielded to my request, and sent a sparkling contribution to this intellectual banquet. He may be known to some of you as a regular contributor to the *Knickerbocker*, and as an occasional correspondent of some of the journals in this State. He would enjoy this scene, were he present, and for his sake and yours, I regret his absence. I suppose I ought to tell you who he is. He is one of my fellow-citizens, who deals in iron for gain, and courts the muses for fun—brimful of mirth and with a wit that is keener than a Damascus blade. He is a living refutation of the truth of a paragraph in *Hudibras*, to the effect that

“A man of quick and active wit
 For drudgery is more unfit,
 Compared to those of duller parts,
 Than running nags to draw in carts.”

Alike a man of business and a poet, success attends his efforts in both departments.

Our friends, the Clergy, who have figured so largely and so successfully in these exercises, will pardon the spice of levity which may, by a careful examination, be detected in the verses which I am about to read. Yes, I know they will. I see it in their benevolent faces, and I remember, too, that the holidays of the Clergy are “few and far between,” and I am persuaded that they enjoy this to the very top of their heart.

But it is time I should tell you the name of my friend who has been so kind to us all. It is George H. Clark, and here is what he sends “greeting,” as the Lawyers say :

GEO. H. CLARK'S WOODBURY CENTENNIAL POEM.

Mysterious notes were abroad on the air—
 Significant hints of some weighty affair :
 Rumors increased till they rose to a shout,
 And now we all see what the stir was about.

Ye modest admirers, who've nothing to say,
 Make room—for spread eagle is coming this way,
 We stand, as it were, in our forefathers' shoes,
 And the time for tall talking's too precious to lose.

Here frolicsome age shall grow young at the core,
 And youth shall strike hands with the boys of threescore :
 Brim full of good feeling—Oh ! call it not folly—
 We've assembled on purpose to laugh and be jolly.

Ye attorneys—turn over a holiday leaf ;
 The facts are before you—and here is the brief !
 So give us as much as you please of your jaw,
 But don't, if you love us, don't let it be law.

Ye grave Boanerges—who thunder at sin,
 Let your features relax to a good natured grin :
 Pretermit theological chafing and chat,
 And talk about buttercups, birds, and all that.

Forget, O my friends, in this glorified hour,
 The Parson who vanquished that dreadful pow-wow-er ;
 But remember the Backus and Bellamy jokes,
 And up and be merry like rational folks.

Sink the shop, O ye trader in dry goods, to-day,—
 Just look at the prospect right over the way !
 Don't the sight of the Pomperaug hills and green valleys
 Beat all your gay patterns on muslins and challies ?

Ye medical men—whose dreams are of drugs,
 Omit for a while your professional shrugs :
 Give the go-by to boluses, blisters, and nux,
 And think of the dandelions, daisies, and ducks.

Ye farmers—the nearest to Nature's own breast,
 Who draw from her stores what her children love best ;
 Who irradiate towns with fresh butter and cheese,
 And tickle our palates with lamb and green peas ;

We remember your haymows so fragrant in June ;
 Your pumpkins, as large and as round as the moon ;
 The green corn we roasted and ate on the sly,
 And the rye 'n 'ndian bread, and the—Oh ! let us cry !

It makes my mouth water to talk of such things,—
 The truth is, you farmers are Nature's own kings :
 And the queens !—would you see the true test of their worth ?
 Just look at those boys ! aren't they proud of their birth ?

Of course, we'll remember, and speak of with pride,
 Seth Warner, and others who fought by his side :
 And grand Ethan Allen—the hero all over—
 Who conquered Fort Ti, in the name of Jehovah !

Historians assert that you 'd only one witch—
 But history makes an unfortunate hitch ;
 For witches still flourish—as witness these groups !
 Though for halters and faggots you substitute hoops.

Then a health to old Woodbury—merry or grave—
 And long in the land may her progeny wave,
 Nor forget where their excellent grandmothers sleep,
 While their own little babies are learning to creep.

Now, my friends, I have disposed of all the props upon which I have relied to sustain me in the event, that my own thoughts should fail. I am left to my own resources, and begin to be apprehensive that you may be mirthfully inclined when I am serious, and seriously disposed when I am gay. Topics were plenty, yesterday morning, but in the two days' speaking they have been, for the most part, used up. All the leading features in your history have been passed in review. Those men who have distinguished themselves most among you have also been already noticed. Of some of them too much could hardly be said. First and foremost among the intellectual giants in our State, was the Hon. Nathaniel Smith, who was born and lived, until his death, within the ancient limits of this town. He was indeed a great man. Without the advantages of early culture, he worked his way to the front rank of the legal profession, at a period when the ablest men, who have been known in the courts of this State, were in full practice. He stood among them *primus inter pares*. As an advocate he had great power, and his efforts were attended with marked success. At a later period he was an ornament to the Bench, and has left a record upon the pages of our Reports of which the worthy President here, (his son) may well be proud.

I must be indulged in saying a few words of another member of the profession who has recently passed away. He was one of the originators of this celebration, and one of the Committee to carry out the plan adopted a year ago. The vacant chair upon the stage draped in mourning, reminds us of him, who, had he lived, would have mingled in these festivities with a keen relish. He (the Hon. Charles B. Phelps,) was a man of genius, and a highly respectable member of the Bar. A ready debater, he was always equal to the

emergency of an occasion. He had a keen wit and overflowed with humor.

“A merrier man—

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour’s talk withal.”

He had moreover a kind heart, which displayed itself on all suitable occasions, and long will he be remembered for his many good deeds. You will hardly “look upon his like again.”

You will pardon me for speaking a word of another gentleman of another profession, who has long since gone to his rest. I mean the Rev. John R. Marshall, who was the first Episcopal clergyman in this town. He was an eminently good man, and much beloved by those to whom he ministered in holy things. He planted a vine here which he carefully nurtured while he lived, and which flourishes now in full vigor. He closed his ministry here with the termination of his life, leaving behind him many blessed fruits, “Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.”

There are many others who have distinguished themselves here in the different professions, and many who have gone from among you, and distinguished themselves elsewhere, who deserve to be mentioned on this occasion did time permit. There have been too, very many equally worthy and estimable men, who never attained to any particular prominence in the eye of the world, men who pursued the noiseless tenor of their way, but who have done their share in building up your institutions, and in making this valley bud and blossom. They were the fathers and grandfathers of many whom I see before me, and this gathering attests the interest which their posterity feel in their memory. While the blood of some of them courses in the veins of their descendants, their names have become extinct among you. This is true of the names of my maternal grandfather and grandmother, (Perry and Beers,) names once well and favorably known here. One of the latter name (*Hon. S. P. Beers*), has addressed you to-day, but he has resided elsewhere for more than half a century. From his account of himself, nearly seventy years ago he had the ambition to sit cross-legged upon a tailor’s bench, but because perhaps (in the language of the old song,) “the money came slowly in,” he concluded to pursue the legal profession, supposed by some to be more productive. It would seem from his statement that he is now an old man, which from his full head of brown hair (which I envy,) and his youthful appearance we should all doubt, had we not confidence in his veracity, and did we not know that he had been

the popular commissioner of the School Fund since the earliest recollection of the "oldest inhabitant." The sons of many have emigrated to other portions of the country, and thus have their names become extinct here. The daughters, although eminently worthy of trust in all other particulars, cannot be relied upon to bear up a name. In this particular, however honest they may be, they resemble the most practiced rogues. They are with now and then a solitary (not to say melancholy exception,) in search of an *alias*, and are quite sure to find and adopt it. I have always wondered why they mark their linen with their maiden names. Nearly two days have been spent here in glorifying our grandfathers. But there has been, as there now is, a "better half" of humanity, of whom I have heard nothing said. I marvel that such an omission could have occurred in such a presence. A "mutual admiration society," composed exclusively of men, I confess is not to my taste. We have heard much about great men—good men—valiant men—self-taught men, and about "all sorts and conditions of men." It has been from the beginning—men—men—men; nothing but men. Had they no mothers—no wives? Men have indeed fought the battles of the country; felled the forest trees; tilled the earth, and toiled in the different professions and trades. But woman has toiled too amid dangers which appalled the stoutest hearts. She has braved suffering in its countless forms, such as woman only knows, and submitted to privations with a patient meekness of which woman is alone capable. In the early settlement of the country, the mother nursed and reared her own children; was mistress and servant; carded the wool; spun it into yarn, and made it into cloth. She was her husband's and boy's tailor, her own and her daughter's milliner and mantua-maker; and in a word, discharged every domestic duty unaided. It is not strange that such women should have reared such sons as we have been boasting about here for two days.

Let us do fitting honors on this occasion to the female character. Every man who has risen to distinction in any of the walks of life, is indebted to his mother for those traits of genius which he inherited from her, and those habits of thinking and of action, which are the result of her early teaching.

"The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man—"

How dear to us is the sacred name of mother! She it was whose

loving care and ceaseless vigilance protected and nurtured us in helpless infancy. We learned from her those earliest lessons which are most deeply impressed upon our memories, and which time does not obliterate. Our recollections of a mother's love, a mother's care, a mother's patience, and a mother's forgiveness of our faults, freshen and become more and more tender, as our shadow lengthens upon the dial. It is to her that we owe all that we are and all we hope to be.

I might speak of woman in the relation of wife, and of the love, respect, and kindness which she deserves as such. She is sought and won, forsakes father and mother, and cleaves unto the husband. With an amazing confidence, she entrusts her happiness, her all, in his hands. She shares his sorrows, participates in his joys, labors for his advancement, and occupies the position in life in which his success or misfortune may place her. If we loved her when seeking an alliance, how much more tenderly should we feel toward her, when she has committed herself to our fostering care, and has become the mother of our children.

There is still another relation in which I might speak of woman. I mean as daughters. None but fathers know aught of the emotions of a father's heart toward them. With what solicitude do we watch their growth and development. With what intense interest do we gaze upon their budding beauty, and varied accomplishments. With what tender affection do we cling to them, and how they wind themselves about our hearts. And then, endeared to us as they are, and in the flush and beauty of their youth, we are called to relinquish them into other hands, as their mothers were relinquished to us. Then we know for the first time, what the yielding to our request cost some few years ago.

Were there time, and were there not some Governors, Lawyers, Doctors, and Clergymen yet to speak, and whom you are anxious to hear, I should be pleased to enlarge upon this *fair* topic; but even at the hazard of standing between you and those gentlemen for an unreasonable time, I could not say less. When I look upon this immense audience, and especially upon this bed of flowers before me, in which I see the spring violet, the summer rose, and the dahlia of autumn, all in bloom at the same time, as if the three seasons had been consolidated, I wish we had another day in which we could say what we feel and think.

Since my earliest recollection, great changes have been wrought in this valley. The stately elms and maples that line the way southward to the western limit of the village of Southbury, were in their

infancy fifty years ago; but now they spread their giant arms in every direction, and are models of strength and beauty. This was then a sparsely settled village; but since that period it has undergone such alterations as to change its appearance altogether. Then it was purely an agricultural town; but now it derives its prosperity in a degree from the successful prosecution of some of the mechanic arts.

The men of that day have been for the most part gathered to their fathers; but I recognize in some of those here, the family likeness, and hear on every hand the family names. The names of Stiles, Curtis, Hinman, Sherman, Judson, Atwood, Strong, and many others, are still preserved, and last, but not least, you have "saved your Bacon." We had yesterday afternoon a taste of the attic salt which gives it value.

In conclusion, let me congratulate the originators of this celebration, and all who have been interested in it, upon the singularly fortunate circumstances attendant upon this Festival. The heavens have smiled upon us—no accident has occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion—and the re-union has been one of unmixed enjoyment. We can be present but upon one such occasion in a life-time. Here we have renewed old friendships, and I trust have formed new ones of an enduring character. Many a history will date from this occasion, for it would not be strange if some, who have met here for the first time, will pursue life's journey hand in hand—will "climb life's hill together," and when the journey is concluded, will "sleep together at the foot" the sleep of death. The youth of both sexes, here present, will excuse this public allusion to a delicate subject, which may have found a place in their private thoughts.

Now, my friends, I must take my leave of you. There is a small army of orators behind me, who are waiting for turns, as the first settlers waited at the old mill; and there are many here whose thoughts, radiant with beauty as they are, will not find vent in words. We part with pleasant recollections of this memorable interview, which we shall cherish while we live.

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY DUTTON.

Hon. Henry Dutton, of New Haven, a native of Watertown, within the limits of the Woodbury deed of 1659, responded to the sentiment, "THE COUSINS OF ANCIENT WOODBURY."

MR. PRESIDENT:—An incident has occurred since I have been on this platform, which has almost induced me to withdraw. The dis-

tinguished gentleman from Litchfield related an anecdote, which seemed to reflect upon the honored practice of "cousining." Now as I am here only under that long established custom, and have no right to be heard, except as a remote cousin of Woodbury, had I not felt the utmost confidence in the friendship of that gentleman, I should have been disposed to take offence. I have been somewhat reassured, however, by the course taken by the eloquent gentleman who preceded me. When that gentleman,

"Whose head is silvered o'er with age,"

but whose

"Long experience has [*not*] made him sage,"

and whom I have known for many years as a grandfather, comes here and palms himself off as a *great-grandchild* of Woodbury, I trust I shall be excused if I claim the relationship of only fourth cousin.

Much credit, Mr. President, has been justly awarded to Ancient Woodbury, for what was done by her sons in securing our independence. But it ought to be remembered that the territory embraced in the deed of 1659, not included within the town, lying along its eastern, northern, and western borders, and now embracing the wooded hills and fertile valleys of Middlebury, Watertown, and portions of Litchfield and other towns, furnished their full quota of men and money in sustaining the glorious cause. I regard myself, Mr. President, as peculiarly fortunate, in being able, on the present occasion, to trace my origin to a point west of the Naugatuck—in being able to give testimony on the subject. One of my earliest recollections is of a near neighbor, who went by the name of "Lieutenant Ferris," who exhibited the most complete character of a man, that I ever witnessed. He had served in the army during nearly the whole period of the Revolution, and had lost his property, his limbs, and his health, in the cause. He had aided in securing to his country the blessings of freedom, but what to him, in poverty and distress, was the independence of his country? On an occasion like this, I trust a man has a right to speak of the deeds of his own ancestors. My father, though a mere stripling, was for a short time in the army, and witnessed the scene, when a tent in New York was filled with the corpses of soldiers killed by a single stroke of lightning, in the most fearful thunder storm ever known in this country.

He was also at the battle of Long Island, and used to relate to me with thrilling interest, the scenes which he had witnessed.

He also gave me the names of one, and another, and another, of his neighbors who had gone out at the call of their country, never to return.

James Morris, of Litchfield, South Farms, was a gentleman to whom full justice never has been awarded. He was a scholar, as well as a soldier. I have it from high authority, that he served in the army during a large portion of the war; that he was honored by the friendship of Washington, and that he was selected by him to lead one of the columns which scaled the walls at the memorable siege of Yorktown.

I regret that the request that I received to make some remarks on this occasion, were so late that I am unable to speak of others from the same region, whose merits demand a passing notice. But there was a native of Watertown who contributed as much aid to the cause by his pen, as others did by the sword. I refer to John Trumbull, afterward a Judge of the Superior Court. As the author of *McFingal*, he ranks among the first poets which this country has produced.

That poem was written at the request of some of the friends of Independence, to cast ridicule upon the tories; and it is said that many of them feared the pointed shafts of his wit more than they did the bullets of other whigs.

Among the instances handed down by tradition of his readiness at repartee, it is said that he was a Tutor in Yale College at the same time with the late celebrated Dr. Dwight. The class of which he had charge had presented to the worthy Tutor a ring, with the motto, "*meruit plus*."—He deserves more. The younger members of the faculty then, as in later years, frequently visited the ladies of New Haven. Several of them on one occasion gathered round Tutor Dwight, who was a favorite, admiring the ring, and referred to Tutor Trumbull for an interpretation. He examined it, and replied: The motto says, "he deserves more." He deserves yoking as well as ringing."

Another instance of a ready but severe retort upon an antagonist, has sometimes been ascribed to him, and sometimes to another distinguished wit. It was a favorite doctrine of the schoolmen, as our reverend friends will bear witness, that the will is always governed by the strongest motive; and that were motives equally strong presented, the will would remain quiescent. This was illustrated by supposing an ass was stationed between two bundles of hay—those

acute metaphysicians insisted that the poor animal would starve to death before he would touch either of them. It happened that Tutor Trumbull was walking between two other Tutors, till they came to a crossing, when one of his friends requested him to go one way, and the other, another way. He hesitated, and acknowledged himself in a quandary, for he said he had an equal regard for both. One of them suggested that he was like the ass between two bundles of hay. "No," said he, "I am like a bundle of hay between two asses."

The father of John Trumbull, who was Pastor of the Congregational Society in Watertown for many years, was a sample of a rare class of clergymen, who would make themselves rich on a salary of one hundred pounds, or a little over three hundred dollars a year. I have heard from his cotemporaries, many anecdotes regarding him. He was a good farmer, as well as preacher, and was particularly a good judge of horse-flesh. He gave full liberty to his parishioners to cheat him if they could in the sale or exchange of horses. He was, though not large, very athletic.

The Pastor of the Church in Waterbury at the time was Mr. Leavenworth. Wrestling was much more fashionable then than it is now, and challenges were given by the wrestlers of one town to those of another. In a number of trials, the champion of the ring of Watertown had been worsted by those in Waterbury. Mr. Trumbull sympathized with his fellow townsmen in their disgrace, and contrived to appear *incog.* at the next wrestling match. The Waterbury men at first were as usual victorious, when the stranger stepped into the ring, and prostrated them, as fast as they closed in with him.

Soon afterward, Mr. Leavenworth, having heard of the defeat of his townsmen, and how it was accomplished, met Mr. Trumbull, and being somewhat piqued, called him to account for his unministerial conduct. Mr. Trumbull excused himself, by saying that he expected to exchange with his brother Leavenworth soon, and thought it advisable to give his parishioners a foretaste of the thrashing which they would get when he did.

The spirit, Mr. President, which achieved our independence, was not confined to any local limits, but fraternized with the whole human race. It was not confined even to this country, but crossed the Atlantic; and the present struggle for freedom in Italy may be traced to our forefathers. It is not easy to estimate the ultimate effect of the examples of such men as Allen and Warner. Indeed, it has struck me that there is a striking analogy between the events in Italy, and those of our own Revolution, with this difference—that

they are compressed within much narrower limits of time there. The enterprise and audacity of Garibaldi, remind us strongly of your own Ethan Allen. The battles of Montebello, Casteggio and Magenta, are a counterpart to those of Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown. May we not hope that the parallel will still be continued.

There has not been a period for many years, Mr. President, when it more behooved the people of this Union, to recall the deeds, and cultivate the virtues of their forefathers, than the present time. We have reason to hope, indeed, that when Louis Napoleon has driven the Austrians out of Italy, as I pray heaven he may, he will, by giving to the Italians the choice of a form of government, place himself on a higher pinnacle of fame, than any monarch who has preceded him.

But we have no assurance that such will be the result. Success may create the love of power, and he may find the Eastern world too small for his ambition. An earthquake in Italy is often felt in America. When the passions of eighty millions of people are excited, and hundreds of thousands borne into collision, it will not be strange if the concussion should be felt on this side the Atlantic. Let us, then, invoke the spirit of '76, and be prepared to meet every invader.

SAMUEL MINOR, Esq., of Sandusky, Ohio, a native of Woodbury, then spoke to the sentiment, "THE EMIGRANTS FROM ANCIENT WOODBURY," as follows:—"—

MR. PRESIDENT: Under a brief notice, I am desired to make a few remarks in behalf of the Emigrants from Ancient Woodbury, those who have left these hills and valleys for distant abodes, and returned to unite in this festive occasion. In their names, we tender most cordial thanks, for the invitation we have received, to visit our paternal homes—to gather again around the domestic hearthstones and to sit again in the old arm chairs of our ancestors.

Personally, this occasion has a special interest, for around the residence near by, and the grounds on which we are assembled, are gathered all the associations of a New England Home. Here were spent my childhood and youth, and here were received those instructions prized higher than any other legacy earthly parents could bestow. The rocks and trees and hills are as familiar as household words. When I call to mind those who have fallen asleep, and look upon those who live; when recollection runs over the reminiscences

of the past, and then turn to the present, the soul is filled with emotions which can not be uttered, and I can only exclaim in reference to this loved spot, as can each returning wanderer as to his own :

‘ Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There’s no place like our old firesides,
There’s no place like our good old homes.’

Those of us who have removed from among you, observe with peculiar interest one feature of this celebration, and that is, the presence of so many of advanced and maturing years, so many bright links connecting the past to the present, so many Elishas upon whom have fallen the mantles of the Elijahs that have gone before ; and when I speak for myself, I speak for all who reside in the newer States, and assure you, there is nothing we there so much miss as the presence of good old men. Happy is that community which is blessed by many of them. It is for you my aged Fathers, to remember, that, as physical strength diminishes, the fruits of a worthy character are ripening, and the fragrance of useful lives is being shed abroad over the community. Your influence, like gravity, is silent but powerful. To you we look with confidence and respect. We feel that you have imbibed the spirit and principles of our Puritan ancestors, and are manifesting these principles in your lives, and that you have thus become, not only true sons of the past, but fathers of the future. While we shall endeavor to imitate your example, we rejoice to assure you, that these silver crowns, these crowns of honor which time is placing on the brow, will be succeeded, in eternity, by diadems of glory in that day when the Lord cometh to make up his jewels.

And now as to those of us upon whom is coming the burden and heat of the day. It is for us to preserve the casket committed to our care, and adhere faithfully to the principles thus transmitted. In this manner, and in this only, shall we find true, that beautiful motto of this State, “ Qui Transtulit Sustinet,” that he who hath established will sustain. Why is it that the roots of the tree of Liberty have taken deeper and stronger hold, and its branches flourished more vigorously amid these comparatively barren rocks of New England, than in the beautiful savannas of the South, yea, than in the rich prairies of the West ? It is because that tree was planted by hands which knew no weariness in a good cause, and was watered by the blood and tears of holy men and holy women.

Travelers and scientific men inform us, that the time was, when, in the distant regions of the North, vegetation clothed the hills and

valleys, and animal life existed with no want unsatisfied ; but, from causes not yet fully understood, the direct rays of the sun were withdrawn, and where all was beauty, desolation reigned. So is it in the moral world. If holy influences from above no longer produce their designed effect, desolation there reigns, and frozen are the genial currents of the soul.

There is a law in the falling leaf and in the springing flower. There is a law in the solid mountain, and a law in the silent spaces amid the stars, and while these and all other physical laws are followed, the course of nature runs smoothly on. Equally true is it, that there is a law in every department of human society enstamped upon it by him who rules above, and it can not be broken with impunity in the one case more than in the other.

Many here present, while school boys, built with me, by yonder school-house, our forts and houses and castles of snow in winter time, thinking that nothing would destroy them, but found, as summer's sun approached, they slowly but surely disappeared. So now, that we have become men, we shall find, no matter what castles we may build or institutions establish, unless they are in accordance with the great higher law, by power from above, they will be melted, melted, melted away.

But time is passing. Again, we thank you for this occasion ; we thank you for the hospitality and kindness received, and for the able addresses we have heard. We thank you for the influence your character still exerts, and that, as we wander over the earth, we are enabled to point with pride to New England, with pride to Connecticut, with pride to Woodbury.

Permit me, in behalf of my adopted, and also my native home, without disparagement to others, to close with this sentiment :

OHIO—Noblest of the Western States.

CONNECTICUT—Parent of the best part of Ohio.

Dr. Leman Galpin, of Milan, Ohio, a native of Woodbury, then made the following remarks :

MR. PRESIDENT:—I have been requested to say something on this interesting occasion. Placed, so unexpectedly, in the condition of the chap who, when called on for a speech, arose and gravely said that it was exceedingly embarrassing for him to attempt to say anything just *then* and *there*, inasmuch as he was *wholly unprepared*—at the same time pulling from his pocket a manuscript speech “got up”

expressly for that particular juncture, I trust I shall have that indulgence and sympathy which, in all probability, was accorded to him: protesting, meanwhile, that my embarrassment and want of preparation are very much, if not exactly, like his.

To quiet any apprehensions that may arise in your minds, however, let me assure you that you are not about to suffer the *infliction* of a speech. It is a *crime* of which, hitherto, I never was guilty. Yet, the occasion is such as seemingly to *demand* of those, who were reared in this locality, some expression of their attachment to the place that gave them birth.

After an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, I return from Ohio, the State of my adoption, to meet with you on this joyous, and may I not say momentous, occasion. Others like myself, who had wandered from this "our own dear native town," are present from the Buckeye State to participate in this, the Second Centennial Celebration of Woodbury.

Many, no doubt, if indeed not a majority of the different States of the Union, are represented here to-day. For where have not Yankees gone—and *Connecticut Yankees*, in particular? Is it wholly conjectural to suppose that there is not, probably, a State or Territory in our whole country, in which a *live, Connecticut Yankee*, is not to be found? And is it any more preposterous or absurd, or one that will more severely tax our credulity, to imagine that there is a country on the face of the globe inhabited by civilized men, or those living in a state of semi-civilization, even, where the sons of Connecticut cannot be found? I repeat the inquiry—Is there a land or nation under heaven where the representatives of our State—if not of our own native Town, indeed, are not to be found? If so, *where*? And "echo" answers, *Where*? I venture the affirmation—*nowhere*—unless it is where wooden nutmegs are at a discount, or money can't be made.

Sir, I presume I utter a sentiment that will meet with a cordial response from all who are similarly situated with myself, when I say "absent, but not forgotten."

No! memory cherishes, and loves to dwell upon the scenes and incidents of childhood. Of every tree and moss-grown rock, of every hill-side and valley, in short, of *every locality* where we were accustomed to indulge in our childish sports may we predicate an attachment, proportioned to the frequency with which we visited them, and the number of years we spent there.

Nothing can make a stronger, or a more permanent impression

upon the mind and heart than the events that occurred in the different localities, in which we respectively resided. We may affirm the same, also, of the instructions, the amusements, and even the follies and foibles of our youthful days. Some of these acts we would fain remember, and we love to ponder upon them.

But alas! Of how large a proportion of our acts, in the aggregate, we may say—would that we could draw the veil of oblivion over them, and forever blot them from the memory. But, impossible! They are written upon the tablet of the heart, and the lines are ineffaceable.

This gathering of the sons and daughters of Ancient Woodbury, is perfectly demonstrative of the sentiment I am about to offer.

Some of you, it is true, occupy patrimonial estates—cultivating the same farms that your fathers tilled, and residing, perchance, in the same dwellings in which they lived and died. Attached to the domain by more than ordinary ties, no other spot is to you so dear. Your dearest associations cluster around, and indeed, center in the old homestead. Familiar with every nook and corner from very childhood, a value attaches to the ancestral home that dollars and cents cannot correctly represent. Should dire necessity—events beyond your control compel you to leave it, how oft would the imagination revert to that place, than which no other is so dear.

Circumstances seemed to necessitate the migration of some of us, though we left somewhat reluctantly. “Very much land remained to be possessed.”

Like bees, when the old hive is full, *new swarms* must seek *new homes*. So it was with us. Leaving with the most kindly feelings, and hence with many regrets, our predilections and affinities for the old home have not been dissevered or alienated. Although absent many years, yet there has never been, by any means, a total transference or an essential diminution of the strength of our attachment. Whatever may have been the social position or pecuniary situation of our parents—whether we were born in a palace or a cot—whether every thing that wealth and influence could command were laid under contribution to augment our comfort and happiness, or whether poverty with all its stern imperious necessities was our lot—in either case, we are prepared to endorse and adopt what Daniel Webster said, when he gave utterance to the sentiment, expressed so tersely and beautifully in the following language: “It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man

who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit; I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living, and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind." Noble sentiments—worthy of being written in letters of gold.

But it is an interesting inquiry, and one that draws largely upon the imagination and excites, somewhat, our emotional nature; what will be the feelings, and who the participants in the *Third Centennial Celebration*? Will a single one present here to-day, be there? Not one! We shall all have gone to our rewards. When gone, will our names be remembered, and our memories be cherished? Or shall we be forgotten and no record or tradition, even, exist to tell that we have lived—and that we have lived *here*? Let the history of that day, as *it* only can, decide. But thanks to Ancient Woodbury's Historian, Wm. Cothren, Esq., the names of our fathers as well as of many of us *will be perpetuated* and transmitted to generations yet unborn.

Before closing, Sir, I wish to say, briefly, that many with whom we were formerly acquainted, and with whom we were pleasantly and somewhat intimately associated either in the duties or business transactions of life, "have fallen asleep."

While we cherish and *revere* their memories, still our respect and affiliation for the succeeding generation is neither abated nor abatable. And we are ready to say of the State in general, and of Woodbury in particular—*Connecticut forever*.

I am now prepared to offer the following sentiment:

THE TOWN IN WHICH WE WERE BORN.—As soon “can a woman forget her sucking child,” as a man can forget the place of his nativity.

Gen. William Williams, of Norwich, Conn., Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the Centennial Celebration to be held at Norwich, on the 7th and 8th of September next, being introduced by the President, spoke nearly as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT:—At this late hour, without consuming the time in apologies, I come to respond to your call.

Permit me, Sir, to supply an omission in the address of the Hon. gentleman from Hartford, who so ably and appropriately addressed the audience, in announcing that the Poetess of Connecticut, (Mrs. Sigourney,) of whom he made honorable mention, is a native of Norwich—to them a matter of reciprocal pride.

Yesterday, Sir, I beheld for the first time your beautiful Alpine valley. On my arrival, hearing a person inquire for the Rev. Mr. Williams, and understanding his residence to be quite near, the thought struck me, he must be a cousin, and that on a Centennial Celebration, it was allowable and proper to look them up. I soon made myself known to him, and my reception satisfied me that he belonged to the old stock ; and on inquiry, we find that for two generations, in our country, we had a common ancestry, and that in the third generation, where it branched off, the name of his ancestor has descended through the successive generations, in the line to which I belong, and that I bear his name. The Rev. Wm. Williams died at Hatfield, in 1741, in the 76th year of his age, and 56th of his ministry. This gentleman married the daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, and was consequently brother-in-law to the Rev. Anthony Stoddard, the pastor here of revered memory.

Mr. President, we are all the children of good old Connecticut, and whether we live on this side of the river, or the other, we are one in our love of her institutions. In my native County of New London, repose for six and for seven generations, the ashes of my paternal and maternal ancestors. A tree which has taken such root, may well send out its branches over the river, and thus permit us to commune on this occasion. There is another, and a yet tenderer sympathy, that made me wish to see your rural town. When I read, the last winter, in our local newspaper, the interesting obituary of one who had honored this the place of her birth, as well as her distant home, from whence her spirit went up to heaven, I wished to

see Woodbury, and to say, Sir, that I too know the stricken heart of a bereaved father, for I mourn the death of my children.

There is still another tie why I have joined in your bi-centennial celebration. We have in prospect a like occasion in Norwich, on the 7th and 8th days of September, where, Sir, we shall be happy to welcome you with your honorable associates.

Permit me, Sir, in conclusion, to say, honor to Woodbury, and her successful celebration.

Rev. Robert G. Williams then read to the audience the following

PARTING LAY.

BY MISS HORTENSIA M. THOMAS, OF WOODBURY.

Fair " Dwelling in the Wood ! " thy ample halls
To-day have opened wide their folded doors
To greet thy children,—their ancestral walls
Shall echo back the songs each glad heart pours.
To-day, no home outvies it, far or near ;
Where is the land would claim to be thy peer ?

Thy roof is purest azure, and thy walls
The wooded slopes that bound these pleasant vales ;
These groves, with rocks enclosed, thy happy halls ;
God's benison is on thy hills and dales.
Two centuries since, the hardy pioneer
Found, and rejoiced to find, such dwelling here.

Thousands of dwellings now, that, since those days,
Have reared their walls beneath the one great dome,
Send forth their sons and daughters, and the rays
Of Freedom's sun gild every happy home.
All meet as friends to-day—to-morrow, part :
Breathe, native soil ! one blessing from thy heart ;
Speak in the breeze that doth these leaflets stir,
And deign to make me thine interpreter.

Soft and low, soft and low,
A whisper comes from the soil :
" What ! ask ye a blessing ? already blest,
In your evening pleasure's quiet zest,
In the peaceful dreams of your nightly rest,
The meed of your daily toil."

Wildly sweet, wildly sweet,
 The tree-tops echo the tone,
 Borne aloft by their branches waving high,
 And wafted away towards the azure sky,
 Enraptured each ear, and enchained each eye,
 By Nature, and her alone.

“ Truly blest, truly blest,
 In the memories of the past ;
 Ye know that your fathers, a noble race,
 Their blessing left to their dwelling-place ;
 Their names shall the page of History grace,
 As long as these mountains last.

“ Wake the harp, wake the lyre,
 For the men of that earlier day.
 They were daring of heart, they were strong of hand ;
 Their watch-word was ‘ God and our native land ! ’
 They are now enrolled in the heavenly band ;
 They are blest, they are blest, for aye !

“ Wake the harp, waken lyre,
 For their ‘ children’s children ’ stand
 Where in days of old the ‘ Fathers ’ trod,
 Ye have kept the vows that were made to God,
 Where those ‘ Fathers ’ knelt on yonder sod—
 God bless you, my noble band !

“ Wander far, wander long,
 My children, it gives me no pain ;
 For the brooklet that murmurs through this vale
 Is like the stream of the southern tale,—
 Who drinks of its waters can never fail
 To come back for a draught again.

“ Childhood’s voice, childhood’s mirth,
E’er pleasant, thrice pleasant here ;
 For, when gray-haired men, they’ll recall this day,
 And I know their children will cease their play,
 To learn where the ‘ Fathers ’ knelt to pray,
 While the olden tales they hear.

“ Sunset hour, sunset hour—
 It hastens my parting song.
 ’Twas a *good old custom*, that set of sun
 Should smile her last upon labor done,—
 I am listening now for the sunset gun :
 ‘ Good night ! ’ to this joyous throng.”

And I, too, bid "Good night!"—I've tried to tell,
 What to each heart, I ween, is better told,
 By myriad voices, Nature's songs that swell,—
 So may it be until the world grows old.
 May human hearts thrill to these murmurs sweet,
 Till, on the river's brink, the angels' feet
 Shall wait to guide them to the realms of light,
 And loving lips shall speak the last "Good night!"

Rev. C. Trowbridge Woodruff then read, with admirable effect, the closing poem of the occasion, written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the distinguished authoress of New York, a native of Ancient Woodbury:—

A POEM

By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, written for the second centennial celebration at Woodbury :

We have met—we have met, by the graves of our sires,
 Where the forest once reddened with war council fires,
 Where the smoke of the wigwam, while curling on high,
 Left its bloom on the hemlock,—its cloud on the sky.

Let us turn from the brightness of this happy hour,
 Two centuries back, when the savage held power,
 From the Naugatuck, sweeping through gorges and glen,
 To the bright Housatonic and onward again.
 Here a wilderness spread in its wildness and gloom,
 Revealed by the starlight of dogwood in bloom,
 And the broad rivers ran in the flickering shade,
 Which the pine trees and cedars alternately made.
 Here the chiefs gathered wild in their gorgeous array,
 And their war-path was red at the dawning of day
 Along the broad plain where light lingers clear,
 Came the crack of the rifle—the leap of the deer.

When the leaves of the oak were all downy and red,
 And the wild cherry blossoms were white overhead,
 When the buds and the sap of the maple were sweet,
 And the child lay asleep on the moss at her feet,
 Here the squaw sat at work in the cool of the trees,
 While her lord roamed at will, or reclined at his ease,—
 This—this is the picture all savagely grand,
 Which our forefathers found when they sought out this land.

The contract was honest our ancestors made
 When they found the red warriors lords of the shade ;
 They came not to wrangle or fight for the sod,
 But armed with the law and the blessing of God,
 With the gold they had won by privation and toil,
 They purchased a right to the rivers and soil.
 Then their cabins were built, and they planted the corn,
 Though the warwhoop soon answered the blast of the horn,
 And the sound of the axe as it rang through the wood
 But challenged a contest of carnage and blood.
 Still, upward and onward in peril of life
 They planted our homesteads with labor and strife,
 For labor is mighty, and courage is grand,
 When it conquers the foe as it toils with the hand.
 While the war-cry resounded from valley and hill,
 The smoke of the fallow rose steady and still ;
 If a cabin was burnt on the hills or the plain,
 A score of stout hearts piled the logs up again.
 If famine appeared, it was not to one roof,
 For charity then had its power and its proof ;
 No mortar stood empty while one teemed with corn,
 For of danger and want is true brotherhood born.
 Thus our forefathers worked, and our forefathers won
 The wealth we inherit from father to son,
 Till their heads grew as white as the snow when it lies
 On the pine branches lifted half way to the skies,
 And they laid themselves down in the ripeness of years,
 While a new generation baptized them with tears.
 While the meeting-house, crowned with its belfry and spire,
 Takes rose-tints from dawn—from the sunset its fire,—
 While our homesteads are built, where the log cabin stood,
 And our fields ripen grain to the verge of the wood.—
 We ask for no trophies to tell of their deeds,
 No thunder of cannon, nor tramping of steeds,
 For each wild flower that springs to the smile of its God,
 Has written their virtues abroad on the sod.

We have met—we have met in the bloom of the year,
 The first glow of summer encircles us here ;
 The sunshine is warm on the ripening fruit,
 And the whip-poor-will sings when the robin is mute ;

Our mills as they toil through their burden of grain,
 Send over the waters a mellow refrain.
 While the wind whispers low as it whispered to them,
 And sways the pale rose on its delicate stem,
 Our souls as they feel the melodious thrill,
 Send up a thanksgiving more exquisite still,
 And our fathers might bend from their heaven of bliss,
 To smile on a scene of rejoicing like this.

Rev. C. T. WOODRUFF, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Woodbury, then said the concluding prayer, as follows:—

“Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.”

“O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings, without charity, are nothing worth; send thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace, and of all virtues; without which, whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee: Grant this for thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.”

“O God, who art the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords; the Almighty Ruler of nations; we adore and magnify thy glorious name for all the great things which thou hast done for us.

We render thee thanks for the goodly heritage which thou hast given us; for the civil and religious privileges which we enjoy; and for the multiplied manifestations of thy favor towards us. Grant that we may show forth our thankfulness for these thy mercies, by living in reverence of thy almighty power and dominion, in humble reliance on thy goodness and mercy, and in holy obedience to thy righteous laws. Preserve, we beseech thee, to our country, the blessings of peace; restore them to nations deprived of them; and secure them to all the people of the earth.

May the kingdom of the Prince of Peace come; and, reigning in the hearts and lives of men, unite them in holy fellowship; that so their only strife may be, who shall show forth, with most humble and holy fervor, the praises of Him who hath loved them, and made them kings and priests unto God. We implore thy blessing on all in legislative, judicial and executive authority, that they may have grace, wisdom, and understanding, so to discharge their duties as most effec-

tually to promote thy glory, the interests of true religion and virtue, and the peace, good order, and welfare of this State and nation. Continue, O Lord, to prosper our institutions for the promotion of sound learning, the diffusion of virtuous education, and the advancement of Christian truth, and of the purity and prosperity of thy Church; change, we beseech thee, every evil heart of unbelief; and shed the quickening influences of thy Holy Spirit on this community, and on all the people of this land. Save us from the guilt of abusing the blessings of prosperity to luxury and licentiousness, to irreligion and vice; lest we provoke thee, in just judgment, to visit our offences with a rod, and our sins with scourges. Imprint on our hearts, we beseech thee, a deep and habitual sense of this great truth, that the only security for the continuance of the blessings which we enjoy, consists in our acknowledgment of thy sovereign and gracious Providence, and in humble and holy submission to the Gospel of thy Son Jesus Christ. And, while thy unmerited goodness to us, O God of our salvation, leads us to repentance, may we offer ourselves, our souls and bodies, a living sacrifice to thee, who hast preserved and redeemed us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies can not be numbered, make us all, we beseech thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and let thy Holy spirit lead us through this vale of misery, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our lives: That, when we shall have served thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the Catholic Church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope; in favor with thee, our God, and in perfect charity with all the world: All which, we ask, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all, evermore. Amen."

Rev. Philo Judson, an aged clergyman of Rocky Hill, Conn., a native of Woodbury, after making the following remarks, pronounced the benediction, and the great assembly broke up, to meet no more on a similar occasion, within our beautiful valley:

MR. PRESIDENT:—This is a glorious and interesting day to Woodbury. I am proud to say that I am a descendant of the Pilgrim fathers.

I have attended celebrations before, but never one equal to this. It excels all that have been held in this State. I have been informed by those who were present at the Litchfield County Celebration, August 13th and 14th, 1851, that it was not equal to this in point of interest, though that was a *County* Celebration. When Woodbury takes hold of any subject or enterprise, it moves forward, and excels others.

Woodbury, in the reputation and elevation of character of its inhabitants, excels any other town in the State, of the same population. She has produced more great literary men. Her voice, influence, and power have been felt in the halls of Congress, and Courts of justice.

Look at our Smiths, Benedicts, Shermans, Minors, Strongs, Judsons, Phelps, and Marshalls.

Look at our Beers. An anecdote may show something of his character when a lad.

A lady remarked, when young, she was in the same class at school. When Beers was not there, she could keep the head; but when that plague, Seth P. Beers, came, I knew I must lose it, as he was the best *speller*, and would beat all the others in the school. We might know that he would do something in the world. But he was good in *figures*, and he has figured, as you have seen, here, on Litchfield hills, and all over the United States. Our *Beers* was brewed in Woodbury, and we sent him on to Litchfield Hill, where he *worked* and *foamed*, and did very much to make Litchfield what she was and now is.

In a masterly and skillful manner, he arranged and systematized the school fund, brought order out of confusion, and placed it in a situation to be managed with much less labor and expense than before his accession to office, following the good example of Hillhouse.

Our fathers enacted a law, that made it the duty of all the inhabitants to attend meeting on the Sabbath. If they were absent a particular number of Sabbaths, they must be called to account at the close of the year, and if absent too many Sabbaths, were fined five dollars. Jehu Minor and others were in the habit of riding on each Saturday, towards night, through the neighborhood, and letting the people know the Sabbath was approaching, announcing to them that they must lay aside their work and worldly concerns by sunset, take their Bibles, and on the Sabbath, go to meeting.

I wish we had Jehu's now to go through the length and breadth of

our towns, calling upon the people to prepare for the Sabbath, and be in the Sanctuary on the Lord's day.

As soon as the people began to neglect the place of worship on the Sabbath, iniquity increased a hundred fold.

This morning we met for prayer at Bethel Rock. My friends, my feelings and emotions were such as language cannot describe. We stood on sacred and holy ground. There our Pilgrim fathers and mothers worshiped on the Sabbath for about eight years, during the summer season. The overhanging rock, as you saw, is perhaps 300 feet long, and very high. Our fathers, seated by this rock, would to some extent be shielded from the storms. Sentinels were placed on the top of the rock, so as to give the alarm if the Indians approached. There was a stone pulpit, as you saw. O! what prayers were there offered by our fathers. Prayer meetings have been held there, more or less, ever since. In 1811, I attended a prayer meeting with Dr. Azel Backus, Dr. Bennet Tyler, Dr. Lyman Beecher, Rev. Messrs. Clark, Harrison, and others. It was one of uncommon interest and solemnity—we wrestled with God in prayer.

Are we now prepared to receive a blessing from the God of our fathers? And shall we now so look up to God by faith, that our souls shall be baptized anew with the Holy Ghost, the great principles of our fathers be revived, and all of us consecrate ourselves anew unto God? Do we not feel that God is now with us by his special presence and Spirit? We believe that numbers of you feel this. Let us carry from this place the fire of heaven, and the spirit of our Saviour.

Woodbury has produced more great and eminent men than any other town of equal size. Dr. Dwight of Yale College remarked, that Hon. Nathaniel Smith's native talent was superior to that of any man he ever met. He had not his equal in this State—some say, not his equal or superior in New England.

This has been a glorious celebration. Even our friend, Hon. Charles Chapman, of Hartford, comes here to share in the glory, trying to claim some relationship here. We had supposed he had popularity and glory enough in Hartford for any one man.

But he labored very hard, as you have seen, to make out that he was the *great-grandson* of *somebody* in Woodbury! I do not know but he made it out, because he will make out *anything* he undertakes.

But while listening to his spicy, eloquent, and able speech, I be-

lieve we should have been willing to adopt him as a *grandson*. At the next centennial celebration, they will probably be willing to adopt him as a *son*!

The Historical Address by William Cothren, your able historian, was very learned, interesting, eloquent, and instructive. He is deserving of much credit, and has done immense service to the community in giving us the History of Woodbury. It is an able work, and must have required much persevering research. It is read with deep interest by those away from Woodbury. Many lay it on their tables, next to their Bibles. It is read by those that are not descendants, with great interest. It is a very popular work among intelligent and literary men. Its interest will increase as time passes on. In fifty or one hundred years from this time, it will be read with tenfold more interest than now, even in Woodbury. It will go down to generations yet unborn, and be considered as one of the most interesting of histories. Cothren's name will be immortal—remembered as long as time shall endure. Many will rise up, and call him blessed!

Philo M. Trowbridge is deserving of much credit for collecting and preserving facts, and assisting in the several historical works. He will receive a blessing, and the community will never forget him.

Woodbury has sent forth more ministers than any other town within my knowledge. Nearly eighty heralds of the cross have descended from the loins of the first William Judson. Many of them have borne his honored surname, and many others have borne the honorable names of the female alliances. They have preached the Gospel far and wide, and their labors have been greatly blessed. None can estimate the great and good results which have arisen from the labors of the ministers who have gone out from Ancient Woodbury. Eternity alone can unfold them.

We are now about to pronounce the blessing. The solemn moment has arrived, and we are now about to part, to meet no more in this world.

Are you all now prepared to receive the blessing of salvation, through the atoning blood of Christ? Will you now all go forth determined to carry out the great principles of your Pilgrim fathers, and make sacrifices to save souls and bless the world wherever you go? What is your response?

Are you now ready to receive the blessing of Heaven?—And now, may the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion and indwelling of the Holy Spirit, be with you all, now and ever. Amen and Amen.

LETTERS, ODES, &c.

Previous to the close of the exercises at the Stand, William Cothren, Chairman of the General Committee, announced in its behalf, that a considerable number of letters, odes and toasts, were in the hands of the Committee, which could not be read for want of time, but that they would all appear in the book of the proceedings of the celebration. In accordance with this promise, they are here recorded with many thanks to their distinguished authors.

From Hon. John Lorimer Graham, of New York, a native of London, England, and grandson of Ancient Woodbury.

NEW YORK, July 2, 1859.

WILLIAM COTHREN, ESQ.,

Chairman of Committee, &c., Woodbury, Conn.

DEAR SIR,—I accepted with great pleasure your kind invitation to be present at the Historical Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the first exploration of the Town of Woodbury, &c., on the 4th and 5th inst., and it is now a source of deep regret that the sudden illness of one of my family prevents my attendance.

I highly approve of these demonstrations; they are just tributes to the memories of our patriotic and virtuous ancestors; they contribute to perpetuate the knowledge of their energy, enterprise and morals; distinguishing characteristics of the race of men who first peopled "*the land of steady habits*;" they teach to the rising generation a duty which should be constantly inculcated; veneration for our progenitors who, in their eventful lives, portrayed the highest attributes of man.

During fourteen years of my youth, I accompanied my revered father in an annual visit he made to his aged mother, in Southbury. It was my father's custom to take me on the morning after our arrival to the rural spot "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and there standing beside the tombs of his venerated father and grandfather, he would discourse of their virtues and piety, and, pointing to the tablets he had himself erected to their memories, he pathetically enjoined it upon me to imitate the example of these excellent sires,—especially adverting to the holy life of that eminent man of God, his noble grandfather, "*John Graham, D. D.*," whose name he bore, and who for *fifty-four* years had been the spiritual teacher of the people of Southbury.

The impressions produced by these solemn scenes have not been and never can be effaced, and they had a powerful influence, as will your celebration, upon the hearts of all true sons of "Ancient Woodbury," in causing me ever to revere, through life, these departed worthies whom you assemble to honor.

It is nearly half a century since these scenes occurred. You can realize what an intense interest I have felt in again visiting that sacred spot, and how great is my disappointment in not being able to participate in your celebration. I should with pleasure have offered some extemporaneous remarks, as requested by your committee, and, to the extent of my ability, contributed to enliven the joyous occasion.

Let it be remembered that none who here attend your festive scene can be present at another similar celebration; all of us before that time will have passed away; but I trust that while we live we will cherish a fond and reverential recollection of our honored forefathers, and that their memories may be embalmed in the hearts of their latest posterity—who should emulate their noble example and hold it up for imitation to their children's children.

I beg to present to the committee the accompanying sentiment, which I should have offered had I been present at their festival.

With best respects and thanks to your colleagues of the committee, and with renewed assurances of esteem,

I remain, Dear Sir,

Very sincerely your friend,

JOHN LORIMER GRAHAM.

WILLIAM COTHREN, ESQ.—The Historian of "*Ancient Woodbury*," whose industry, accuracy and impartiality, have produced a most interesting and faithful narrative and truthful history, entitling him to the lasting gratitude of all the descendants of the first settlers of the soil which is endeared to them by recollections as sacred as they are imperishable.

Given by John Lorimer Graham, of New York.

From Hon. CHARLES J. HILL, of Rochester, New York, a native of Woodbury.

ROCHESTER, June 28, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—With gratitude I received your cordial invitation to attend your interesting celebration, and most sincerely regret that I am now obliged to relinquish the pleasing anticipation I had indulged of being present and responding in person.

I am a native of the *present* town of Woodbury, and trace my paternal and maternal ancestry, all residents of *Ancient Woodbury*, nearly back to its first settlement.

From twelve to sixteen years of age, I was a member of the family of one whose name was honored throughout the State, and whose memory, as my early patron, is embalmed in the deep recesses of my heart.

The lovely valley and grounds, skirted by "Bethel Rock" and the more distant hills, the pleasant streams, and all the delightful scenery of Central Woodbury, were entirely familiar to me, and constituted my *play-ground*.

But what made a more indelible impression on my mind, was the presence of the great and good men who then resided there and within the limits of Ancient Woodbury. Men of strong intellect, high cultivation, eminently pure morals, whose mission it was to *honor* the memory of as honorable and virtuous an ancestry as ever blessed any community; by cultivating their virtues, and fostering the institutions of religion and literature, and handing them down in their purity with their attendant blessings to the present generation.

It is a pleasing reflection, that in the picturesque valley of Woodbury, commenced the first settlement of Litchfield County, so celebrated for the large number of eminent men she has sent out to settle and adorn all our new states and territories, no less than for the pre-eminent position she maintains at home, in reference to all the institutions which enlighten and bless a people.

Is it strange that the present generation should delight to honor the memory of that noble band of emigrants who first traversed the wilderness to the site of Woodbury; men of indomitable enterprise, lofty patriotism, and devoted piety?

How could I fail to entertain a high veneration for the past generations of that locality, when it was my privilege near half a century ago, although but a lad, to be familiar with the *faces*, and *forms*, and *characters* of such men as the Rev. Messrs. Benedict, Wildman, Backus, Tyler, Porter, and others, in the ministry, and Messrs. Smith, Benedict, Minor, Strong, Phelps, and others, in the legal profession? If such were some of the *professional* men of those days, what was the character of others in the various professions which I cannot enumerate,—and what kind of men were the *laity* among whom they lived? May I not say as a general remark, that they were the upright, intelligent, good men, who *deserved* the society and intercourse of the eminent men just alluded to?

Ancient Woodbury contributed liberally in men for the defence of our common country. Many of us whose ancestry resided there, back to the early settlement of the town, can say that the lives of not a few of them were sacrificed in the armies of the *old French* and *Revolutionary* wars.

She has done much for other sections of the country, in sending out emigrants, such as are ever wanted to fill places of labor and high responsibility; men to adorn the various professions, to carry forward business enterprises, sustain good institutions, as well as to cope with the severest hardships of pioneer life.

Forty three years ago I came to Rochester a young adventurer. This present city of *fifty thousand*, then had a population of three hundred; among whom I found a small representation from "Ancient Woodbury;" say two men, one of whom lately deceased, the other still living here; both of whom I must refer to again.

Although the numbers furnished by Ancient Woodbury to this locality, have not been large, yet among them have been from the first settlement of the place to the present time, men of high position; some of them in the first rank as professional gentlemen, legislators and *philanthropists*.

One (Ruluff D. Hannahs, from Bethlem,) was among the early pioneers of Western New York and Rochester; the first exporter (it is believed,) of *Genesee Flour* direct to New England by teams; one of the first to transport produce down the Genesee Valley to Rochester by boats; the first to run a boat over Genesee Falls, saving himself by swimming to the shore; and the last person who passed the celebrated "Carthage Bridge," 196 feet high, with a loaded team, just previous to its fall. He is now enjoying a "green old age," with a competency and the esteem of our citizens.

Permit me to express my enthusiastic approval of the action of your citizens on the last "Fourth of July," in resolving to hold a "Centennial Celebration."

The thousands who will be there, and the other thousands whose *hearts* only will be with you, will, I trust, be richly rewarded in the elevating and ennobling inspirations of the occasion.

How can we fail to be reminded of our worthy ancestry by a thousand incidents and mementos; and after long years of absence, looking again upon few of their *faces*, but many of their former abodes, or in silent sadness reading inscriptions upon the monuments which mark the places where their *ashes* repose.

Names of persons highly esteemed in life for varied talents and

virtues; others distinguished for their eccentricities; some for their eminent piety; some for their wealth; some for their great intellect; others for their unbending integrity; (I hope none for lack of it,) last, but not least, others for their overpowering eloquence, will be brought back to the memory with impressive vividness.

Thus will the memory, perhaps the conscience, be quickened to a retrospect of the instructions, warnings and maxims which multitudes had received from the lips of those to whom the present and future generations are so greatly indebted. Nor is this indebtedness felt merely by the present inhabitants of Ancient Woodbury, but in all sections of our country are to be found emigrants, who, with grateful hearts, and oft with tearful eye, would rejoice in any opportunity to testify to the salutary influence of their worthy ancestors. Many of this class who will not be present at your jubilee, will nevertheless receive the record of your doings, which they will ponder with intense interest, and with unwonted emotions tell the story to their children.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,

CHAS. J. HILL.

P. M. TROWBRIDGE, N. B. SMITH, JOHN C. AMBLER, Esquires,
and others, Committee.

From Hon. JOHN SHERMAN, member of Congress from Ohio, a grandson of Woodbury :—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24, 1859.

My Dear Sir :—Since the receipt of your circular-note, I have been debating with myself whether I could accept your invitation. If it is possible I will do so. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to join in the celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Exploration of Ancient Woodbury. Though born in Ohio, I have been led to respect and cherish the local history of old Connecticut, the birth-place and home of all my ancestors for two hundred years. If, therefore, other engagements will allow, I will surely attend.

Very truly yours,

W. COTHREN, Esq.

JOHN SHERMAN.

Sentiment by Hon. ROYAL RALPH HINMAN, of Hartford, a native of Southbury :—

“May the present descendants of Woodbury become as great and good as were their ancestors, the first settlers.”

Sentiment by SHERMAN TUTTLE, Esq., of Southbury:—

“Our honored ancestors: may we imitate their virtues, and ever cherish their memories with tender emotions.”

From SAMUEL FULLER, D. D., of Andover, Mass.:—

ANDOVER, MASS., Feb. 14, 1859.

My Dear Sir:—I thank you and the Committee for their hearty invitation to be present at your proposed meeting next July. I can only now say, that I shall come if possible, and shall take the liberty of inviting my only sister, Mrs. Lester, of Renssellaerville, who was born on the south side of Judson Lane, a little east of the Pompeaug, to accompany me. Such a gathering I have long desired, and I pray the Lord may allow me to be one of the great assembly.

Most truly yours,

S. FULLER.

From Col. HENRY STODDARD, of Dayton, Ohio, a native of Woodbury:—

DAYTON, June 29, 1859.

P. M. TROWBRIDGE, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—Several years since I addressed a letter to the late Judge Phelps, in answer to one from him, requesting information in relation to Major Amos Stoddard, who was a native of Woodbury, which might enable Mr. Cothren to take some notice of Major Stoddard in his history of Woodbury, which he did in very favorable terms. In my letter to Judge Phelps, (which Mr. Cothren may still have,) I stated the manner in which Major Stoddard's military chest and papers came into my possession, and I alluded to a small manuscript volume of miscellaneous productions of his pen, and amongst others, a sermon in verse.

Under the impression that the novelty of such a production from a man of a military character would not be inappropriate to such an occasion as your Anniversary celebration, and might amuse some of those who may be present on the fourth and fifth of July, and as its tone, and the sentiments it promulgates are not unfavorable to the character of its author, (a native of our old town,) my son has copied, and I herewith send it to you, to be disposed of as your Committee shall think proper.

I have up to this time had a lingering *hope* that I should be able to be with you on the fourth and fifth, but the causes which led me to the expression of the fears which I stated in my note to you on

the 11th inst., still exist, and I shall not be able to make the visit to the place of my birth, which would afford me so much pleasure.

I assure you and your Committee, my dear sir, that it would afford me great satisfaction to be with you and the few of my early acquaintances who are still living, though I fear that after an absence of more than half a century, I should find their number so small, I should indeed be a stranger. Your jubilee, and the proceedings indicated in your circular, cannot fail to be interesting to all who shall be permitted to witness them, and especially to those like myself, who have long been absent from the scenes of their childhood.

Accept, dear sir, for yourself and the citizens of our ancient town, my acknowledgment for their kind remembrance of

Yours respectfully,

HENRY STODDARD.

P. M. TROWBRIDGE, Esq., Chairman, &c.

A SERMON. By Maj. Amos Stoddard, a native of Woodbury.

"Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? put thy trust in God!"—*Psalms* 42: 6, 7.

WHY drops the head? Why languishes the eye?
 What means the flowing tear, and swelling sigh?
 Where are the lenient med'cines to impart
 Their balmy virtue to a bleeding heart?
 Fruitless are all attempts of kind relief,
 To mix her cordial, and allay my grief.
 So strong my anguish—so severe my pain,
 Weak is philosophy, and reason vain;
 Their rules like fuel make my passions glow,
 Quickened each pang, and point the sting of woe.
 Imagination strives to please the eye,
 While dark'ning tempests skirt the floating sky—
 And fancy no sweet thoughts can now suggest
 To lull the raging tumult of my breast.
 In vain chaste mirth invites—or friendship calls,
 Wit dies a jest, and conversation palls;
 The works of art and nature dull appear,
 And each obtruding thought creates despair—
 No scenes amuse me which amus'd before,
 And what delighted once delights no more,
 The wide creation beautiful appears,
 And nature's aspect a rich verdure wears!

Yet still her bloom with sickening eyes I see
 And all her luxury is lost to me.
 The budding plants of variegated hue,
 The blossoms op'ning with the morning dew—
 The vernal breeze which gently fans the flowers,
 The laughing meadows and distilling showers—
 The enamel'd garden where the works of art
 Give strength to nature—and fresh charms impart—
 Where gaudy pinks and blushing roses bloom,
 Rich in array, and fragrant with perfume—
 Where Flora smiling sees her offspring vie,
 To spread their beauties, and regale the eye—
 Alas! all in vain with charms united glow,
 To deck the scene, or gild the face of woe.
 So when the morning lark ascending sings,
 While joy attunes her voice, and mounts her wings—
 Tho' to her cheerful notes the hills reply,
 And warbling music dances round the sky—
 Still in her strains no pleasing charms I find,
 No sweet enchantment to compose my mind;
 In vain the sun his gaudy pride displays,
 No genial warmth attends his fervent rays,
 So when his absent light the moon supplies,
 And planets glitter to enrich the skies—
 No gleam of comfort from their lustre flows,
 No harbinger of peace, or calm repose;
 But gloomy vapors o'er the night prevail,
 And pestilence is spread in ev'ry gale!
 Thus weakened by a gradual decay,
 With sighs I pass the melancholy day;
 Prepare to drink life's bitter draught with pain,
 And thirsty still, alas! I taste again!
 But stop! O man, thy plaintive strains suppress,
 With Christian patience learn to acquiesce—
 The instructive voice of reason calmly hear,
 And let religion check the starting tear.
 What e'er the will of Providence assigns,
 'Tis infidelity alone repines,
 For those who trust in God disdain to grieve,
 And what our Father sends, with joy receive;

Whose sharp convictions testify his love,
 And certain blessings in the end will prove,
 Who sees how man would err without control,
 Afflicts the body to improve the soul ;
 By power on man he lays what man deserves,
 And by chastisement—thus the whole preserves,
 So that though low'ring skies and strengthening gales,
 Should raise a mighty storm, and rend the skies—
 Yet if calm reason at the helm preside,
 My little barque will stem the frowning tide—
 And adverse currents shall at last convey,
 The shattered vessel to the realms of day !
 Thus satisfied—how rash it is for man,
 When under God's correction to complain !
 My soul with sad disquietude opprest,
 Directs her flight to heav'n in search of rest—
 And refuge take—(which peace at last will bring)
 Beneath the shadow of th' Almighty's wing.
 On him I fix my mind, and place my trust,
 A being infinitely wise and just—
 And if his Providence some beams create
 To brighten the complexion of my fate—
 My thankful tribute to his throne I'll raise,
 In joyful hymns of gratitude and praise ;
 But should indulgence suit not his designs
 Who evil into happiness refines—
 Let due submission make my burden light,
 And constant think—"Whatever is—is right !"
 Then be thou not disquieted my soul,
 Have lively faith—and that shall make thee whole.
 When heav'n inflicts—with calmness bear the stroke,
 Since to repine, is only to provoke ;
 Learn to adore the justice of thy God.
 And kiss the sacred hand which holds the rod,
 That sacred hand which first the heart explores,
 Probes ev'ry wound, and searches all the sores ;
 Then the right medicine properly applies
 To cleanse the part where deep infection lies !
 Hear this, thou coward man—nor dread the smart,
 Which tho' it stings, will purify the heart ;

For resignation will promote the cure,
 And tho' the means are sharp—the end is sure.
 Since then afflictions are thro' mercy sent,
 To be of good the happy instrument ;
 Since for the noblest ends they are designed,
 To form the judgment and improve the mind ;
 To curb our passions—to direct our love,
 To awe mankind, and speak a God above ;
 O may I view them with religious eye,
 Without a murmur and without reply.
 Hence shall I taste the sweets which evils bring,
 And seek the honey while I feel the sting ;
 Hence shall I learn the bitter cup to bless,
 And drink it as a draught of happiness ;
 A wholesome potion which—tho' mix'd with gall,
 May still preserve my life—my soul—my all !
 So though the promis'd fruit should fail the vine,
 The fig-tree sicken, and its bloom decline ;
 The labor of the olive be in vain,
 And flocks infested, perish on the plain ;
 Tho' corn and oil, and wine at once decrease,
 The fields grow barren, and the harvests cease ;
 The baffled hinds their fruitless toil deplore,
 And vales uncheerful—"laugh and sing no more,"
 Yet still with gladness would I serve the Lord,
 Adore his wisdom, and obey his word !
 Hear thou, O God ! regard a suppliant's prayer,
 Soothe all my pangs, and save me from despair.
 Illuminate my soul with gladsome rays,
 And tune my voice to thy eternal praise,—
 Dispel the clouds of darkness from my eyes,
 And make me know that to be good is wise.
 Let christian precepts all my soul employ,
 And be not more my duty than my joy ;
 Let conscience void of art and free from guile,
 Still in my bosom innocently smile ;
 Her cheerful beams will gild the face of fate,
 And make me happy in whatever state.
 Hence shall I learn my talent to improve,
 If poor by patience, and if rich by love ;

If fortune smiles, let me be virtue's friend,
 And where I go, let charity attend ;
 Within my bosom, let compassion dwell,
 To soften all the woes which others feel ;
 T' assuage by kind relief affliction's sighs,
 And wipe the bursting tears from widows' eyes ;
 To feed the hungry—the distress'd to cheer,
 The needy succor, and the feeble rear !
 Hence shall my mind inflamed with public good,
 Unshaken stand where plenty rolls her flood !
 Hence shall I scorn temptation's gilded bait,
 Look with disdain upon the pomp of state,—
 And by humility be truly wise,
 Learn vice to shun, and grasp the christian's prize.
 But if it be thy blessed will to spread
 Clouds of thick darkness, low'ring o'er my head,
 Let me have grace to know in my distress
 I still to thee may have a free access,—
 And be an heir (tho' all the world should frown,)
 Of heav'nly glory and a future crown.
 From these reflections true contentment flows,—
 Contentment such as grandeur seldom knows ;
 Hence in the lonely cot a relish springs,
 Above the taste of courts, and pride of kings !
 Thus in the flood of wealth be thou my guide,
 And steer my course 'twixt av'rice and pride,
 Or in the ebb of fortune teach my mind
 To know its duty, and to be resign'd.
 Prepare me to receive or good or ill,
 As the result of thy almighty will ;
 Thy will whose chief design and gen'ral plan
 Tend to promote to happiness of man !
 Be ev'ry sensual appetite supprest,
 Nor the least taint be lurking in my breast ;
 Let steady reason my affections guide,
 And calm content set smiling at my side ;
 Teach me with scorn to view the things below
 As gaudy phantoms and an empty show.
 But fix my mind upon the things above,
 As the sole object of a christian's love !
 Make me reflect on my eternal home,
 A dying Saviour and a life to come ;

Then shall I—as instructed by thy Son,
 In ev'ry station say—"thy will be done!"
 March 18, 1791.

From Hon. THOMAS B. BUTLER, of Norwalk, Judge of the Superior Court.

BRIDGEPORT, Feb. 11th, 1859.

FRIEND COTHREN:—I thank you cordially for your invitation. I do not expect to be in this section of the country, at the time named. If I am, I will be at Woodbury. Having once resided there, and having warm recollections of kindness and attention from many of its living citizens, I should enjoy the occasion.

Very truly yours,

THOS. B. BUTLER.

From Miss JULIA E. SMITH and sister, of Glastenbury, Conn., friends and ardent lovers of the history of Ancient Woodbury.

To the Honorable Committee appointed for the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Exploration of Ancient Woodbury.

As daughters of Ancient Woodbury, in right of our late mother, who was born and bred within her limits, and who received an education there, which would do honor to the young ladies of the present age, we would make our most grateful acknowledgments to the honorable committee for their circular of invitation, and programme of the proceedings on that memorable occasion. It is with much regret that under our present circumstances, we cannot avail ourselves of the great privilege of once more meeting beloved friends, and beholding the faces of those we honor and respect, though not of our personal acquaintance. It is also no small sacrifice to our feelings, that we must be denied the pleasure of hearing the living voice of esteemed speakers, particularly of the eminent author of that most interesting History of Ancient Woodbury.

With heart-felt wishes for the prosperous termination of these two illustrious days, and that the sons of the birth-place of our maternal ancestors may so live as to do honor to their noble progenitors, and that her daughters may rise up and become a blessing to their age and generation, is the sincere desire of

Your obliged friends the descendants of Ancient Woodbury,
 MISSES SMITH.

Glastenbury, June 27th, 1859.

From Hon. JOHN E. HINMAN, of Utica, New York, a native of Southbury :—

UTICA, May 17, 1859.

Messrs. Trowbridge, Bull, Judd, and others, Committee, &c. :

Gentlemen :—Your kind invitation of the 1st inst. to join your celebration of "The Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Exploration of Ancient Woodbury," by that noble band of pioneers who sought a refuge and a home, and contributed in no small degree to found an empire, was duly received.

Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to unite with the good people of Woodbury in their proposed demonstration of honor, respect and gratitude for the memory of those who first explored and settled this ancient and favored town—a town renowned in the history of the Colony and State of Connecticut ; a town which furnished its just (and I am proud to say, liberal,) quota of men and means in a glorious struggle for civil liberty and national independence.

At the mention of Woodbury, a thousand recollections and associations come upon the mind. There rest the hallowed remains of many generations of my ancestors ; and there, too, reside many of their descendants, whom I greatly regard.

Age and infirmity will prevent me from being personally present at your celebration, but in heart and in spirit I am most cordially with you.

With many thanks for your kind attention, and best wishes and prayers for the welfare and happiness of the good people of "Ancient Woodbury," and wishing the world would follow their good example,

I am, dear sir, most truly and respectfully yours,

JOHN E. HINMAN.

From R. F. TROWBRIDGE, Esq., of Syracuse, N. Y.

SYRACUSE, 10th July, 1859.

My dear Mr. Cothren :—I regretted that I was compelled to leave Woodbury without bidding you a good-by, although I deputed Mr. Trowbridge to do so for me. The interest and pleasure which it was my happy fortune to find in your classic and beautiful town, not only repaid me all my trouble in reaching that picturesque spot, but, believe me, dear sir, when I say it is the happiest recollection which my memory can present. The many interests and pleasures which were crowded into the brief space of time, and which were so unexpected by me, will serve to brighten many hours of cheerful

retrospect in the years to come. I can now scarcely realize that it was not all a dream, a light and happy dream which flitted over my dull, daily working life, and left its ideal impressions upon my memory and my heart. I came among you a stranger; I left with many new tenants in my breast, whose worth and excellence have become already very dear to me.

I shall commence to-morrow to jot down for the compositors up stairs, some of the incidents and impressions which I received of the people, the ceremonies, the character and customs of the Puritan State. There has been hanging for years in my library a portrait of Gov. Trumbull, together with a Second Lieutenant's Commission issued by him; and often when I look at it, the remark of Washington comes to my memory: "That Gov. T. was always his forlorn hope; that he was the only person on whom he could draw at sight for men or munitions, *and the draft was never dishonored!*" I cannot now tell you where I learned it, but read it, or heard it from some authentic source.

I am under many obligations to you for your kind hospitalities, and the friendly interest you manifested toward me, even under the pressure of so much weight upon your attention. Be assured, my dear sir, that I fully appreciate it, and shall expect an opportunity of repaying it, as a matter of *my* right.

Please accept of my most sincere regard.

Very truly yours, R. F. TROWBRIDGE.

WM. COTHREN, Esq.

From JONATHAN KNIGHT, M. D., of New Haven, Conn., Professor in Yale College:—

NEW HAVEN, June 30, 1859.

To WM. COTHREN, Esq., Woodbury:

Dear Sir:—I received, a long time since, an invitation to attend the centennial celebration of the settlement of Woodbury, on the 4th prox., for which I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness. From the time I first learned that such a celebration was to be held, I have intended to be present at it. I might have availed myself of your invitation, and come as a guest, but suppose I can be there of right as one of Woodbury descent. My mother's grandfather was born in Woodbury. He was Rev. Benjamin Strong, the first clergyman of the Parish of Stanwich, where he officiated from 1735 to 1756. I have been able to learn very little concerning him, as the Church records of Stanwich were destroyed by fire a few years ago. I sup-

pose he was the Benjamin Strong whose name is in the history of Woodbury as having been born in 1710.

I judge so merely from the identity of the name, and the correspondence of the time of his birth, with the probable age of the minister of Stanwich. I hope by further inquiries to find out something more about him. With much esteem, yours truly,

J. KNIGHT.

From Hon. ROYAL RALPH HINMAN, of Hartford, Conn., a native of Southbury :—

P. M. TROWBRIDGE, Esq. :

Dear Sir :—I informed you in my previous letter that I would write to you again, whether I would attend at Woodbury the 4th day of July, and you know nothing but ill health would prevent my being present at the celebration of so important, as well as pleasing, an event, of our own first ancestors in this country. I do not feel able to attend at Woodbury, which I very much regret.

The performances of the day will restore not to life, but to recollection, the ancient fathers of Woodbury, with their standing and biography, to their fifth, sixth, seventh, and some of the eighth generations ; and the old cemetery will confirm the fact that they lived and died there. Rev. Zechariah Walker, who was the first Minister, and a principal cause of the settlement, will figure largely on this occasion, and Hon. Seth P. Beers, and others of his descendants will probably be present to hear the standing of their progenitor.

John Minor, (the son of Thomas, of Pequot,) the Interpreter of the Indian language, and Town Clerk of Stratford and Woodbury, a first settler ; Capt. Wm. Curtiss, (Curtice) another important first settler, and a grantee of the town ; Hon. Samuel Sherman, of Stratford, will not be forgotten on this day, as well as his son, Worshipful John Sherman, Joseph Judson, Senior, from Concord, Mass., a subscriber at Stratford, of the fundamental articles of the settlement, as was his son, John.

While the foregoing will be noticed at the meeting, as well as Col. Joseph Minor, Titus Hinman, (then young,) Hackaliah Preston, and his son William, and many others too numerous to mention ; last, though not least, those of a later date, the Thompsons, Grahams, Benedicts, Stoddards, Smiths, Bacons, Phelps, and others, will not be forgotten on this occasion. Most respectfully yours,

ROYAL R. HINMAN.

YONKERS, N. Y., June 26, 1859.

From PROF. HARVEY P. PEET, LL. D., of New York, a native of Bethlem, and Professor in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, New York.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, }
NEW YORK, June 30, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—Though strongly tempted to avail myself of your kind invitation to meet with my old neighbors and townsmen, and their worthy descendants, to celebrate the second centenary of the exploration of Ancient Woodbury, I find that imperative official duties will deprive me of that gratification. I will, however, at least be with you in spirit, contributing, for the intellectual fruit of your pic-nic, a few thoughts and reminiscences, which, I trust, you will be in the mood to receive with friendly indulgence. And I anticipate to receive, in return, far better than I send, when I come to read the record of your sayings and doings on the occasion.

The large appetite of our ancestors for intellectual food, in their day hardly accessible except from the pulpit, is strikingly shown by the circumstance that it was the immediate cause of the founding of our ancient mother town. The Rev. Zachariah Walker continued his sermon so long, that he overpassed the two hours allowed for the occupation of the meeting-house in Stratford, by agreement with the other division of the Church. Thus compelled to remove into the wilderness, or stint themselves in spiritual and intellectual nourishment, they took care in their “fundamental articles,” to reserve ample “accommodations for ye ministry,” and “a parsell of land for ye encouraging a schoole, that learning may not be neglected to children.” And let us add our prayers to those of the worthy Deacon Minor, when he kneeled upon Good Hill, just two centuries ago, the grand wilderness temple with its gray pillars and green canopy, towering above him, and before him the lovely valley of the Pompe-raug, then first revealing its fertile intervals to Christian eyes—that the posterity of those founders, to the remotest generations, may never neglect the worship of God, their duty to their fellow men, or the training and schooling of their children.

Many and eloquent will be the voices of bards and orators among you, and fitting commemoration will, I know, be given to the rude virtues of the red men who once glided through the woods, not forgetting the love-lorn Waramaukeag, or that “potent prince,” the Christian sachem, Weraumaug, at whose death-bed the Rev. Daniel Boardman had his great praying match with an Indian Powwow, by

sheer energy and perseverance in prayer, vanquishing the devil-worshiper, and driving him into the Housatonic.

Such were our fathers, sturdy in work, potent in prayer, solicitous as early and as much to have a place of public worship, and provide schooling for their children, as to minister to the temporal wants of their families. Hence the public spirit of the New-Englanders, so largely manifested in churches, schools, and colleges.

As they hewed down the wilderness, its ancient inhabitants, fierce and untamable as they were, vanished after a few short but sharp struggles. The red men are gone, leaving no more enduring monuments than the heap of pebbles that marks the grave of a chieftain; for while degenerate Americans break off and carry away, the red men piously added stones to the monuments of the great, or the bed of shells, where clams and oysters had ministered, during uncounted generations, to the sustenance of a village. If, as some believe, their shades, instead of dwelling in their own happy hunting-grounds, yet linger around the scenes where their lives passed, how must the woods and rocks around you appear to anointed eyes populous with dark forms and mournful faces; and how will their spectral eyes flash up at the sight of your "Amateur Indian Encampment" on one of their ancient seats!

I am tempted to dwell a moment on the unselfish patriotism of our fathers, who, though enjoying peace in their own inland borders, went forth, leaving scarcely an able-bodied man behind, even to gather the corn, to peril their lives in defence of their countrymen in more exposed situations. Who can read, without a thrill of ancestral pride, of the eight hundred able-bodied men from one town of five thousand souls, who, like a Highland clan gathering to the summons of the fiery cross, left their safe and happy homes, to "moisten with their blood every battle-field," in the long and often doubtful struggle for independence? And while the younger and more hardy were bearing aloft the flag of their country at Long Island and White Plains, as afterward with better fortune at Bennington and Saratoga, those whom age or other causes exempted from regular service, enrolled themselves in a volunteer corps, each man providing himself with "a good gun, sword or bayonet, and cartridge box, for the defence of our invaluable rights and privileges, and promise to support the same with our lives and fortunes," as the agreement of the Bethlehem volunteers reads,—in the last sentence emulating the lofty spirit of the signers of that immortal Declaration, that had then just gone forth to fill the public mind, and elevate the national feeling

with the consciousness of a new nationality, destined to fulfill the famous prophecy of Berkely—

“Westward the course of Empire takes its way.”

I will trust yet further to your indulgence, while I say a few words of the peculiar favor which my little native town of Bethlehem received from the Great Head of the Church, in the succession of eminent pastors, such as has very seldom been vouchsafed to any one town. From the first formation of the society under Dr. Bellamy, in 1739, to the resignation of Mr. Langdon, in 1825, a period not much less than a century, this little town, among the hills, enjoyed with but brief cessations, the ministerial care of pastors, who, as theologians and preachers, and two of them as teachers, shone as stars of the first magnitude in the bright firmament of New England worthies. To Dr. Backus, the second pastor, I owe a more special tribute of gratitude, as under his ministry my first religious impressions were received, and in his school I took lessons in the art of teaching, in which he was so eminent. Of him it was said, that “when out of the pulpit he ought never to go in, and when in, he ought never to go out.” In or out, however, he was as one of David’s mighty men, and I may even say, that he “attained to the first three” of his time. The New Haven papers that announced the death of Dr. Dwight, remarked that three great pillars of the Church had just been removed—Dr. Dwight, Dr. Strong of Hartford, and Dr. Backus, whose deaths were all announced in one number of the paper.

The time has long since gone by, when the people of Ancient Woodbury were content with the currants that grew on the increase of a few twigs brought from a distant town by one of our mothers on horseback, or with mortars like the primitive contrivances of their “red brethren,” to grind their corn. As our tastes become more fastidious with the means we have of indulging them, and you will be provided with intellectual as well as literal fruit, of the rarest native flavor, improved by scientific culture, and ripened by genial suns, I will offer no more of my crude currants or half-ground grain, but conclude with the hope that the occasion may be one of such unalloyed enjoyment, that the memory of it may endure in the homes of every child of Ancient Woodbury, at least till the time comes for another Centennial Gathering.

Very sincerely and faithfully, your fellow townsman,

HARVEY P. PEET.

MESSRS. JOHN C. AMBLER, WM. R. HARRISON, Com. for Bethlehem.

O D E .

BY MISS HORTENSIA M. THOMAS, OF WOODBURY.

From hill-side and mountain glen, hither ye come,
 Oh ! earth has no dearer spot,—welcome ye home !
 Say, ye who have wandered far 'neath fairer skies,
 Say where is the landscape as fair in your eyes ?
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Oh, earth hath no dearer spot than home, sweet home !

We count none as strangers here, if they can claim
 That love for their country, burns pure in its flame,
 While mountains or rocky hills echo our song,
 All—all the chorus join, the glad notes prolong.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Oh, earth hath no dearer spot than home, sweet home !

Once more for your native hearths make the glad strain,
 May peace spread her sheltering wings here not in vain,
 And God grant our peaceful homes foster not pride,
 But grace that shall lead to a home by His side.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 May we all to that mansion fair, be welcomed Home !

From Mrs. BETSEY T. A. WHITING, of Vermillionville, Illinois.

VERMILLIONVILLE, Ill., June 8, 1859.

GENTLEMEN :—Having received your kind invitation to attend the celebration of the exploration of Ancient Woodbury, on the 4th and 5th of July, 1859, I exceedingly regret that ill health and home duties must prevent my being with you. I am a daughter of New England, and although attached to my Western home, I turn with fond recollections to my native hill, (Carmel Hill,) Bethlem, and old associates, many of whom I trust will be with you at the coming Anniversary.

Please accept my thanks for yourselves and those you represent, for your kind invitation, also, my sincere wishes for your continued prosperity.

BETSEY T. AMBLER WHITING.

Trowbridge, Bull, Judd, &c.

From Hon. HENRY BOOTH, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., recently a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Pennsylvania, and now Professor in the Poughkeepsie Law School.

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 11, 1859.

P. M. TROWBRIDGE, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—Your circular and note of invitation came to hand a month since, or thereabouts; and I have deferred answering in the faint hope that I might at length see my way so clear as to be justified in giving a favorable reply. But engagements have thickened on me to such an extent that I am nearly compelled to abandon the idea of being present, even on an occasion so interesting as your anticipated jubilee. I have come to this conclusion with extreme reluctance, and will yet avail myself of any chance that occurs; but the prospect is so extremely unfavorable, that it will not be best *to rely* on me for any thing.

Your recollection is entirely in fault (or else mine is,) with regard to my ever having indulged in rhyme, even in my youthful days; and my occupation and studies for many years past, have been far enough removed from any thing of the kind. Still if anything could inspire poetic raptures, it would be an occasion like the one you have in prospect; and the charms of both eloquence and poetry surely cannot be wanting to grace your jubilee.

I am pleased to observe that the able and indefatigable historian of Woodbury, is to deliver a historical address. Nothing could be more appropriate. His work is one of much merit. I obtained a copy of it shortly after its publication, and I always desired to thank him personally for the pleasure which the perusal gave me, as well as for the zeal, industry, and perseverance with which he prosecuted his work, and which was the more note-worthy and generous, from the fact that he is not a native of the district whose records and local incidents he has taken so much pains to preserve. If he has failed of receiving a suitable pecuniary compensation, (as I fear he has,) he will at least reap a reward in the esteem of the community of which he deserves so well.

I am very respectfully and truly yours,

HENRY BOOTH.

From Rev. RUFUS MURRAY, of Detroit, Mich., a native of Woodbury.

DETROIT, June 30, 1859.

P. M. TROWBRIDGE, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I received your letter of March last, inviting me to be present at the Woodbury Centennial Celebration, and I have since been looking forward to the time with pleasure, inasmuch as I had made up my mind to come and socially commingle with my native and fellow townsmen in their festivities and historical celebration of the “two hundredth anniversary of the exploration of Ancient Woodbury,” but recent sickness in my family will prevent my being present, which I exceedingly regret, as nothing would have been so gratifying to my feelings to have once more visited my native town, old Woodbury, especially at this time on the interesting occasion anticipated in interchange with those of my boyhood days and youth, who now, with myself, have grown old and gray with the frosts of more than three score years; but though providentially deprived of this happy greeting and pleasure, yet I am not unmindful of the rich legacy left to the descendants of Woodbury, by her ancient and noble sires, and I most cordially congratulate all of you in your joy and most worthy celebration of the exploration of ancient Woodbury; for I feel to express, and can truly say, not only from early associations, but venerated feelings of love, honor and celebrity, old Woodbury, “with all thy faults, I love thee still,” indeed she is identified as one of the first of the ancient towns of Connecticut, for her patriotism, zeal and love of country, the noblest sentiments that can warm and animate the human breast. Nothing, therefore, and no time more appropriate than the glorious Fourth, our Nation’s birth-day—our country’s independence, for your jubilee; when all, of every religious sect, and political creed, whatever their preference or faith, are lost and mingled in one common feeling of love and brotherhood in their celebration of ancient Woodbury, as well as their freedom and independence. We of this nation have been most remarkably favored with the visible interference and protection of heaven; for there are in our own history, so many plain and unequivocal marks of a divine power and assistance, that if we do not acknowledge it, and rejoice that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, we are either the blindest or the most ungrateful people on earth. For when we look back upon the American Republic, the theatre of those events which tried men’s souls, and the several parts they acted, we cannot but acknowledge the power of him, whose kingdom is the Lord’s, and who is governor among

the nations. But our fathers, where are they? This question may well be repeated by Americans in this nineteenth century.

The first members, too, of that old Congress, when and where was there ever such another assemblage before, or since, of like sterling worth, profound wisdom, talent energy and firmness of principle, bold patriotism and resolute courage; ready and willing to sacrifice their all on their country's altar.

That small, but heroic assemblage of high-born souls, congregated from the thirteen colonies, determined to be free or die in the sacred cause; all are now reaping the reward of their patriotic labors, in eternity, while we are enjoying the legacy they bequeathed us—freedom and independence—which we fancy will ever be held in lasting remembrance by every true American; for too well does the present generation appreciate the excellence and patriotism of those men, who guided the destinies of our country in those days of darkness and bitter trial; too well does it estimate the glorious events which have exalted these United States to their present elevation and greatness; and too well do they reverence the wisdom and patriotism they boldly espoused and manifested in laying the foundation and platform of our glorious republic, ever to be disregarded, or lost to the remembrance and affections of future posterity. No, while the world shall stand, may the heroic, manly and christian virtues of our fathers, as well as the causes and principles of that memorable event of our country's declaration of independence be treasured up and garnered in the hearts and affections of a grateful people, and the more sacredly regarded, admired, venerated and cherished, the farther we roll down the tide of time; because as we cherish and appreciate the christian Sabbath, the privileges and blessings of the christian religion, so should we esteem and prize our civil liberty, our country's freedom, our nation's birth-day. The legacy is ours, and just is the everlasting law that hath wedded happiness to virtue. In fullness is its worth—in fullness is its glory—in fullness be its praise!

Most respectfully yours, &c.,

RUFUS MURRAY.

From Hon. HILAND HALL, Governor of the State of Vermont, a grandson of Ancient Woodbury.

NORTH BENNINGTON, Vermont, July 1, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—I had expected, until within a day or two past, to have been able, in compliance with your invitation, to unite with you in the celebration of the Two Hundredth anniversary of the explora-

tion of ancient Woodbury, but I now find it will be impracticable for me to do so.

My father was born in ancient Woodbury, (Roxbury Parish,) in 1763, and remained an inhabitant of the town until 1779, where he, as a member of the family of my grandfather, removed to Bennington, and settled on the farm on which I now live. I have heard much from his lips of Woodbury and its people, and have long had a desire to visit the place. I had fondly hoped to gratify that desire on the approaching anniversary of our National Independence, but find myself compelled reluctantly to forego that pleasure.

Woodbury has also peculiar claims upon my patriotic feelings as a Vermonter. It was the birth-place of men to whom, perhaps, more than to all others, the State of Vermont owes its existence as an independent Commonwealth.

Prior to the revolution, the lands of the territory now comprising the State of Vermont, had been granted, in the name of the King, by the royal Governor of the province of New Hampshire, and the settlers had purchased under those grants, not doubting that their titles were valid. The territory was, however, claimed by the governing authorities of New York, as forming a portion of that province, and the king, from political considerations, without probably designing to interfere with previous grants, decided the controversy in favor of New York, by declaring the western bank of Connecticut river to be the boundary between the two provinces. Mr. Colden, the Lieut. Governor of New York, not satisfied with obtaining the jurisdiction of a territory which had never before been treated by the crown as belonging to that province, coveted, for the benefit of himself and friends, the right of soil in the lands already granted. He accordingly proceeded to grant them anew to the members of his council, the attorney-general and other officers of government and favorites, not forgetting to take prudent care of himself and family.

When the settlers declined to surrender their possessions to the new claimants, writs of ejectment were brought against them before the New York courts, their titles declared to be invalid, and writs of possession issued against them in favor of the New York plaintiffs.

Thus far all had been tolerably smooth work with the New York land speculators. But with the settlers it had now become a question whether they should tamely submit to the unjust oppression of their enemies, or resist them by force. Believing their situation to be one which fully justified revolution, they decided upon the latter, and Ethan Allen, Seth Warner and Remember Baker, all formerly

belonging to Woodbury, became their acknowledged leaders. They organized a body of volunteers under the name of "Green Mountain Boys," and forcibly and effectually resisted all efforts of the New York sheriffs and their *posses* to disturb the possessions of the settlers or to establish the New York authority over them. The Green Mountain Boys, under their Woodbury leaders, resorted to such primitive modes of punishment for land-craving intruders as were deemed necessary to deter them from invading the disputed territory. A few of the most obstinate and incorrigible "Yorkers," after a formal trial before a committee of the settlers, were punished, as described in the quaint language of Ethan Allen, by being "chastised with the twigs of the wilderness, the growth of the land they coveted," which mode of punishment was familiarly denominated "*the application of the Beach Seal*," in allusion to the formal land patents of the New York governor, of which the pendent seal formed a distinguishing part. It had the intended effect of terrifying their enemies and of preventing further intrusions.

By the New York governor and council, as well as by the land jobbers, the Green Mountain Boys were assailed with many opprobrious epithets, but they were most usually denominated "the Bennington mob." Various methods were used to overcome them. They were indicted as rioters, repeated proclamations offering rewards for the arrest of Allen, Warner and Baker, and a few others, were issued, and finally they were declared by the New York government to be outlaws, and without a hearing, were adjudged to suffer death, if they neglected to surrender themselves for the space of seventy days. But all these efforts of the New York authorities, as is well known, were vain. The revolt thus begun by "the Green Mountain Boys," was continued until after the close of the revolution, when the titles of the settlers under New Hampshire, were quieted, by the admission of Vermont as a member of the federal union, with the full and free consent of the government and people of New York.

Nor is it alone against the land speculators of New York that the services of Allen, Warner & Baker are deserving of grateful remembrance. They were equally active and successful in their opposition to the oppressions of the mother country. The news of the shedding of American blood at Lexington, had no sooner reached the forests of the New Hampshire Grants, than the Green Mountain Boys were mustered under their Woodbury leaders, and in a few days they were in the triumphant possession for the Continental Congress, of the strong fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

The importance of this event in the American Revolution, can now scarcely be appreciated. It was at once seen and felt by the king's high tory executive of New York, Lieut. Governor Colden, who immediately wrote an account of it to Lord Dartmouth, the British Minister, using the following language. "A matter of great importance was carried out in the northern part of this province, no less than the actual taking his Majesty's forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and making the garrison prisoners. * * The only people of this province," he adds, "who had any hand in this expedition, *were the set of lawless people whom your Lordship has heard much of under the name of the Bennington mob.* They were joined by a party from Connecticut, and another from Massachusetts Bay," &c.

But this letter has already grown to a much greater length than I intended, and I must forbear even to mention the numerous other important services of these Woodbury men to the State of Vermont and to the whole country.

The State of Vermont has recently erected a creditable monument at the grave of Allen in Burlington, and I am informed that the people of Connecticut are doing themselves equal honor by placing one over the remains of Warner at Roxbury. He was a hero of whom not only Woodbury, but Connecticut, and indeed the whole country may well be proud.

Again, expressing my regret at not being able to meet and form personal acquaintance the ensuing week with my territorial cousins of Woodbury, I am, gentlemen,

Very respectfully, yours,

HILAND HALL.

TO P. M. WOODBRIDGE, THOMAS BULL, and others, Committee of Invitation to the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Exploration of ancient Woodbury, &c.

ANCIENT PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Agreeably to the request of the Committee of Invitation, and in conformity to a vote of the General Committee, Charles B. Crafts, Esq., of New Haven, aided by Miss Helen Blackman, of New Milford, Miss Helen E. Hinman, of Southbury, and others, procured and arranged in a tasteful manner, at Academy Hall, the following list of portraits and antique articles, which were visited and admired by

thousands. Nothing could better carry the mind back to the early days of the fathers, and give their posterity true glimpses of the past, than these portraits and relics, that had come down to us from a "former generation." The sons and daughters of old Woodbury could look with pride upon the faces of these departed ancestors, who had lived and labored in these valleys, and who by their wisdom, patriotism and virtues, had shed an ever undiminished lustre upon their descendants.

Hon. Nathaniel Smith and wife, taken, 1807.

Phineas Smith and wife.

Hon. Nathan Smith, taken, 1834.

Rev. Noah Benedict and son.

Rev. Samuel R. Andrews, taken, 1826.

Wife of Rev. Lyman Smith.

Rev. Charles Sherman.

Gen. Chauncey Crafts, 1826.

Rev. Grove L. Brownell, 1226.

Dr. R. Abernethy.

Dr. J. R. Eastman.

Elisha Michell, D. D.

Shadrach Osborn and wife.

Dr. Samuel Steele, taken, 1826.

R. C. Steele, taken, 1826.

Willie Steele Cothren, son of William and Mary J. Cothren.

Hon. William Hinman.

Gen. David Bird and wife.

Col. David Bellamy and wife.

Nicholas J. Masters and wife, taken, 1796.

Hon. Charles B. Phelps.

John P. Marshall.

Albert Blackman.

John Pernet and wife.

——— Marshall.

John Blagg.

Jasper P. Blagg.

Wife of Col. Pearse.

Two of Daniel Bacon, Esq., taken in 1795 and 1826.

Two of his wife, " " 1795 and 1826.

Asahel Bacon, wife and two children, 1795.

Elijah Sherman, Esq., and wife.

Jesse Minor.

Norman Parker.

H. J. Lindsley.

John McKinney.

Timothy Terrill.

Rev. Fosdic Harrison and wife.

Mrs. Caroline Camp.

A looking glass 200 years old.

Two paintings over 200 years old.

One painting over 300 years old.

Map of New England 104 years old.

A book of pamphlets, one title page being as follows :

"The Picture of a Puritane,"

or a relation of the opinions, qualities, and practices of the Anabaptists in Germanie, and of the Puritanes in England. Wherein is firmly proved that the Puritanes doe resemble the Anabaptists, in aboue four score seuerell thinges. By O. O., of Emmanuel. Whereunto is annexed a short treatise, entituled. puritano-papismus, or a discovery of Puritan-papism.

London.

Printed by E. A., for Nathaniel Fosbroke, and to be sold at his shop at the West End

Of paules, 1605.

One Silver Tea Caddy, purchased with Continental money.

One Table Spoon, 1712.

One set Tea Spoons, 1786.

One pair Knee Buckles, 1781.

One High Heel Shoe, very old.

A copy of the Farmers' Journal, printed at Danbury, Conn., 1790.

Lace Pattern and Bobbin used by the mother of Roger Sherman, signer of the Declaration.

Antique China Shoes, &c.

A Child's Embroidery, 1773.

Antique Shoes, Mrs. N. R. Smith, Roxbury.

Shoe Buckles, worn by Gen. Ephraim Hinman, Roxbury; exhibited by M. L. Beardsley.

Small Brass Tea Kettle, brought from Holland 1656 or 1657; exhibited by Mrs. D. C. Sanford, New Milford.

Silver Spoons, small in size, formerly owned by Mrs. Capt. Truman Hinman.

Silver Pepper Boxes, 1770, owned by Mrs. Capt. Truman Hinman.

Silver Tankard, 1790, owned by Mrs. Anna Hinman.

Gold and Silver Knee Buckles, 1750—Mr. Truman Hinman.

Satin Brocade Dress, worn by Mrs. Capt. Truman Hinman, 1760.

Pictures formerly owned by Edward Hinman, Esq., commonly called "Lawyer Ned," one of the two earliest lawyers in Woodbury, 1760.

Embroidery—Linen Curtains, wrought in colors in worsted, about 1765, by Miss Sarah Hicock, afterwards second wife of Col. Benjamin Hinman, now owned by Mrs. Olive Hinman Laird.

An Indian Belt of Pomperaug, owned by Erastus Osborn, Esq., 1659.

The last list of eight distinct kinds of articles, was exhibited by Miss Helen E. Hinman, of Southbury.

"The Pequot Gun," made and dated in 1624; the "Forty Indian Gun," so called from the alleged fact that it had been the instrument of death to forty redskins; Washington's New York Chair, and that of Col. Benj. Hinman, with his "Pipe of Peace," were also on exhibition. There were many other things of interest in this collection of antiquities, of which the editor, in the hurry of the separation of the great assembly, was unable to obtain.

The following sweet lines, written for the Litchfield Centennial Celebration, in 1851, by a lofty genius of Woodbury, a most lovely and estimable lady, now an angel in the regions of bliss, breathe the sentiments and emotions she would have loved to express, had she been spared to join in the exercises of our interesting festival.* The reader can not fail to be impressed with their beauty, and their adaptation to the circumstances of our celebration. They seem like a voice of the loved and lost, from the spirit land, breathing a spirit of deep affection from the realms of happiness.

A CALL TO THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Brothers! from each laughing valley,
From our hill-sides, rough and bold!
Round our common center rally,
Like the Jewish tribes of old!

Fathers, come! your locks will whiten—
Mothers! ye are young no more;
But your fading hopes will brighten,
With the memories of yore!

* Mrs. Mary Smith Monell, wife of Hon. John J. Monell, of Newburgh, N. Y., and only daughter of Hon. N. B. Smith.

Come, ye sons, so sturdy, growing,
 Strong and tall, as freemen should ;—
 Bring your sisters, fluttering, glowing,
 Like rose-laurels in a wood.

We will tell you, if you listen,
 How two hundred years ago,
 Pilgrims saw our waters glisten,
 In the valley, far below ;—

Where the forest, grand and lonely,
 In primeval beauty stood,
 And the wandering red men only
 Knew the windings through the wood ;

Where our household fires are burning,
 Wild deer bounded, far and free ;
 Streams, our busy mill-wheels turning
 Idly, sang a song of glee ;

Where our fathers sat beside them,
 After travel long and sore—
 Fearing nought that could betide them,
 Might they find a home once more !

For a home they fronted danger—
 Wrought with rifle lying near :
 To all luxury a stranger,
 Was each dauntless Pioneer.

Noble Fathers ! silent lying
 In your grave-rest, stern and cold,
 Still ye preach, with voice undying,
 To your children from the mould !

And ye tell us, "Love each other ;"
 "Guard your homes we toiled to win,
 Let no hatred of your brother,
 Doubt, or malice, enter in !"

"Chiefly on each household altar,
 Keep devotion burning bright,
 Then ye will not pause or falter
 In the doing of the *right* !"

“ Firm in purpose and endeavor,
 Tireless till the goal be won,
 Men shall know you, wheresoever
 There is labor to be done.”

Ye are freemen ! Ye may glory,
 In your Union, firm and strong ;—
 Let no *future* tell a story,
 Of dissension, or of wrong.

Look into each other's faces—
 Ye will meet again no more ;
 Then depart and fill your places
 Better than you did before.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

The weather during the two days devoted to the exercises, was clear, cool, and delightful. It was a general remark that Providence seemed to smile on the celebration. The immense concourse of people exhibited very great interest in the proceedings, which never flagged during the extended exercises, and constant sittings of the two days. There was a generous and intelligent appreciation of the intellectual feast prepared for them, on this occasion, never excelled at any similar celebration. Although the labors of the Committee have been severe and painful, beyond the comprehension of many, and might exceed the belief of all, yet its members feel fully compensated for all their pains and toil, by the expression of entire satisfaction and approbation, on the part of the people, which greet them on every side. So far as we know, every hearer, whose voice has yet been heard, declares the celebration to have been an *unbounded success*.

On the Sabbath preceding the 4th, allusions to the approaching celebration were made in several of the Churches in town, and an appropriate welcome to the returned emigrants from the old town extended. In the First, or old Pioneer Congregational Church, the oldest by many years in this county, the pastor, Rev. Robert G. Williams, read a sermon, preached by Rev. Anthony Stoddard, its second minister, on the 6th of July, 1754, to the same Church, in presence of the levies, raised to march against Crown Point, in the old French War. The sermon was written on leaves about three inches square,

and showed evident traces of the patriarchal age of one hundred and five years. The historical associations which clustered around it, the place, the identical manuscript, the very presence in which we were assembled, listening to the same words which our fathers, who have been slumbering for generations in the old church-yard, heard on that occasion, so momentous to many hearts, wrought up the imagination to a temporary companionship with the silent shades of the spirit land. It was a fitting introduction to the exercises of the celebration, that was so soon to occur.

It was not a small matter to feed and shelter the vast multitude assembled at the celebration. But the most ample provision to meet the exigences of the occasion had been made by the ladies. Tents had been prepared by the Committee, for each of the towns once included within the limits of Ancient Woodbury, "with ensigns flying," to direct the people to the proper places. There was also a tent appropriated to the use of invited guests from abroad. In these the multitudes united in a mammoth Antiquarian Pic-Nic. No price was demanded, but like the sunshine, all was free. But the antique pic-nic proper was celebrated beneath the deep blue sky, within the shade of some large apple trees, spread on old tables, covered with pewter platters, wooden trenchers, pewter and wooden spoons, and all the antiquarian articles that had been preserved, and handed down to us from "former generations." The viands consisted of bean porridge, baked pork and beans, Indian pudding, hominy, rye and Indian bread, and numerous other primitive dishes. Mrs. N. B. Smith presided over the table arrangements for Woodbury, with that ease and grace for which she is so much distinguished, aided in the most effective manner by nearly all the other ladies of the town. In all the tents the tables groaned with abundance, and were set out with a taste in arrangement, and excellence of viands, rarely equalled on any similar festive occasion. Too great praise cannot be awarded to the ladies for the indispensable aid they furnished at the joyous festival. Where all did well, it would be invidious to mention names.

Among the many pleasing incidents of the celebration, was the reading of the beautiful and thrilling poem, in the preceding pages, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, a native of "Ancient Woodbury." There was a soul, and an emotion, pervading the whole of the production, that showed the heart of the writer was in the subject; and so striking was its effect on an audience wearied by the almost uninterrupted exercises of ten hours, that when the reading was concluded, and the "Historian of Ancient Woodbury" advanced to the front of the

stand, and moved three cheers for the "Poetess of Ancient Woodbury," it was responded to by the great assemblage, with an enthusiasm which must have been grateful to the distinguished authoress, who was, at the moment, sitting quietly upon the stand.

An attempt was made to keep a Register of the names of all who attended the celebration, with a view to preservation. The request that every person would register his name, was announced from the stand. But owing to the great multitude, and to the fact that every moment was occupied with interesting public exercises, very few complied with the request.

Among the distinguished persons in attendance, besides those already named, we noticed the following named persons; and doubtless there were many others, whom we did not see in the crush and hurry of the occasion:—Hon. John Boyd of Winchester, Secretary of Connecticut; Hon. Origen S. Seymour of Litchfield, Judge of the Superior Court, with his son, Edward W. Seymour, Esq.; Jonathan Knight, M. D., of New Haven, Professor in Yale College; Hon. Ralph D. Smith of Guilford, a native of Southbury; Hon. William B. Wooster of Birmingham; E. B. Cooke, Esq., Editor of the Waterbury American; Rev. J. M. Willey of Waterbury; Hon. Judson W. Sherman, Member of Congress, of Angelica, N. Y.; Hon. Green Kendrick of Waterbury; Nathaniel A. Bacon, Esq., of New Haven; William Nelson Blakeman, M. D., a distinguished physician of New York, and a native of Roxbury; Charles Nettleton, Esq., of New York, a native of Washington; Hon. Samuel G. Goodrich of Southbury, late Consul at Paris, the well-known "Peter Parley;" C. S. Trowbridge, Esq., of Auburn, N. Y.; R. F. Trowbridge, Esq., of Syracuse, N. Y.; Rev. Charles W. Powell of Middlebury; Alexander Frazer, Esq., of New York; Rev. C. S. Sherman of Naugatuck; Rev. Abijah M. Calkin of Cohecton, N. Y.; Rev. Ira Abbott of Southbury; Rev. Jason Atwater of West Haven; Rev. J. K. Averill of Plymouth; Rev. E. Lyman, and Hon. Charles Adams of Litchfield, Editor of the Litchfield Enquirer.

Among the venerable men of other days, we noticed on the stage, Capt. Judson Hurd, 85 years of age, so active and vigorous, that he had ridden on horseback in the morning, with his "lady love" of 72, on a pillion behind him. We also noticed Dea. David Punderson of Washington, aged 86, Nathaniel Richardson of Middlebury, aged 85, and Mr. William Summers, of the ripe age of nearly ninety years, a resident of Woodbury, and the oldest man in town.

The extended and efficient arrangements of the General Committee, for providing strangers with accommodations and protection,

were thoroughly carried out. Perfect satisfaction and quiet reigned throughout the celebration. More than fifteen hundred visitors were lodged in the town the first night, and in the other towns of the ancient territory, at least twice that number. All the inhabitants threw open their doors, and from ten to seventy-five persons to a house found quarters for the night. Even our least opulent citizens displayed an extraordinary anxiety to add to the general enjoyment of the occasion. As an instance, Mr. Harry M. Fox, who, certainly, is not much blessed with this world's goods, fed twenty-six persons, and lodged twelve. We have not yet heard of an individual, who was not provided with reasonable accommodations.

To the active field operations of Rev. R. G. Williams, Rev. C. T. Woodruff, James Huntington, Esq., Wm. E. Woodruff, Esq., and John A. Boughton, B. A., the people are, in good part, indebted for the arrangement of the tents, and preparation of the grounds in a comfortable and beautiful manner.

To Philo M. Trowbridge, Esq., for his indefatigable labors for many months, both as chairman of the Committee of Invitation, and as Secretary of the General Committee, as well as for the excellent taste displayed by him in the antique department, the warmest thanks of the public are due.

A very pleasing feature in the "Antique Procession," not before noticed in these pages, was the fine turn-out of King Solomon's Lodge, No. 7, of Free and Accepted Masons, of Woodbury, in the splendid regalia of its mystic brotherhood. This is not only one of the oldest lodges west of Connecticut river, having received its first charter in 1765, from the Provincial Grand Lodge of the Colony of Massachusetts, but it has been one of the oldest and most respectable in the State, both for the number and character of its members. It was with becoming pride, that they joined in the antique portion of the proceedings of the festival, celebrating at once the antiquity of the town, and the establishment therein of their own ancient, benevolent, and honorable fraternity.

The music on the occasion was furnished by the New Milford Band, in a highly creditable and satisfactory manner. During the evening of the first day, it serenaded the orator of the day, and other residents connected with the æsthetic exercises of the occasion. In short, every part of the programme was well performed, and the whole celebration was pronounced by all present to be a perfect success. As it was the largest, so it was more perfect, in all its arrangements, than any similar celebration in this country.

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